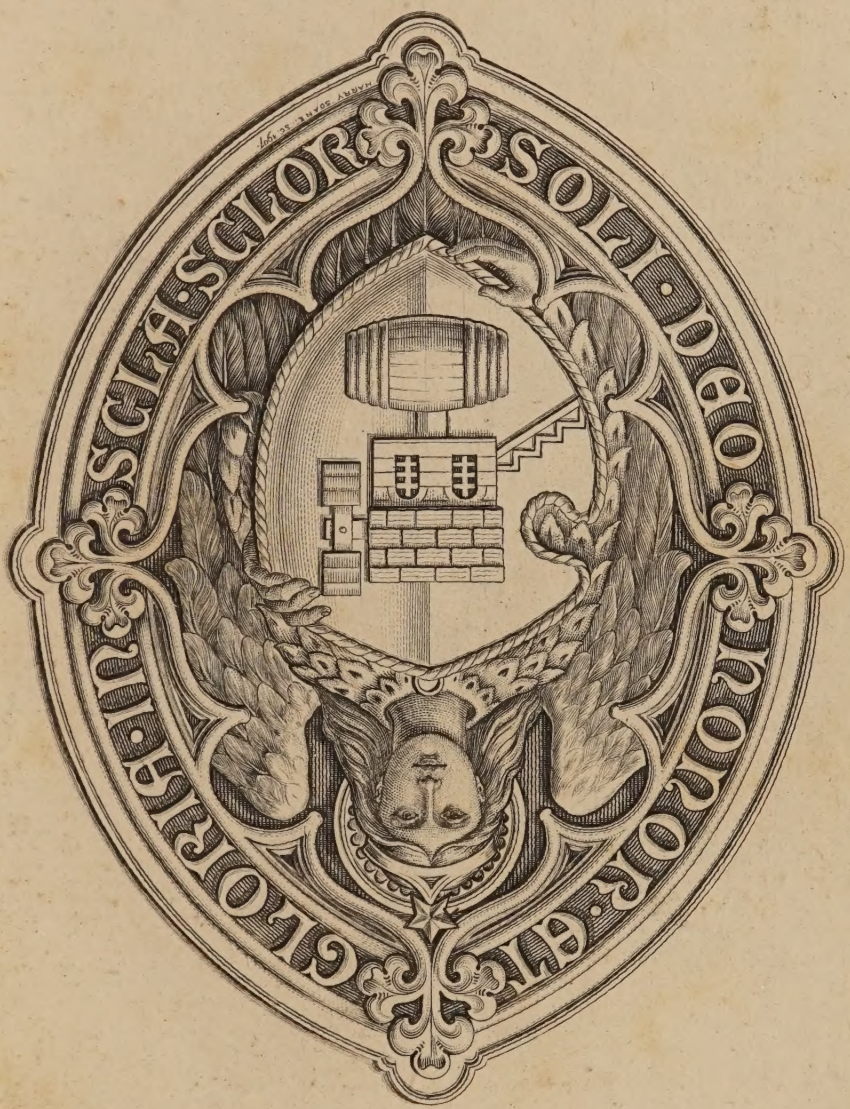
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FRANCE

IN 1829—30

BY LADY MORGAN

AUTHOR OF "FRANCE" (IN 1816,) "ITALY," "LIFE AND TIMES OF SALVATOR ROSA,"

&c. &c. &c.

"France is acquainted with her rights, and well knows how to defend them."—LAFAYETTE.

SECOND EDITION

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET

1831

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

PAGE

Primogeniture 1
The Orleans Gallery 20
The Doctrinaires 40
New Novels 53
The Theatres 61
Archives of France 103
Mosaic Art in France 172
Public Journals 181
Curiosity Shops—Napoleon 229
Morning Drives—Meudon—Sèvres . . . 238
The Common People 257
Polichinel 262
A Dinner in the Faubourg 265
Public Gardens 271
Courses of Lectures 289
The Toilette 303
Society of Christian Morality 321
Music 335

PAGE

Literary Firms 371
Dinner Giving 384
Soirée at the Prince and Princess de Salm's . 421
Modern Histories 435
La Classe Industrielle—Visit to St. Ouen . . 450
Fête Dieu in 1829 499
The Osages at Paris 510
Our Last Night at Paris 513
Postscript—Revolution of 1830 . . . 521
Postscript to the Second Edition . . 561

FRANCE,

&c.

PRIMOGENITURE.

It is the error of society to be more struck by the analogies of things, than by their differences; for there is in human nature a strong propensity to infer identity, upon slight grounds. The division of the legislative power in France, between a king and two chambers, leads the superficial among our English travellers to mistake the French constitution for a mere copy of of their own; and a subsequent closer inspection of the several pieces of the machine,

betrays them into the further inference, that the copy is not only spiritless, but unfaithful. The narrowness of the bases upon which the French representative system rests; the undue interference of the authorities in elections; the king's power of legislating by ordonnances; the insecurity of personal liberty; and the want of sufficient guarantees for the permanence of free institutions—are defects too salient to be overlooked; and they give currency to a notion that the French constitution tends towards absolutism.

Both these opinions are erroneous. Between the French and English governments, the points of contrast are more numerous, than those of resemblance; and the probable tendency of affairs in France is rather to extend and consolidate popular rights, than to develop tyranny; notwithstanding the good will of the court, the faubourg, and the Jesuits, to destroy all constitutions.

In England, the powers of the state, how-

ever theoretically divided, are, for all practical purposes, vested in a pure oligarchy. A close aristocracy of the titled nobility, and the greater landed proprietors, monopolize a paramount influence in parliament; and the king and his ministers can do nothing without their permission: while the people have little direct control over affairs, and are allowed no greater liberty than serves to increase their productive power as labourers, for the benefit of the privileged consumers of the public revenue. It is a notion deeply engraven in the Englishman's imagination, that the possession of land is something very different, and very superior, to all other sorts of wealth; and that if to this claim to distinction be added a title, and two or three generations of ancestors, the possessor is fairly privileged to quarter his family on the tithes and taxes of the nation. Before this power every knee bows; to it the throne has gradually yielded its prerogative, and the people surrendered their rights; and in it is vested all

the substantial authority, and real influence, in the English scheme of government. Although the principal part of the public business be transacted in the Commons, the Lords, (represented there by their nominees,) in reality decide on all important questions, and give the tone and character to public affairs. In France, on the contrary, the rights of primogeniture are abolished, aristocracy has scarcely any privileges, and the Chamber of Peers is a mere surplusage, a supernumerary wheel in the state machine, which complicates, without materially modifying its movements. It is in vain that the executive, in creating a peer, dignifies him with a title, and confers on him a legislative power; he is not thereby separated from the mass of the people in sentiment or in interest; and the spirit of liberty shows itself in the upper house, with nearly as much firmness and purity as in the Chamber of Deputies.

This political condition is a natural consequence of the deeply-rooted feeling of equality,

which (with the exception of the emigrant noblesse) pervades all classes of Frenchmen—and of that abhorrence of feudality, which has arisen from a thousand years experience of its horrors. This feeling it was, that dictated the laws established during the revolution, for regulating the descent of property; which, by breaking up the great estates, has eradicated all vested interests in state abuses, and has united all ranks and fortunes in one common desire for a free and a just government.

The advantages derived from this new order of things, are too immediate and tangible to escape popular remark; and notwithstanding all the efforts of Napoleon to raise up a new nobility, and all the zeal of the Bourbons to re-establish the old, the dislike of artificial grades in society is becoming daily more rooted. All attempts to re-establish new houses by the creation of *majorats*, have made no change in public opinion; and it is remarkable that the eldest sons of families

have shown as steady an opposition to the principle, as they who would have been disinherited by its adoption.

It is, in fact, in the single act of gavelling the French territory, that the whole practical benefit of the revolution centres; and it is, at the same time, the chief guarantee for the future development of a constitutional government. The diffusion of wealth and of industry is a powerful instrument for disseminating knowledge, and for creating a public opinion: and the traditional remembrance of what the peasant was before the revolution, and the contrast of that condition with the actual state of the small proprietors, affords an argument for liberty, which no sophistry can refute, and no power silence.

Wherever the right of primogeniture is acknowledged, there the excluded cadets of the great proprietors must be supported by the people. It was so in old France; it is so in England. The younger brothers, educated with the fu-

ture chiefs of their houses, necessarily adopt their habits and their prejudices, their turn for expense and idleness, and their proud contempt for commercial industry. To provide for them, the army and navy, the church and the civil service, must be placed at the disposition of the heads of the great families; and to possess this influence, the nobility must obtain such a power in the state, as is obviously subversive of real liberty and of diffused happiness. To keep this body in vigor, the laws must be so regulated as to encourage, in a vicious degree, the accumulation of wealth into few hands; so that eventually, the population must be divided into two groups—the extreme rich and the extreme poor; than which, a greater curse can hardly be inflicted on civilized man.

In England, the energies of the people, and the success of their manufacturing and commercial exertions, have tended to control and to disguise this catenation of events. The

great industrial fortunes raise the apparent condition of the people to the level of the landed aristocrat; and as this species of property is to a certain degree gavelled, it returns a large mass of wealth back upon the middle and inferior ranks. But the mischief is still at work, an active agent of misery; and it shows itself in all its deformity, in the debt, the taxes, and the poor rates, and the deteriorated condition of the labouring classes. It is in Ireland that the unequal distribution of wealth produces its evil consequences in all their intensity. There, no middle class whatever exists, beyond the walls of the metropolis, and two or three great towns. The whole face of the country shows only magnificent castles, or the most wretched hovels. There, no one is to be seen but the gentleman or the beggar. The head is in monstrous disproportion to the body of the nation; while commerce stagnates, capital diminishes, and pauperism, like the plague, is beginning to spread its infection

even among the landed proprietors.* Besides the usual causes of this state of things, (unequal laws and unequal rights,) the frequent forfeitures which in the old times occurred in Ireland, have still further increased the evil. The obvious consequence is, that every one in that country is either above the necessity, or below the possibility, of accumulating capital. Every class is more or less improvident and wasteful; so that each generation sees the country with an increase of population, and with a decreased means of giving to the poor productive employment. To meet the national distress, a thousand schemes are advanced; emigration, domestic colonies, poor laws, forced culture, government interference,—all alike feeble and inadequate. To wrestle effectually with the giant evil, it must be attacked in its causes;

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* There are few estates of the resident landlords unmortgaged; and the difficulty of collecting rents from a pauper tenantry is a source of additional embarrassment.

for while these subsist, they will swallow up the results of all minor ameliorations. The establishment, or rather the revival, of the old gavelling custom of Ireland, by breaking up the great properties, would prevent absenteeism, would improve morals and disseminate knowledge; it would encourage industry and economy; it would improve culture, develop internal commerce and manufactures; and, by favouring the accumulation of capital, would provide an increased employment for the poor; while it would admit of the reduction of all taxes now raised for the mere profit of the aristocracy.

The scandalously enormous wealth of the clergy, also, would not be tolerated for an instant in a country where the lay properties were not equally great; and the diffused comfort produced by a better and more Christian division of this property alone, would add inconceivably to the happiness of Ireland.

But, to gavel the soil of Ireland, much as it

might add to the wealth, the morality, and to the ease of seven millions of people, would, in the present state of public opinion, be impossible. It would be a death-blow to the cherished supremacy of the aristocracy; it would be revolution (i. e. reform,) and irreligion, (i. e. a purification of the church.) It would shock the prejudices of the very people themselves, who are as infatuated with the love of aristocratical distinctions as their masters. The only remedy, therefore, which would strike at the root of the national pauperism, will be the last that will be adopted; and a long course of palliatives and of quackeries will, too probably, be run through, before a scientific cure will be attempted.

In England, likewise, the aristocratic prejudice is of long standing; and it is fostered by a thousand sophisms. Of these, the main trunks from which the others branch, are —first, the imputed necessity of great houses to balance the regal power, and to mediate be-

tween king and people; and, secondly, the supposed advantage of keeping territorial possessions in large masses, to ensure their proper culture. On both, the actual condition of France throws a valuable light.

The former of these propositions is now more generally and justly appreciated by the people of England. The office of mediator between the people and their superiors, (whether theological or political,) is pretty well understood to consist in plundering them for their good: and the absurdity of balanced powers in a state, has been reduced almost to demonstration. It is now matter of experimental knowledge, that an aristocracy in constitutional governments, must either possess itself of the whole power of the state, or be content to follow in the train of the people. The former is the present condition of the English aristocracy; the latter was its condition under the commonwealth. Under a mere despotism, the nobility are but the first slaves of

the monarch, and the instruments for spreading the influence of his tyranny.

To refute the second great sophism, of the superior advantage of large farms; it is needless to inquire whether a nation of small proprietors, or one of hired labourers and large farmers, is the happiest or the most powerful. It is sufficient to know that the scale of culture is, in all countries, rigorously regulated by the quantity of capital; and that the size of farms is determined by a necessary law, in which the rights of primogeniture enter for nothing. In France, the cultivation varies according to the wealth of the province. In the south, where the population is poor, the farms are small; while in the north, which is comparatively wealthy, farming is conducted on a larger scale.* In Ireland, where the estates are

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* In La Bauce, where the farms are usually large, the small proprietors let their land to the large, who possess the means of cultivating on a scale greater than that of their

largest, the farms are smallest; simply because the cultivators of the soil are not capitalists.

With respect, however, to the happiness of individuals, the experience of France has been decidedly unfavourable to the rights of primogeniture. Since another mode of descent has been adopted, the energy and the wealth of the people have developed themselves with a wondrous rapidity. Their moral habits have also improved with their ease; and a noble simplicity and independence have been substituted for the servility of the canaille of old France. If a nation were destined to depend altogether on its own internal resources, it is possible to conceive a case, in which large cultures would be essentially necessary to support a dense population. For the small farmer consumes more of the produce of the soil than the large one; which certainly leaves less

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own possessions. The same thing takes place in other provinces similarly circumstanced.

for the manufacturing population and the idlers.* But in this increased consumption lies the specific advantage of the small proprietor. He is happier and richer because he has more to consume: and if the importation of food be not prevented, the condition of the rest of the population is not injured by the circumstance.

In France, the productive power of the soil is more than sufficient for the sustenance of the people. France would naturally export corn, as she does wine, if her energies were well directed.* As it is, food is comparatively

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* This fallacy is victoriously advanced in England. But no such dense population could arise in a country tolerably well governed. In Poland and Ireland, the pauper population—too great, indeed, for existing circumstances—is far below what the actual produce of the soil would maintain, if justly distributed. Populations too dense for the soil are exclusively the offsprings of trade; and trade would provide for their nourishment, if perfectly unshackled.

* Many circumstances concur to render the condition of the French peasantry less equally, and less generally good,

cheap there; and all classes of labourers are on an average prosperity far beyond that of the English peasant. The division of properties, therefore, has not hitherto operated to create a beggarly population, or to check the accumulation of a sufficient national capital.*

Nothing can be more gratifying to the eye of the philosopher and the philanthropist, than

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than it otherwise would be. In the south, the influence of the revolution has been less felt. The people, there, are poor, ignorant, and superstitious, as compared with those of the northern provinces. Fiscal restrictions upon internal commerce also operate universally to depress agriculture. Errors and prejudices on the subject of free trade, tend to the same unhappy consequences. Notwithstanding the march of intellect, Europeans are yet only in a state of semi-barbarism.

* Sir F. Burdett, whose aristocratic leanings on this point are well known, having asked General La Fayette, what they would do in France, when the land shall be divided into properties of a few square yards; he replied by asking, how England would manage, when it has but four or five proprietors.

the spectacle of small slips of land rendering the most bountiful crops, which abound in the neighbourhood of Paris. Every rood of ground is under a separate culture, indicating, generally, a separate proprietor; and the countenance, bearing, and personal appearance of the village inhabitants, bespeak a corresponding ease and intelligence. In the great cities, the constant and regulated demand created by a population of small fortunes, keeps in activity a greater portion of internal commerce, than formerly resulted from the demands of a few large proprietors. In the mean time, the task of supporting life and caste is less burdensome; enormous riches less frequently cast a shade upon honourable poverty, or render luxurious indulgences the best passport to good society. Corruption is not solicited by the too severe pressure of want, or by the thirsting of ungratified passions. Public opinion is therefore more potent, the natural morality is sounder, and a genuine civism pre-

vails, unknown to the venal members of close boroughs, or to the crouching bondsmen of county despots.* While this spirit prevails, while the institutions which have developed it are in vigour, it matters little what the subsisting political arrangements of power may be. The laws may be as imperfect a security for the citizen, against the encroachments of arbitrary sway, as can be conceived; liberty must eventually triumph: for a nation of small proprietors is not to be subdued—it is not to be gulled and defrauded. Before the face of such a nation, the cunning of the Jesuit is

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* Nothing can show the liberalizing tendency of gavelling in a stronger light than the recent elections in France. The elective franchise is reduced to its minimum of extent. The eighty thousand richest inhabitants alone exercise the right; yet the returns are, with few exceptions, pure, and in the well-understood interests of the country. How the heart sickens, and the mind is shaken, by the opposite picture of fraud, perjury, and egotism, so frequently exhibited in the elections of aristocratical England!

folly; the self-will of the despot is feebleness. Even under existing circumstances, France, with all its drawbacks and all its difficulties, after passing through two foreign occupations and thirty years of unceasing revolution and warfare, is still the happiest and most prosperous nation of Europe: and this, simply because a distribution of wealth, favourable to industry, has freed it from the tyranny of a wasteful master caste, and has allowed the people the opportunity of exerting their industry to the greatest posssble advantage.

THE ORLEANS GALLERY.

NOTHING deranges my system of temperaments and hereditary organization, more than the Orleans family of our times. There is not a quality or disposition in the present generation that recalls the character of the imbecile and mischievous brother of Louis XIV., whose inordinate folly was the cause of more than one useless crime;—there is nothing about them of the Regent, save his good nature, and love of arts and letters; or of *Egalité*, but his *bon hommie* and popular manners. Either the race has been happily crossed, or events have acted most favourably upon it. The great school of

adversity in which the present duke was bred, and in which he so long struggled for a bare subsistence, was far more profitable to virtue and intellect, than that of *Belle chasse*, governed as it was by the presiding Minerva of the Palais Royale. One probable result of this rough tuition, was his sending his son and heir apparent to a public seminary, to come in contact with his fellow-citizens, to stand the rubs and checks of equality, and to require those practical notions of life and society, which public schools alone can teach. Between the European education and manly boyhood of the Duc de Chartres, and the go-cart breeding of his cousin, the Duc de Bourdeaux, (that hot-house plant of the old noyal nursery,) there is a formidable difference.

Being at a ball at Lord Stuart's, I observed a young man passing hastily through a group of his gay military contemporaries, with a nod for one, and a word for another, and leading out his partner to the first vacant place he could find, in one of the quadrilles. He

might have been Ensign any body, of any regiment, or a simple *attaché* to some of the embassies, (except that upon this occasion, the *attachés* were in a splendid masquerade costume,) so little notice or distinction did he receive or claim. This young man was the Duc de Chartres. But, "O how unlike" the Duc de Chartres of the old times of the Loraine Minuet! No special place reserved in the dance for the possible successor of Louis XIV. on the throne of France! No homage to Monseigneur! No personal address of "*Grand Prince!*" Spirit of Dangeau! if thou couldst look down from the celestial antichambers of your limbo of valets and courtiers, what would you say to this!

When we arrived in Paris, the receptions at the Palais Royale were over; the Duke and Duchess, with their family, had retired to their villa, in the vicinity of the capital, and the Duc de Chartres had, immediately after the ambassador's ball, set out on his visit to England and Ireland. Some one, however, pro-

posed to us, to see the Orleans Gallery. We were, at the moment, loitering through that gallery of galleries, the Musée; and so we proceeded straight from the old Italian master's, (to which, by-the-bye, after our first visits to the Louvre, we always hurried,) and entered the modern school in the Palais Royale—a most trying transfer of our dazzled observation.

It is a cynical, but a just remark, that men suffer more by their good nature, than by their selfish qualities. The exertions of good nature, like those of charity, being made either in favour of the unfortunate, (too frequently another word for the unwise,) or of the vicious, it must, in nine cases out of ten, prove a source of vexation and disappointment. This is especially true in the arts. Excellence there, requires no protection, and leaves no scope for good nature; while mediocrity, whatever may be done in its behalf, will, after all, find its own level. In my little sphere, I have found this to hold good almost invariably. Those I have endea-

voured to serve, by what is called pushing them, (when their own merits have not at once raised them above all dependence on others,) have rarely forgiven me the failure of my kind but ill-judged exertions.*

The patriotism of the Duc d'Orleans has induced him to lavish large sums on the works of young French artists, sometimes judiciously expended, sometimes perhaps indiscreetly : but in both cases, the artists are just where they were in public estimation. Among the various cants of criticism, there is none more erroneous than that which is for ever deploring the neglect of the modern school. To buy an old picture at an enormous price, simply because it is old, is

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* This may look like arrogance : but where there is sympathy for those who have to struggle along the up-hill path to professional eminence, and an hearty good will to lose no opportunity of befriending them, much may be done without either the rank or the fortune which are implied in the vulgar and ordinary signification of patronage.

an undoubted act of spurious taste, and like all other affectations, ridiculous.* But to forego a good picture when within reach, for the purpose of giving a preference to contemporary art, merely because it is contemporary, is no less absurd. There is but one legitimate reason for purchasing works of art, and that is to be found in their merit; and the

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* The complaint of want of patronage, so frequently uttered by British artists and critics, if in any degree well founded, is much more the result of superabundant mediocrity and an overstocked market. Excessive taxation, growing habits of luxury, a taste for the positive in pleasure, and, above all, the universal ambition 'to get up the stick' (as it is called) in society, contribute to render the English public indifferent to the possession of works of art; and the narrow scale of the national domestic architecture is still a greater obstacle to collecting: but after all, painters of decided eminence find little or no difficulty in selling their works; and there is no more reason why bad pictures should be bought, than any other defective article of commerce. Of the mediocre, the production far exceeds any possible market, in any, the most picture-loving community.

business of the artist is to produce such pictures as will force a sale. If he cannot do this, he has no claims on the public, and would be better employed, both for himself and for society, in pursuing some other branch of industry. In France there is a good deal of nationality in the public feeling on this point; and the revolution has not wholly eradicated the old-fashioned notions of protection and patronage. The consequence, as it respects the modern collection of the Duc d'Orleans, is, that it contains some inferior pictures: still there is in it a sufficient number of the works of the great living masters, to redeem the rest.

Of the Orleans Gallery I could obtain no catalogue to bring away with me; but, as far as I remember, the finest specimens in it of the modern school, were the battle and sea-pieces of the admirable Vernets, that distinguished race of hereditary artists, whose excellence lies in their genius having preserved the stamp of their temperament.

There is nothing vague, nothing false in their noble pictures. Facts and nature are their study; their easels are placed before their subjects like a camera obscura; and lines, lights, tints, and shades, throw themselves on the canvas, and remain there, permanent and faithful to their great originals. Let ambitious mediocrity, with its eyes in the air, and its head in the clouds, learn from these artists that the sole inspiration of genius is truth. Pass from the pictures of the Vernets (the battle of Jemappe, for instance) to the Ossianic school of black and white masses, the sublime grotesque of fantastic grouping, with its tremendous depth of shadows and gigantic proportions; "look upon this picture and on this," and then, if you have eyes, "on this fair mountain leave to feed, and batten on this moor," if you can.

Many of the pictures of H. Vernet tell stories delightful thus to read, in all the glow of nature's own colouring. Such is his picture of the Duke of Orleans seeking shelter at the

hospital of St. Gothard—an event that occurred in 1793, when he was the young and destitute Duc de Chartres. On foot, with little money, and followed by a single domestic, the duke presented himself at the convent gate. He rung the bell, and a capuchin appeared at the window, and asked in Italian, "What do you want?"—"Some nourishment for my companion and myself," replied the wanderer. "We do not receive foot passengers, or persons of your sort, here," rejoined the capuchin. "But, reverend father, we will pay whatever you demand," said the Duke. "No, no, the inn opposite is good enough for you," said the monk; and pointing to a miserable shed, where the muleteers stop for refreshment, he shut the window and disappeared. The scenery of Mount St. Gothard, in the hands of Vernet, with figures so interesting as those of the capuchin at the window, and the young prince with his faithful servant beneath, form one of the most interesting subjects that can be ima-

gined. The "*combat d'avant poste*," and the "*grenadier blessé*," by the same artist, have been celebrated in the verse of Count Anatole de Montesquiou ; but his Battle of Jemappe is, I believe, his *chef-d'œuvre.*

Among the modern portraits in the Orleans Gallery are the head of General Foy, and a fine picture of Madame de Stael, by Gerard. They are both living, speaking pictures. Then, what divine contemporary portraits of the times of the Ninons and the Sevignés, the delicious *siécle des memoires*, upon which we are all still feeding and gloating ! Times of vice and folly, of the rack and the wheel, of poisonings and *lettres de cachet*, why were ye so amusing ? There are also portraits of ministers and mistresses — of Maintenons and Pères de la Chaise, and a fine one (by Philip de Champaigne) of Cardinal Mazarin, (who has by no means that "*aria di frate*" one might have expected in an Italian priest,) and a magnificent head of Cardinal di Richelieu, by the same

artist. There are likewise portraits of La Vallière,* of Mad. de Montespan, of Charlotte de Bavière Duchess d'Orleans, of Henriette d'Orleans, and many other successive beauties of the French court, bearing the cachets of Nanteuil, Mignard, and Rigaud, and Coypel.†

A series of historical pictures, by native and modern artists, of considerable merit, as paint-

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* This portrait of Mad. de la Vallière is painted (after an original miniature belonging to the late Duchess d'Orleans) by a charming modern artist, Madlle. Sophie Allant. There are also portraits of Oliver Cromwell, and of the Viscomte de Turenne, by Mignard, that particularly struck us.

† Among the old masters, is the portrait of Francis the First, by Titian. Of the modern artists whose works have been added to the superb collections of Eu and the Palais Royale, the Duc de Montpensier, the gifted and beloved brother of the Duc d'Orleans, deserves an especial notice. His pictures of Henriette of England, (queen of Charles the First,) and of Henry the Fourth, after the originals by Porbus, in the collection of the King of England, are far beyond the ordinary value of amateur productions.

ing faithfully and amusingly the scenes which have occurred in the Palais Royale, forms an interesting part of the collection. Every one knows the history of this edifice. It was built by Cardinal de Richelieu, and bequeathed by him to his royal victim, as being fit only for the residence of kings. It had been the scene of his own gorgeous pomp of representation. There, was his chapel, in which he celebrated mass, like Leo the Tenth. There, too, was his theatre, in which he listened to his own cold and pedantic compositions, and in which his vanity was taught so cruel a lesson, in the involuntary homage paid to the poor and humble Corneille, while it was denied to his own all potent but ineffective muse. There, also, is the cabinet of his wily successor in the double ministry of church and state, Mazarin, where the weak and devoted Anne of Austria was duped into measures which roused the nation to a sense of its degradation, and nearly cost her son his crown. In the Palais Royale Louis

the Fourteenth was cradled and reared—not educated. He was not taught either to spell or to write; and he seems to have picked up a little of these elementary arts by chance. I had recently in my hands a letter of his, which, both for its writing and orthography, was a miracle of royal illiterateness. The ignorance of sovereigns was a point in the Machiavellian system of those times. Kings would not educate their children, of whose future reputation they were jealous. Ministers would not enlighten the pupils they intended to govern. Society, up to the beginning of the last century, was a cavern of banditti; and every robber feared the other, and stood guarded against his treachery. The most dramatic scenes of the Fronde were enacted on the stage of the Palais Royale—scenes which give the full measure of the depravity of the times in which they occurred. As long as the resistance of the frondeurs to the most scandalous oppression remained in the hands of the *tiers-état*, it worked

well; but when the princes of the blood brought their vices and folly, their personal ambition, and vaccillating weakness, to mar the honest efforts of the citizens, the cause of the country became hopeless. With them, old friendships and close consanguinity formed no trustworthy ties. The Princes de Condé and de Conti, the Dukes of Orleans, Beaufort, and Longueville, sold, betrayed, and ruined each other; while the gallant and clever de Rochefoucault, and the witty and profligate de Retz, turned, like *girouettes*, from party to party, and fought for or against prince or people, as best served the purpose of the moment, their passions, or their caprices. Thus was the progress of improvement suspended, the hopes of the nation baffled, and a century of bigotry and tyranny prepared, that terminated in the revolution which the descendants of so many of these versatile chieftains now live only to deplore.

From this period, the history of the Palais

Royale is that of the Orleans family. There, Gaston, the brother, (but as it now appears, not the *only* brother, of Louis the Fourteenth,) received the hand of the beautiful Henrietta of England; who, both as a woman and a politician, evinced that the court of London was not more virtuously fastidious than that of France.

In the *salon de reception* of that most unfortunate Duchess began, and (as far as all that is best in sentiment is concerned) ended, the immortalized loves of Louis the Fourteenth and La Vallière. On the scenes which succeeded under the Regent, for the honour of humanity and the purity of morals, be the curtain dropped for ever. Then came those coteries of love and learning, where the Muses and Graces partook in the political and amatory intrigues of the times; and where the prima donna of the *repertoire* appeared, as "the mother of the church" and the friend of Egalité.

Pictures from all these remarkable epochs,

and from others equally entertaining,* admirably conceived, and tolerably executed, decorate the walls of the great gallery of the palace. They are by young artists, and give much promise of future excellence. Being taken from modern story, they are of the romantic school. Among those which particularly struck me, was "Anne of Austria showing the young King asleep

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* Among these, Mademoiselle de Themines and Madame de la Vallière, in the Convent of the Visitation at Chaillot, by Ducis, is particularly attractive to the readers of French memoirs. The habit of the "Sœur Louise," and the splendid toilette of the Court Lady, form a picturesque contrast, which is thus poetically described by Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, in her lines upon this picture:—

"Sous le bandeau sacré des sœurs du repentir,
La première a caché sa blonde chevelure,
L'autre, que l'élégance a pris soir de vetir
Des fêtes de la cour, a gardé la parure
Le vent qui rafraîchit la brulante saison,
Fait frissoner ses vêtemens de soie,
Et sur le funébre gazon
De son riche manteau la pourpre se deploie."

in his chamber in the Palais Royale, to the Frondeurs." The contrast of the sweet repose of the sleeping boy, with the strong, passionate features of the *frondeurs*, and with the anxious, fearful looks of the mother and queen, is extremely fine. There is also a picture of "Cardinal Richelieu celebrating Mass," in his splendid chapel; and another of "Cardinal de Retz at the head of the Frondeurs," who approach the palace to obtain the liberation of their magistrates: likewise the "Entreé of the Duc d'Orleans into the Palais Royale," leading in his beautiful bride, Henrietta of England. Of this last picture, the extraordinary imbecility of the Duke's countenance is the most remarkable trait. The heads are, of course, historical; and Henrietta is a true Stuart. "Doctor Franklin received by the late Duc d'Orleans, in the midst of his Family," is an interesting picture. The lady in blue satin, in the corner, is Madame de Genlis.

While the memory and imagination find their full account in these happy realizations of scenes and persons, so long associated with both, the heart and all the home sympathies of nature have a resting place in the private apartments of the present illustrious family. The sitting-room, like the boudoir attached to it, was worthy to belong to some highly educated, tasteful, and rational English lady; and what more can be said of any domestic apartment? That a family belonging to royalty should live together, as if they were united by the common ties of ordinary humanity; that they should not be separated in distinct pavillions, and placed under the guardianship of ladies of honour; (the *maitresses titrées* in reality, or in expectation, of the head of the family;) is a novelty in the social arrangements of the house of Bourbon! Every thing in these apartments denotes ease, and comfort, and *habitability:* in a word, change in royal habits and royal manners; change from the

selfish exclusion, or public exhibitions of royal life of the last century, to that rational, social, domestic, and *human* intercourse, which must characterise the intimate relations of "propinquity and blood," in all ranks, under the improved institutions of the present times.*

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* When it is remembered that the Duc d'Orleans has repurchased the pictures of his own superb galleries, (those of the Chateau d'Eu and the Palais Royale,) his own by inheritance, but which had been sold at the revolution, his liberal patronage of modern artists becomes still more remarkable. Besides collecting the pictures of Gerard, Gros, the Vernets, Hersent, Picot, Granet, Michallon, Isabey, and other French artists, he has encouraged the school of nature, by collecting the admirable productions of the Flemish and Dutch painters, Drolling, Omegunck, Watelet, Verbreckhoven, Van Os, Steuben, Sweback, &c. &c. One of the most exquisite *tableaux de genre,* in the Orleans collection, is the interior of Drolling's house, in the Rue de Bac. Drolling, who died in Paris in 1817, was one of the most admirable painters of his age or school. Self-educated, and the artizan of his own success, he was a fine illustration of genius. His "*Maison à Vendre,*" "*Petit Commissaire,*" and his

"*Marchande d'Oranges,*" have all the freshness and fidelity of the old Flemish school, in its best times."

While this work was going to press, I received, through the kindness of a friend equally respectable and respected, the Count de Conelaux, the French Consul at Dublin, the amusing and instructive work, the "*Notice Historique sur les Tableaux de la Gallerie d'Orleans,*" *par J. Vatout,* the Duke's private secretary. It is intended as a catalogue *raisonnée*; but, in fact, forms a new mode of writing history under the most tangible and instructive of all forms. M. Vatout is author of many other agreeable works, among which "*La Fille d'un Ministre,*" a political novel, is the most remarkable.

THE DOCTRINAIRES.

I HAVE just had a visit from one of those clever Frenchmen whom nature has made witty, but whom ambition misleads into the attempt to be imaginative. As long as such men stick to the facts of life, which their brilliant talent knows so well how to adorn in narration, they are delightful; but the moment they deviate into the regions of fancy and abstraction, they become vague, diffuse, and uninteresting. I tremble when a French literateur begins to talk of Ossian and Child Harolde; and am only placed at my ease, when he returns to the events of the moment. On

the realities of politics, society, manners, morals, literature, the French intellect is on its own ground; but raise it from the earth into the regions of ideality, and, like Antaeus, it is no longer invincible. Sublimity is not the department in which the French excel; they have as yet exhibited every other quality of genius, and may well dispense with this least useful and amusing of mental attributes. Who would not rather be "touched" than "rapt"—"awakened," than "inspired?" A glimpse of the Alps is magnificent and exciting, but for a constant residence, the pavillion D'Orsai in the Champs Elysées is preferable (in my mind) to the convent of St. Bernard: thus, I suspect, I should prefer my clever friend, Monsieur de —— to Milton himself, as a fire-side companion.

It was apropos to some observation I had made on the politics of the day, Monsieur —— said to me, "I see you have become *une Madame du Canape!*"

"Du Canape! what does that mean?"

"It means that you are a *doctrinaire*. I suppose you have been inoculated by ———, with whom I saw you at the opera, and who is a most inveterate one, and of the old school too."

"How far, pray, do you go back for that epithet? In France, every thing changes with a rapidity that quite confounds all ordinary ideas of time and its modes."

"The school I allude to, dates from the reign of Monsieur de Cazes, whom you left in the summit of his power, when you went to Italy in 1818. It fell with the *système de bascule* established by its patron."

"*Système de bascule!* one ought really to have a dictionary of political phrases and nick-names of the day."

"*Système de bascule*, means a system which balances between the royalists and liberals; which plays off, each against the other; and by which the former are put down on the plea that they desire a counter-revolution; while

the second are kept under, on the pretence that they are seeking to bring back the republic of 1793. The ministry of De Cazes is that to which France may address her bitterest reproaches. He himself had the entire confidence of the king; and having omitted to effect those ameliorations which were thus placed within his reach, he, in effect, has thrown the country a quarter of a century back in its career of liberty."

"You young men are always attributing more to persons than to things. It seems, at least, probable that De Cazes was the man of his day, and a necessary consequence of the then existing circumstances. Think of the men he succeeded, the Vaublancs and the Blacases! Coming after their incapacity, and their devotion to despotism, his half measures were amendments, and were, perhaps, as much as the temper of the court would admit."

"De Cazes was, however, in my opinion, more dangerous than men whose inefficiency

was so apparent, on the surface. De Cazes was at least adroit, and, with the appearance of liberality, first showed the possibility of violating with impunity the Charte; while, worse than all, we owe to him the aristocratic law of election, which established the greater electoral colleges, and which led immediately to that of the septennality of the Chamber of Deputies. It was he too, who degraded the Chamber of Peers, by creating sixty-four new members at a batch; and who introduced severe laws against the press, and re-established the censorship, from which it had been so recently delivered. In this ministry figured Molé, Pasquier, and Laisne, who are now cited by some of the liberals as the great advocates for liberality; and their return to office is looked forward to with hope, by men of a decidedly liberal cast."

"In politics, as in love," I said, "these returns are generally difficult. For one minister that is sent adrift by a party, there are ten discarded because they have ceased to fit the times. A

minister who goes with his age and country, will usually hold his place, in spite of faction, as long as public opinion is of the slightest weight. Or even if the '*je le veux*' of the monarch exclude him from office, he will continue to reign over opinion, when he has ceased to minister for it. If he himself does not return to power, his principles will. This was the case with Mr. Canning; and it would have been with the Duke of Wellington, had he gone out on the Catholic question. But, to go back to your *doctrinaires*,—what are they?—what does the term mean?"

"Why, *doctrinaire* was a name given by De Cazes to his own party, or, at least, accepted by him for its designation. It represents a species of *liberalisme du boudoir*, which looks rather to the predominance of a coterie, than the triumph of a principle; something like the liberalism of the princely *frondeurs* of Mazarin's time, or rather that of your own aristocratic whigs in England;

—a fashionable liberalism—such as a man of quality may adopt without loss of caste, and without incurring the danger of being confounded with radicals, democrats, and other vulgar castes!"

"Oh! I see, liberalism in a court hoop and lappets; not

> 'The buxom goddess, fair and free,
> The mountain nymph.'

But were these *doctrinaires*, then, anti-revolutionists?"

"They were far from denying the benefits of the revolution, but they wished to stop its further progress, or at least to direct, by intrigue, what should have been left to the impulse of the new institutions. In place of the frankness which belongs to the politics of the nineteenth century, they substituted a political and philosophical mysticism, which might have belonged to the dubious liberality of the imperial regime, but which now is perfectly out of date.

Of this system, one doctrine only was clear and explicit; namely, that the party should act independently both of royalism and liberalism. They wished to govern the country rather like schoolmasters, than statesmen."

"But why has this term *doctrinaire* been applied to the party? What does it mean?"

"The term was so applied because that party, and more especially its literary adherents, had made themselves remarkable for a somewhat pompous and pedantic display of science in their opinions, and endeavoured to connect their politics with certain metaphysical positions. Their principal reasonings roll upon general and abstract propositions, and they strive to give to all their dicta the forms of demonstration. To a ministry afraid, or unwilling to proceed frankly in a determinate direction, the sort of intellect that leads to abstractions and verbal subtilties is invaluable. In its distinctions and definitions, the naked truth may be clothed in such a masquerade costume, as

will render its natural outlines perfectly invisible. On the other hand, persons of this class, who want the firmness to push simple elementary truths through all the rigour of their consequences, would naturally ally themselves with a ministry whose want of clear views they readily mistake for moderation. Thus it happens, that the chief supporters of the political sect, are Kantists in philosophy, and mystics in religion,—persons of warm imagination and uncertain judgment."

"But who are the persons of rank belonging to this party?"

"The high-priest of the sect is Royer Collard, professor of philosophy; a mystic in religion, a metaphysician in politics—*d'ailleurs honnête homme.* Then there are Guizot, an able and an honest man, and Villemaine, whom you must know as an elegant and eminent *literateur;* and M. Barante also held office under Mons. de Cazes. A place was said to have been made for the Duc de Broglie,

for the vain purpose of trying to detach him from the liberals, to whom, however, he is now firmly united. Among the leading *doctrinaires* may also be reckoned the two Counts Germain, and Beugnot, ex-prefets of the imperial regime; and Mons. Keratry, a thorough liberal, an able writer, and an honest man. How he contrived to place himself on the famous *canapé doctrinaire* is difficult to imagine."

"From what you tell me, am I then to conclude that the *doctrinaires* are a sect, rather than a party—a *melange* of individuals of many different shades of opinion, neither wholly liberal nor absolutely royal,—and as fanciful and sentimental in their politics as in their religious notions."

"*A peu près, Madame.* On the downfall of De Cazes, they were driven by the violence of Vilèlle into the rear of the liberal party, to which, however, they are rather attached than incorporated. Still, you will discover in the columns of "The Globe," (the especial organ of

the party,) that their sentiments are more decided and their opinions infinitely more liberal, than they were ten years back;* insomuch that little now remains, (at least in that journal,) of the old *doctrinaires*, save their *ton doctoral*."

"In spite of which," I replied, "the Globe is an honest and an enlightened production. But this vice of style, allowing it exists, so natural to young writers, will pass off, with whatever else does not belong to the age. You must now speak to society as vessels hail each other at sea, briefly and to the fact. The 'ship a-hoy!' style alone suits a time, when the breath of opinion drives on the intellectual vessel with such rapidity. The days of button-holding and prosing are gone by; and bre-

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* The working of the existing aristocratic version of the British constitution has become better known in France, since the peace, which has powerfully operated in curing the better portion of the *doctrinaires* of their blind admiration of English theories.

vity has become no less the soul of wisdom than of wit. This the Globists are already learning; they have honesty, zeal, and talent in abundance; and are far too good to belong permanently to a sect or a manner, either in opinion or in literature. Hitherto, perhaps, they have lived too exclusively amongst each other, and have listened too frequently to their own voices. But the exigencies of modern politics will soon bring them into contact with the world; and in that school they will learn the narrowness of sectarianism, its incompatibility with truth; and, directing their valuable energies in the spirit of the age to which they belong, they will fulfil their honest and honourable mission, till time and events shall require other agencies: for even

> ‘ The great *globe* itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
> Leave not a rack behind.’ ”

"Translate that for me," asked my agreeable interlocutor.

"No, no; it is worth learning English, to be able to read it in the original."

"You have given me a motive *de plus*," he said, "to do so; and when we meet next spring in Ireland, you shall find I know more of the *fond de la langue* than Figaro himself."

NEW NOVELS.

Every body in France is so kind! Books were continually pouring in on all sides, which promised to make admirable amusement for the stormy winter evenings in Ireland—some from authors, some from publishers, many from literary friends. Among these, however, one bore so strange a title, that I was tempted to anticipate, and to look it over, even amidst the bustle of Paris, which leaves no time even for title pages. It was called "*L'Ane Mort, ou la Femme Guillotinée,*" and its object was to

ridicule the melancholy absurdities of the exaggerated romanticists, who too often have been misled into seeking emotion through a cynical display of the most disgusting infirmities and degrading vices of our nature. Exchanging the pathetic for the atrocious, the sublime for the horrible, and the simple for the vulgar, they outrage nature in attempting to paint her, and nauseate the imagination they intend to excite. In thus exposing, by an exaggerated parody, the prevalent sins against taste and common sense, and perhaps not without the idea of denouncing some of the many errors which are obvious in the actual constitution of society, the author has sketched, with a broad and free pencil, scenes of real life—its crimes and its vices—which, like the dissections of the dead, it may be necessary to display, for the interests of science, but which do not bear an irreverent exposure to the casual spectator. From a premature acquaintance with such scenes, youth and innocence require

to be protected—the solitary instance in which "ignorance is bliss," and wisdom worse than folly. The horrors and miseries thus selected have also the additional disadvantage of raising the author to such occasional displays of earnestness and feeling, as materially deduct from the effect of the parody, and for a while leave it uncertain whether he does not intend to imitate, rather than correct. The work, however, is one of great power, and announces abilities from which novel writing has much to expect.

I dipped, also, into the "*Cinq-Mars*" of Alfred de Vigny—a charming production! This romance, drawn from historical fact, with infinite industry and learning, and combined and elaborated with equal fancy and dramatic effect, occupies and delights the imagination, by the vivid fidelity of the characters and manners it depicts; while it gives the best course of practical politics that can be presented, in its exposition of the miseries and

vices incidental to the institutions of the middle ages. Behold Richelieu and Louis the Thirteenth, in the plenitude of their bad passions and unquestioned power, when

"La torture interroge, et la douleur repond."

Behold, too, their victims, Urbain Grandier, De Thou, Cinq-Mars, and the long, heart-rending list of worth, genius, and innocence, immolated under the semblance of justice! With such pictures in the hands of the youth of France, it is impossible that they should retrograde. How different from the novels of Louis the Fifteenth's days, when the Marivaux, the Crebillons, and the La Clos, wrote for the especial corruption of that society from whose profligacy they borrowed their characters, incidents, and morals! Men would not now dare to name, in the presence of virtuous women, works which were once in the hands of every female of rank in France, who read any thing; —works which, like the novels of Richardson,

had the seduction of innocence for their story, and witty libertinism and triumphant villainy for their principal features. A simple country girl, an intriguing opera dancer, a profligate of quality, modelled after Richelieu, and a valet-de-chambre, the double of the Scapins, were the dramatis personæ well adapted to the moral of the tale; and with such a popular literature, it was almost a miracle that one virtuous woman or honest man was left in the country, to make that revolution which purified its pestiferous atmosphere.

To return to the admirable volumes of Alfred de Vigny, there are scenes in them, which, for vigour and veracity, exceed anything in the English or Scotch historical novels of the day. The trial and execution of the Curé de Loudon, and the Abbess of the Ursulines, all the scenes in which Richelieu is the actor, are most dramatic in incident, and picturesque in arrangement. The camp and siege before Perpignan are admirable. The assembly at Marion de

Lormes, the first representation of the Cardinal's pastoral tragedy, the description of the guards, the audience, the appearance of Corneille in the pit, the scenes in the study of De Thou, and in the bed-chamber of Anne of Austria, the execution of Cinq-Mars and of his noble friend, and the game of chess played by the Cardinal and the King in the presence of the court, when the execution of the favourite is announced,—all these are in the first style of picturesque narrative. Admirable for its genius, this work is still more so for its honesty. No personal views of aggrandizement, no hope of pleasing the court, have led the young and high-minded author to falsify or discolour, to give a favourable view of royal vices, or to find excuse for foibles which occasioned the misery of the people. He gives the truth, and nothing but the truth; and though neither place, pension, nor titles may await him, he has the satisfaction of knowing that the esteem of his country is his own.

With the sole exception of Madame de Genlis, there is not, I believe, a writer of any name in the present day, whose works are not written in this generous and national spirit; and who is not above the flattery which disgraces Malherbe,* Mezerai,† Racine, and Boileau,‡ and even disfigures the pages of the philosophic Voltaire.§

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* Malherbe, who flattered his *soi-disant* patrons, Charles IX., Henry IV., and Louis XIII., was so ill rewarded, that he could not furnish his room; and was wont to cry out, when his visitors exceeded the number of his chairs, "*Attendez que mes sièges soyent vides.*" His adulatory odes to Louis the Thirteenth, and Mary de Medicis, at last procured him a paltry pension.

‡ Mezerai, considered as one of the most impartial historians of France, proposed to Colbert, to pass the sponge over any fact he pleased.

‡ The historic muses of these celebrated historiographers, were Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon.

§ Under what circumstances Voltaire wrote his Siècle de Louis XIV., will be seen in his letters to the King of

In the composition of " Cinq-Mars," there is none of the exaggeration or pedantry of romanticism or of classicism; and it is much to be wished that, instead of fighting over rules and schools, the Horatii and Curiatii of these opposed factions, would hang up their arms in the temple of genius, and borrow from her altars more of that fire which lives and glows in the pages of Monsieur Vigny's novel.

Prussia, and to D'Alembert. In one of the former he writes, " votre altesse royale sait ce que c'est que le pouvoir despotique, et elle n'en abusera jamais. Mais elle voit quel est l'état d'un homme qu'un seul mot peut perdre. C'est continuellement ma situation."

THE THEATRES.

WITHOUT being guided either by romanticists, or by classicists, we took our chances at the little theatres, and visited one or other of them previous to our later engagements, as frequently as possible. We began by the *Gaieté*, where we found just the same description of audience we had left there ten years ago; the mass, chiefly *bourgeois*, with a few of the higher class in their *loges grillées*. "*La grande pièce*," said our fair box-keeper, as she arranged our footstools, "is romantic, and is called Charles le Téméraire."

Charles the Bold is an excellent subject for melodram, and is, indeed, perfectly romantic. It was treated in all the amusing exaggeration, both of the *genre* and of the school; while the acting, the pompous declamation, the conventional inflexions of voice, (varying from a chaunt to the most familiar tones,) and the peculiar movement of the arms, and other gesticulations, were all traditional, and *de la vieille roche*—the remnants of the manner of the Lekains and the Clairons, (as described by Walpole half a century back,) which are still preserved in the Boulevards, just as the wisdom of our ancestors lingers among the old women of some isolated and rustic parish. The argument and manner of treating it were, however, in the true spirit of modern times, and were evidently addressed to the actual opinions and principles of the people, who received the piece with rapture, and applauded every popular sentiment with a very different enthusiasm, from that with which the audi-

ences of 1816 received the miserable *piéces de circumstance*, then got up under the direction of the police, to favour the restoration. The hero of this *drame* was not the powerful Duke of Burgundy, but his liberal and enlightened secretary, the celebrated historian, Philippe de Commines, whose speeches were epigrams against kingly ambition and despotism. He was, in fact, the very personification of the revolution; and his sharp reproofs of his royal disciple were hailed with the loudest applause.

Charles the Bold was evidently the Napoleon of his age, a warrior and a despot, but still, an hero possessing many clap-trap qualities; and the moral of the representation was, that one sage, like Commines, was worth an hundred heroes like Charles. In the few passing compliments to "*les rois paisibles*," there was nothing of that disgusting flattery which in England is addressed to the loyalty of the upper gallery, and which in France was for-

merly levelled at the ultraism of the boxes. All the accessories were faithfully historical; and a better manner of dealing out history to the people, under the guise of amusement, could not well be conceived.

The following evening we went to the *Porte St. Martin*, which is now chiefly dedicated to the representation of pieces approaching to the style of the old German *commedie larmoyante*. The piece of the night was the drama of "Rochester," which Jacques Bon Homme takes for a faithful portrait of English manners; just as John Bull supposes the "seige of Calais" and "Fontainebleau" to be pictures of the French. It is strange, that notwithstanding the frequent communication which has so long subsisted between the countries, their respective theatres have not attained to a better knowledge of the national peculiarities they affect to describe. "Tom Butler" was Rochester's private secretary; "Molly" was the fair *confidante* of "Mistris Wilkes," the heroine; but the cha-

racter of the piece, which excited the greatest sensation, was the Watchman, who was dressed like an alguazil, with a child's rattle in his hand. When he appeared, there was a general murmur: *Ha! c'est le vatchman,*"—"*regarde donc, ma fille,*" cried a lady in the next box, to her little daughter; "*c'est le vatchman; ton papa t'a bien souvent parlé des vatchmen.*"* "*Ah, c'est le vatchman, maman,*"—"*oui, c'est le vatchman.*"

Punch and tea were introduced at every turn. Rochester entertained his merry companions with tea; Tom Butler moralized over tea; and Mr. Wilkes poisons his wife in a dish of tea. "*Dieu! que c'est Anglois,*" cried my fair neighbour, wiping her eyes, "*toujours le thé et la jalousie à Londres.*"† Nothing could be more lugubrious than the entire play; and nothing

* "Look, child, look; that is the watchman. Your father has often told you of the watchman, &c."

† "Heavens, how English! nothing but tea and jealousy at London."

could exceed the patience with which it was listened to throughout. It is fair, however, to add, that the audience was neither brilliant nor numerous.

To the *Variétés*, there are many inducements to go; and we had more than many other persons; for we had the box of friends at our service, and the chance of meeting those friends was not among the least of the attractions of that most elegant and commodious of the minor theatres. This beautiful little building, with all its freshness and good taste, forms a curious contrast to the barns, in which the Sevignés and the Longuevilles went to meet the *bel air* of Paris; in which the Champmêlés, crushed and squeezed through the auditors lounging over the stage, caricatured passion, and outraged nature.* The acting at the Variétés is

* The following is the description which Madame de Sevigné gives of the theatre at the representation of one of Racine's new pieces:—"Monsieur Le Duc étoit derrière, Pomenars audessus avec les laquais, son nez dans son Man-

excellent; and the pieces are selected more for their merit, than their school. We saw some sterling little comedies of the old *repertoire;* and one of the drollest parodies of the many that were produced on the appearance of the popular drama of Henri III; in which the French monarch and his court were travestied in the persons of a baker and his journeyman. In this theatre, the gaiety and *naïve* representation of French manners still make head against the prevalent taste for "supping, full of horrors," and going to bed with the imagination mounted to the level of the night-mare. Here, too, in the "*Ecole de Natation,*" we laughed very heartily at a broad caricature of the gestures and intonations of the English

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teau parceque le Comte de Créance le veut faire pendre quelque résistance qu'il y fasse. Tout le bel air étoit sur le théâtre; le Marquis de Villeroi avoit un habit de bal; le Comte de Guiche ceinturé comme son esprit; tout le reste en bandits."—*Lettres,* vol. ii. p. 68.

actors, who had recently excited so much enthusiasm in Paris.

The "Vaudeville," however, is the parodist *par excellence.* One of its humerous satires, under the title of "Marino Faliero," drew crowded audiences, assembled to laugh equally at the classicists and romanticists, whose opinions and disputes were exhibited with much humour and truth. The piece concludes with a speech from the statue of Voltaire, who in his two-fold capacity of classicist and romanticist, as the author of "Cataline" and of "Adelaide de Guesclin," delivers a string of bitter epigrams, at the expense of both parties, whom he finally reconciles and unites. The figure and face of Voltaire were the most perfect illusion. It was the very statue of the "Français," animated and in action.

The old *Gymnase* with its new title of "Théâtre de Madame," is beyond all doubt the most popular of the minor theatres. It owes its vogue partly to the selection of its

dramas, and partly to the exquisite acting of Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, its prima donna. This young, handsome, and most lady-like actress succeeds in a *genre* that is almost new to France, and of which the comedians of Molière, and their immediate successors, were wholly ignorant. Her representations of real, and even common life, when placed in situations of profound pathos, but mingled like life's own "many-coloured web of good and ill together," with touches of exquisite humour, and cheering gaiety, are perfectly true to nature, and come home at once to the heart. There is little that is conventional; little of acting in her representations. It is by the exactitude with which she delineates precisely what a Frenchwoman, so circumstanced, would look and be, that she produces her great effect, and gives a reality to the scene, of which the imagination is the willing dupe. Of this species of interest, the charming comedy of the "*Mariage d'Inclination*," affords a most

felicitous specimen. The simplicity of the elements out of which its effects are produced, recalls the secret of Paesiello's music, where (as in the Nina Pazza) the sympathies of the auditor are awakened to the highest passion, by means the least artificial, by melodies flowing and obvious, by an unlaboured instrumentation, and a counterpoint that is never learned or *récherché*. Not all the tragedies of all the classical dramatic writers of France, could draw such fast-falling and unconscious tears, such natural half-stifled sobs, as this piece excited the night we first saw it at the Théàtre de Madame. Yet nothing can be imagined of more ordinary occurrence, than the consequences of a marriage in which temporary inclination is gratified at the expense of reason and propriety. We witness such things every day, and they form a part of the stock-pieces of our table talk. The effect, however, makes it appear miraculous that such materials should have remained so long unworked and unap-

propriated. The acting of Mademoiselle Fay, as the heroine, was perfect. It resembles the life and truth of our own admirable and original Miss Kelly, and stands finely contrasted with the well-accentuated declamation of the Français, where speeches are delivered as long as orations, which might, with advantage, be cut up into books of maxims, and aphorisms of critical literature.*

But of all the extraordinary changes which have taken place in the theatre, since last we visited France, that which has occurred in Potier is the most extraordinary. With our imaginations full of his "*ci-devant jeune homme*," we went one evening to the new theatre opposite the Bourse, on the understanding that he would perform in one of the many pieces which have been founded on the "*Mariage d'Inclination*." This piece originated, very naturally, the *Mariage de Raison*;" which, in its turn, was

* See "*Le Critique de l'Ecole des femmes.*"

the parent of the "*Suites d'un Mariage de Raison*"—the play announced for the evening in question. It was easy to conceive that nothing could be more unreasonable than the possible consequences of a marriage very reasonably *mal assorti;* and that out of such a combination, effects the most irresistibly ludicrous could be produced; which, in the hands of such an actor as Potier, would convulse an audience with laughter.

For a hearty laugh, accordingly, we sat prepared. The story, however, took another direction. In the play, of which it is a continuance, the hero, vehemently in love with an inferior, foregoes his passion, to marry an equal, at the command of an uncle; while a military dependant of the old gentleman marries the *delaissée,* equally without predilection, and at the desire of his master. Of this position, with which the second piece opens, jealousy is a natural consequence. The old *militaire,* in a moment of passion, challenges the young nephew of his

benefactor, and his own dear friend, and shoots him dead on the spot; thus by one act ruining for ever the peace of mind of every personage on the stage. Nothing can well be put in action more tragical than this combination, or in which the preliminaries afford so much scope for contrasted and harrowing feelings. The agony of suspicion, and that suspicion, too, of a friend—the necessity of sacrificing the friend to injured honour—the compunction for the misery about to be inflicted on a benefactor—confidence violated—affections blasted—returning recollections of old friendship towards the youthful offender,—and all this passing within the bosom of a child of nature, taken from the humbler walks of life, was represented by the mirth-stirring, mercurial, whimmy Potier, and represented with a verity and an intensity which talents only of the very highest order could effect.

The truth is, that Potier is a tragic actor of the first force; not the tragedian of convention, but a

profound observer and energetic representer of all the terrible workings of passion in real, living humanity. Perhaps the most masterly effort of art ever exhibited on the stage is his representation of an aged man, in the last stage of decrepitude and oblivion, and roused to a momentary energy of feeling, by the workings of the master passion of a long life. It is in the last act of that curious and popular trilogy which depicts the stages of the revolution, and which is founded on the "*Avant—Pendant et Après*" of the soirées de Neuilly. The gesticulation and deportment are not merely those of physical debility—they betray, in every movement, the faded energy of the directing mind; and then, the sudden and transient illumination, the momentary return of intellect, when some latent chord of feeling, some long-rooted association recalls the memory, and the interests, of those for whom he had once acted and felt with such intensity. To say that it was nature is not enough—it was the result of

a close observation and profound analysis of the phenomena. It was an anatomical and psycological demonstration of this painful phasis of humanity; and its effect on the audience was beyond all description. The dramatic situation which most closely resembles it, is that of Lear—infirm, aged, and lunatic; and certainly the finest representatives of that character, during our times, failed in producing an effect at all approaching to the tremendous verity of Potier's acting. In pursuing this new vein of talent, he has, perhaps, but followed the direction of public taste, which is daily becoming more enamoured with strong excitements and grave interests; but it is most fortunate for his reputation, that events should have developed powers, which might have remained latent and unsuspected, and which would otherwise have left him with but half the fame that he has now so justly won. There is some reason for suspecting that all really excellent comic actors have within them

the seeds of tragic power; but very few indeed have successfully cultivated both Melpomene and Thalia.*

The *Français* we did not visit. The last night we were there, it was to see Talma, and at his own request. He called, on his way to the theatre, and found us at dinner. He came to propose our attendance at the evening's representation, and to offer us his box; for he was desirous that we should see "Britannicus" once more. We went; and it was the last time we ever saw him, either in public or in private. He was then in the force of his talent, full of high conceptions, and ambitious of reforms, which he was wisely waiting for time and circumstance to put into practice. He had already innovated on the traditional declamation of the theatre; and brought upon

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* On our own stage, Garrick, Emery, and Dowton may be cited as successful. John Kemble tried the experiment, and failed.

himself the censure of the critics, for reducing, as they said, the rhythm of tragedy to prose: an accusation, by the bye, which Voltaire made against some of the actors of his day.* Talma had long predicted the downfall of the Français, before the conquests of the Porte St. Martin; but like all great geniuses who have gone before their age, he was held back in some particulars by early associations; and by respect for the opinions of men of influence and weight. The counsel and invectives of his friend Duval, the homage paid even to his faults by Madame de Stael, whose criticisms, in her letters addressed to him, have all the air

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* "On s'est piqué de réciter des vers comme de la prose: on n'a pas considéré qu'un language au dessus du language ordinaire doit être débité d'un ton au-dessus du ton familier. Et si quelques acteurs ne s'étoient heureusement corrigés de ces défauts, la tragédie ne seroit bientôt parmis nous qu' une suite de conversations galantes froidement récitées."—*Voltaire, Dissertation par la Tragédie.*

and passion of a declaration of love,* dulled and checked those brilliant aspirations, which would have rendered him the founder of a new school of acting, and coupled his name inseparably with a new epoch in literature. Such as he was, he stood at the head of his profession in his own country, a superiority, which no temporary caprice in public taste, no attack of private envy or party malice, could invalidate. To have known him was a privilege; and to have lost him, ere time

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* "Vôtre sublime talent a fait nâitre dans mon âme, l'emotion la plus vraie; et maintenant que je ne suis plus sous le charme de vos accens, je me justifie tout à fait à moi même, l'attachement sérieux que j'aurai toute ma vie pour vous. N'allez pas trouver que je vous loue trop. C'est ma manière de vous dire que je vois aime. Comment louer même l'Empereur, si l'on n'étoit pas inspiré par un sentiment? Je pense à vos accens dans Hamlet, à ce regard qui créait à lui seul une apparition merveilleuse, et je m'afflige du sort qui me separe de vous. J'étois née pour vous admirer, plus que personne."

had exhausted his powers, or chilled his social and kindly feelings, was a misfortune, to which we give the full quota of our regrets. Since his death, tragedy has languished, if not been wholly banished from public favour. No actor of super-eminent genius has arisen to supply his place; and mediocrity in the actors, and indifference in the front of the theatre, acting and reacting on each other, will perhaps drive Racine from the stage, and gradually obliterate even the memory of how his tragedies were declaimed, "in the good old school of the good old times."

The death of Talma, the absence of Mademoiselle Mars, the expectation of this charming actress from the provinces, and, with her return, of the *reprise* of the only piece which had been drawing an audience to this theatre, the "Henri III." of Dumas, induced us to delay our visit, until we could make it under circumstances more favourable to our "romantic" tastes,

and to the talents of Firmin, Joanny, Michelot, Samson, (himself a successful dramatic writer,) and Mademoiselle le Verd. All these actors are said to excel in the new style of acting required by the simple prose recitation of the historical drama, of which truth, nature, and real life are the sole admissible models. That Mademoiselle Mars should be as natural and as effective in the pathetic part of the Duchesse de Guise, as in the Hortense of the "École de Vieillards," (however her success may have delighted its author,* and astonished the public,) is only what might have been expected

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* Mon second devoir est de rendre justice aux comédiens . . . . . à Mademoiselle Mars d'abord, si admirable, que toute expression manque, non pour louer, mais pour lui rendre justice; à Mademoiselle Mars, en qui j'avois déviné des qualités tragiques, constestées jusqu' aujourd'hui, et que n'avait besoin pour se développer avec tout l'éclat, que de rencontrer une tragédie moderne," &c. &c.—*Preface à Henri III.*

from her genius and strong conceptions, when unrestrained by conventional models. The expression of genuine passion is always the same; and she, who might have failed in the overstrained and unnatural parts of Semiramis and Phédra, when obliged to chaunt rhymes like Clairon and Dumesnil, was sure to succeed when called on for a development of feeling, in situations as incidental to ordinary life, as those in which the victim of Catherine de Medicis and of "the Balafré" was placed.

Voltaire, in laughing at the weakness of Boileau, who, to please Racine, prefers love as the source of all pathos, observes—

"La route de la nature et cent fois plus sure;"

and the dramas so peculiar to the present age of literature, so called for, and so suited to the actual condition of society, were anticipated by his genius. In confessing that his "Cataline" was the most purely classical of his tragedies, and

composed after the strictest rules of art, he adds, that it was "rather fit to be read by the amateurs of antiquity, than to be represented to the pit.* For," he observes, "admiration for the ancient Romans is soon exhaused." In this confession, he was preparing the way for his own "*espèce de drame,*" as he calls his "Semiramis." The whole passage of this prophecy of the modern school of romanticism is worth quoting:—

"The representation of 'Semiramis' was an hardy enterprize: there was reason to fear that the spectacle would revolt public feeling; and, in fact, the major part of the frequenters of the theatre, accustomed only to amorous elegies, at first entered into a league against this species of tragedy. It is said, that in ancient Greece a prize was offered for the invention of new pleasures; but here the

* The same has been said of Addison's "Cato," and for the same reason.

case was reversed. Yet after all their efforts to decry this sort of drama, so truly terrible and tragic, they could not succeed. It was said and written on all sides, that the belief in ghosts was over, and that they must appear puerile in the eyes of an enlightened nation. But if antiquity did believe in such beings, are we not permitted to conform to antiquity? If our religion has consecrated such interventions of Providence, is it ridiculous to reproduce them on the stage?"

The desertion of the great national theatre of Corneille and Racine, and the overflowing of the smaller theatres, when the pieces of Scribe and the *drames historiques* are performed, has at least verified the statements I have made in my "France," for which I have been so severely attacked, if it has not justified the taste of the Parisians. But this taste has been gradually forming for near a century. Like all other innovations, it has been feared and avoided even by the most superior talents;

and Voltaire, who coquetted with the drame, *à la dérobé*, as a man makes love to a mistress of whom he is at once enamoured and ashamed,* produced his "Adelaide de Guesclin" in the extreme youth of his life and authorship. It was precisely the drame of the present day, mounted indeed on the stilts of declamatory tragedy, but drawn from the same sources,

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* The dramatic life of Voltaire was indeed a perpetual struggle between the natural instincts of his genius and a timid submission to rules. "En effet, quelle place pour la galanterie que le parricide et l'inceste qui désolent une famille, et la contagion qui ravage un pays! Et quel exemple plus frappant du ridicule de nôtre théâtre et du pouvoir de l'habitude que Corneille, d'un coté, qui fait dire à Thésée:

Quelque ravage affreux qu'étale ici la peste.

L'absence aux vrais amis est encore plus funeste:

et moi qui soixante ans après lui viens faire parler une vieille Jocaste d'un vieil amour; et tout celà pour complaire au gout le plus fade, et le plus faux qui ait jamais corrompu la literateur."—*Epitre à la Duchesse du Maine préposée à l'Oreste.*

and distinguished by the same personages. The Chronicles of Bretagne furnished the subject: and the names of Vendôme, de Nemours, and de Coucy, were so startling on the theatre, that the piece was hissed from the stage with bursts of ridicule:* thirty years afterwards it was received with bursts of applause. It is thus that genius neglects the contemporary judgments of which it gets the start, and proceeds on its way to applauding posterity; while ordinary minds, easily satisfied, revolve in their narrow circle, and stop where they start. At the moment when Molière wrote his "Tartuffe," who would have supposed that religious hypocrisy could have been satirized on the stage?

The "Duc de Fois," drawn also from

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* When, at the end of the piece, the Duc de Vendôme asks, "Is he content, Coucy?" the wicked wits in the pit cried out, "*Così, così.*" The epigram would have d—d Racine himself, with a French audience.

French history, followed "Adelaide de Guesclin; and the public were no longer shocked at the appearance on the stage of names familiar "as household words." Again, in his "Orphelin de la Chine," Voltaire still further widened the circle of romanticism. Speaking, however, of the Orphan of Tchao," from which both himself and Metastasio borrowed the subject of their respective plays, he still says, that "the action of the Chinese piece lasts through five-and-twenty years, as in the monstrous farces of Shakspeare, and of Lopez de Vega, which are called tragedies." But he did not the less continue his attempts at partial innovations on rules, whose injurious influence he felt, though he did not wholly reject their authority. Unconsciously, he was thus founding a revolution in dramatic literature, scarcely less extensive than that which he commenced in religion and politics.

The progress of this question of the unities, up to the present moment, is any thing but

flattering to that rusty machine, the human intellect. Both those who have stickled for Aristotle, and those who have opposed him, have suffered the reason to merge altogether in the rule. With respect to the unity of place, Horace had long ago decided the question against the classicists, and had assigned power over the imagination in this particular, as the very triumph of poesy. Yet the French writers still thought there was merit in sacrificing all reality, or even probability, in order to bring about the entire action of the piece on the same spot. Conspiracies were conducted in the open courts of a tyrant's palace; and plots and counter-plots carried on by parties who appear to enter and go off the stage for no other purpose than to give a fair field to the exertions of their opponents. The restriction of the duration to an arbitrary and conventional number of hours, by excluding an immense variety of subjects, and enforcing a hurried and imperfect development of nearly all, diminishes still more sensibly the power of pleasing, which is the great end

of all rule. By a similar oversight, many of the romantic school seem, on the contrary, to think that there is a positive merit in a frequent change of site, and an almost unlimited duration in the plots of their dramas. It is strange, that among the many men of genius who have treated the subject, none should have clearly laid it down, that the great object of dramatic composition is the satisfaction of the audience, no matter by what means; and that all the arrangements of time and place should be subservient to this end. Various stories will obviously require a various latitude in these particulars; and that distribution which gives to each story its happiest development, is, in every case, the best. There is, however, in the unity of interest (in itself a great source of pleasure) a natural, though not a very assignable, boundary of time and place. Frequent breaks in a story are bad: and though in the historic dramas of Shakspeare, the unity of interest arises not out of the action, but from the development of

a moral character, under the progress of a series of important events,—yet even in them, a too frequent or too violent call on the imagination of the auditor, by intervals in the continuity either of time or place, is a blemish.* The same blemish may, however, be produced, where time and place are out of the question. In Macbeth, for instance, the interest is suspended at the death of Duncan, and does not revive till that of the tyrant is at hand. In this case the time is not more widely broken than is usual in such plays; nor indeed is it very precisely defined: but there is an intervention of the whole third and fourth acts, occupied by episodes, (beautiful indeed as isolated scenes, but) not materially influencing the ultimate event, and only rendered interesting to the audience by uncommon merit in the actor.

Now, it is evident, that the longer the dura-

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* Such is the episode of Florizel and Perdita, in the Winter's Tale.

tion of an action, the more it is inevitably broken up into such detached and subordinate parts, and the greater is the necessity for a well-sustained moral unity, and for great compensating merits in the general conduct of the scene, to produce a pleasing whole. In this fact there is a reason why plays, included within a narrow limit of time and place, are likely to interest more perfectly the spectators. To this reason the rule is subordinate; and, therefore, it cannot be founded abstractedly upon space and duration, and tied down to any definite number of years or localities. Obvious, however, as this train of reasoning appears, it has been overlooked equally by the opponents and the sticklers for the old canons of criticism; a lamentable instance of the influence of authority, and of the spirit of party, on the judgments of the most cultivated minds.

The innovations which Voltaire introduced into the more mechanical parts of the drama,—in the decorations and costume,—were also

among the more immediate causes of the ultimate change in its structure. These accessories were less called for in the cold declamatory dialogues of the falsely called Greek school; and the new pleasures which they opened to an auditory, afford immense facility to the poet who is inclined to enlarge his plots. Voltaire, in his epistle dedicatory to his "Tancrède," relates that this play was first performed at his own private theatre; and he adds: "although this theatre was small, the actors were not intruded upon by the audience, and every thing was executed with facility. The shields, the devices, the arms suspended in the lists, produced an effect, which doubled the interest, because this decoration and action became a part of the plot." It is worth remarking, that in this floridly decorated play, the author ventured upon another innovation. It is written in "*vers croisés*"—in rhyme not tied up in couplets—a circumstance which breaks the tedious uniformity of the cadence, so destruc-

tive of all illusion. Yet even this innovation he regards as a dangerous rock; and, coupling the two novelties, he observes, "These great pictures, which were an essential part of the ancient tragedy, may injure the French theatre, by reducing it to a vain decoration; and this versification, which I have employed in Tancrède, approaches, perhaps, too near to prose:" —so timidly did he undertake what he so strongly felt to be necessary.

At this time, Voltaire describes the French stage as a sort of tennis-court, where a few barbarous decorations at the furthest extremity of the scene presented a permanent *locale* for all the actions of the piece; while the audience, crowded on the stage or in the pit, crushing, elbowing, fighting, gave an image of a popular insurrection. What would he say, could he now return to the stage, where every scene is an historical study; where architecture, furniture, and dresses, even to the most trifling details, are faithful to the times they represent;

while the treasures of the greatest library in the world are consulted by professional antiquaries, that nothing may outrage chronology, and destroy the illusion? Clytemnestra in a hoop, or Cæsar in a peruke of the days of Louis the Fourteenth, would now scarcely appear more ridiculous than a Clotide of the fourteenth century dressed like Mary Queen of Scots, or a Catherine de Medicis habited like an Anne of Austria.

But by far the most prevailing cause of the changes and innovations in the structure of the modern drama, is to be found in the altered condition of the public, and in the new wants and desires with which it frequents the theatre. Deeply occupied with their own great stage of real life, the French of the modern day have no longer time to make the business of the theatre an object of serious and continued attention; and the all-important interests of politics, philosophy, and morals, afford problems of much more interesting discussion than

the "Misfortunes of the Atrides, the Parricides of Œdipus, and the Adultery of Phédre." The stage is now what it ought to be, the amusement, and not the occupation, of the public; and even in their transient visits to the theatre, stolen from the many businesses and pleasures of the evening, they require in the scene some reflection of the interests by which they are agitated, and of the opinions by which they are moved. Independently of the dramatic interest of the plot, they expect that it should possess some power of association, to connect it with the occupations of the mind at the passing moment: they require that it should afford occasions for the explosions of their own feelings, and make the audience, as it were, a part of the dramatis personæ.*

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* This new desire became manifest early in the Revolution, when "Charles the Ninth" was suspended by order of the court. On a particular night, however, the audience called for it; and an apology was made on the plea of the ill health

This pre-occupation of the people is also among the causes of their urgent and insatiable demand for novelty; and for brevity in the plot and conduct of the pieces. The variety of their occupations renders it desirable that the attention should not be fatigued nor the time too much occupied; and that the action and interest of a play should be circumscribed within limits, which will allow a visit to the theatre, on the way to a political *soirée*, to a ball, or a social *conversazione*. If any thing beyond the two act pieces of Scribe is tolerated—if a comedy in five acts has a run, or a

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of Mademoiselle Raucour and Contat. Talma, however, came forward, (1791,) and gave the public to understand that want of patriotism, and not of health, was the cause of their disappointment. The municipality shortly afterwards ordered the piece to be performed; and the royalist actresses persisting in their refusal, they closed the theatre. The next night "Charles the Ninth" was played at the instance of the municipality; but the refractory ladies gave in their "*démission.*"

drame becomes popular, it is in consequence of some connexion with passing events, or some allusion to the objects of public satire, or public feeling. It is thus, that "Marino Faliero," "Henri III.," and an hundred other less clever and more ephemeral pieces, fill the theatre to suffocation; while "Alzire" and "Britannicus" are played to empty houses: it is thus that the "Tartuffe" and "Figaro" are still received with rapture—as satires on existing abuses, more even than as two of the best comedies on the theatrical *repertoire*. It is a remark I have often heard made by literary men, and by those whose professional avocations require continued hard work, that the labour of criticism is too much for their exhausted intellects; and that they are amused at the theatre in proportion as the representation appeals more to their senses, and less to their judgment. This explains not only the triumphs of the opera, but the success of showy melodrames, pantomimes, and of the light frothy interludes borrowed from

the French stage. That profound and reflective attention which an auditory, who had passed the morning in idleness, could afford to bestow upon an highly poetic tragedy, becomes infinitely irksome to a merchant who has spent the day in his counting-house, or to the lawyer who is jaded with attendance in the courts. The theatre, therefore, can never again be what it was in times of less excitement, and of more tranquil and assured means of daily subsistence. A rapid succession of novelties, of the lightest possible texture, is now required to fill the treasury of a theatre; and a touch-and-go system of experiment upon the public taste, prevents a close attention to any rules of criticism, or to any authority of corporate Aristarchuses, whether "*avec de l'esprit comme quarante,*" or "*comme quatre.*" *

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* "On ne peut le déferer plus long temps," says a popular journal, "voici une verité accablante, qui va foudroyer les deux écoles, et montrer l'inutilité de leurs débats, que (à

But whatever changes have taken place before the stage, those which have occurred behind the scenes are still more striking. The *coulisses* are now rigidly closed against all but the artists; and the theatre is no longer a house of refuge for vice and profligacy, where libertinism is safe from parental authority.* As we sat admiring the fine eyes and fine acting of a popular actress at the Théâtre

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commencer par le théâtre Français) il n'y plus de spectacle possible, que celui qui attrait tout le monde, en surprenant la curiosité d'un chacun. Mettez, donc, pour voir, dans la balance Mademoiselle Mars et Mademoiselle Djelk, et régardez qui l'emportera. L'une, au premier théâtre national, sa voix et ses yeux encore charmans, n'attire plus cinquante spectateurs; l'autre a rempli, comblé, pendant trois mois le Cirque olympique !"—*Le Voleur.*

* A woman once received at the opera, could not formerly be claimed by father or mother. "Louis XIV. avait ordonné que la théâtre serait pour les filles débauchées, un asile contre les poursuites de leurs parens. Elles pouvaient impunément s'y livrer au libertinage."—*Dulaure,* v. xvi. p. 293, note.

de Madame, I observed, to a distinguished amateur whose box we occupied, something relative to the change which had taken place in the drama since I first knew France.

"Yes," he said; "behind, as well as before the scenes. The improvement in theatrical morals is one of the remarkable features of the present times. That clever actress you admire so much, is '*la sagesse même: elle veut se marier.*'* As this is a prevailing notion amongst the young actresses of the day, a propriety of conduct is observed, at which the Duchesses of the old court would have been scandalized, as altogether *roturier.* The life of Leontine Fay, compared with those of—I will not say the Clairons and Sophie Arnouds,—but with that of a Countess of Boufflers, or a Marechale de Luxembourg, leaves a large balance in favour of the theatrical lady."

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* "Is prudence itself: she is desirous of getting married."

I observed, in reply, that "the stage has long been with us a step to the peerage."

"It is here," he said, "a better thing. A respectable marriage in their own, or some other professional life, is the utmost ambition of our young actresses. There is still some defect in the morals of a country, where the youth of the highest classes of an aristocratical community seek intimate connexions in a line of life, to which they can only be led by habits of idleness and dissipation. But to return to our theatrical morality. The female parts now enacted have generally a moral object; not the high-strained sentimental morals of the old comedy, but those of every day life. Clairon-Phédre borrowed no lessons of virtue from the horrible parts she performed; and Molière's characters are little more than witty dialogues; but it is the merit of our domestic dramas, that, while they reflect the

manners of the day, they purify them.* Not but that modern comedy has its common-place moralities, which serve as clap-traps, by re-echoing the reigning sentiment of the moment."

"Yes," I said, "like our '*wooden walls of old England*,' and '*Britain's best bulwarks*.'"

"Precisely; your comedy is replete with the *turtufferie* of morals. Just so, we had under the empire, '*ma franchise militaire*,' '*les lauriers*,' and '*le jour de victoire*,'† which

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* Of this "*Le Protecteur et le Mari*," by Casimir Bonjour, a very agreeable dramatic writer, (I really do not know of what school,) is a fair instance. When Mademoiselle St. Yves solicited the liberty of her incarcerated lover, she obtained it at a price that cost her life; for she did not survive her honour. The *soliciteuses* of the present day, says the critic on "*Le Protecteur*," obtain what they desire at a smaller sacrifice, and do not exercise the influence of their eyes, at the expense of their virtue.

† "Military frankness," "laurels," "the day of victory."

were sure to bring down a round of applause. Now, however, it is '*la classe industrielle,*' and the '*bon père, qui est fier d'enrichir sa patrie par son travail.*"*

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* "The industrious classes." "The father of a family, proud of enriching his country by his industry."

ARCHIVES OF FRANCE.

THERE is a little defect in the way in which British travellers visit France and its capital; they are apt to live in Paris, as in London, with their own countrymen; and having been at the theatres, visited the Musée, and the Gobelins, walked through the Jardin des Plantes, and Père la Chaise, seen the water-works play at Versailles, and the king at the mass in the Tuileries, they suppose themselves perfectly acquainted with all that is worth seeing or knowing. When, in addition to these researches, they have eaten their way

through the principal restaurateurs, half emptied the shops of the Palais Royale and the "petit Dunquerque," and made up as many French dresses as they think they can smuggle, they return home with a conviction that Paris, after a few weeks' residence, is a tiresome place, where there is nothing to occupy a stranger's attention, after he has gone through the routine of the guide-book and of the "Valet de Place."

Paris is, however, one great historical cabinet, filled with the monuments of the middle and later ages. Even after all the destruction of the revolution, which resembled so closely the barbarous demolition of the reformers and of the fanatic Cromwellians, it contains more treasures of antiquity than any other city,—Rome and Florence scarcely excepted. In its public establishments—the most magnificent and most liberally maintained in Europe,—in its private collections—the most numerous and rich that any nation can boast,—there are

accumulated specimens of the arts, sciences, and what the French call "*les mœurs*" of the feudal times, which scarcely leave any detail unillustrated.

Talking one day at dinner on this subject, at the hotel of our hospitable friend the Commandeur de Gazzera, a gentleman who sat next to me, Monsieur de Villenave, produced a snuff-box with a fine original miniature of Voltaire on the lid. "This," he said, "is a sort of advertisement of a little collection, which I shall be happy to show you, where you will see some of the autograph letters of your favourite, Madame de Sevigné, one of her few portraits, (the last she sat for,) and other relics of the times of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, which I know will amuse you."

I took his day and hour, which were deferred to the ensuing week. Mentioning this engagement in a circle of friends, and my desire to make a "*cours d'antiquailles,*" every one offered their services on the occasion. It was

proposed to begin with the beginning; but where was the beginning? Monsieur J. mentioned the bed-room of Francis the First, in the collection of Monsieur du Sommerard,* who was desirous to receive me in his apartments of the middle ages. Some one else proposed the chair of Dagobert, in the Bibliotheque du Roi. Monsieur le Noble† voted for the *Charte de Childebert* in *les Archives de France;* and the younger Ugoni proposed the *Musée* of Charles the Tenth, where a chair, some thousand years older than that of Dagobert, was to be seen, which had been dug from the tombs of Egypt, and is in perfect preservation.

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† Alexandre le Noble, Avocat à la cour Royale de Paris, Membre de la section Historique des Archives du Royaume, &c. &c. Author of the Histoire du Sacre des Rois de France, and other works.

As our researches were not to go beyond the *bassi tempi*, we resolved on satisfying ourselves with beginning with Childebert, and, consequently, with the Archives of France.

" Pour allez à Corinthe, le desir ne suffit pas."

To see what every body cannot see, is the privilege of those whose first object in visiting France is an acquaintance with the French. When that desirable object is accomplished, no facility is wanting, no information is withheld. All that knowledge can confer, and courtesy bestow, are put in requisition to meet the stranger's demand, and to anticipate the inquiries which inexperience cannot make.

It was thus, at least, we found society; and no party feeling, no prejudice, no official *morgue*, for a moment opposed itself to our desire of instruction on any subject, or of admission into any establishment. The vulgar apprehension of being " put into a book," the sordid cupidity which reigns in Great

Britain among the guardians of public institutions, the miserable, exclusive jealousy, which so often reigns among the heads of departments, are unknown in France: and though my former publication on that country was but little calculated to awaken an interest for me among the officials of royal establishments, the consequence was never brought home to me, by a churlish or a cold refusal.

To Monsieur Alexandre le Noble (who is well known as an able archiologist, and who had a few days before obtained an academic prize at the Institut,*) we stood indebted for the information and pleasure derived from our first day's antiquarian tour. His position, as an officer of that noble establishment *les ar-*

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* " Ce jeune antiquaire que des succès honorables et d'utiles travaux scientifiques ont depuis long-tems fait connaître avantageusement dans le monde savant, a soumis, dit-on, cette année au judgment de la docte académie, un travail trés-remarquable sur le *Hortus deliciarum* (Jardin des dé-

chives du Royaume, gave him the fullest opportunity of being eminently serviceable on our visit to it; and his courtesy and good nature upon this, as upon all occasions, were without bounds. We set forth for his residence in the Marais at an early hour, and found a very agreeable society assembled to meet and to

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lices,) encyclopédie in-folio, inédite, composée au XII^e^ siècle par Herrade de Landsberg, abbesse du monastére de Hohenburg (Sainte-Odille) en Alsace. Personne n'étoit plus à même que M. Alexandre le Noble de faire bien connaître cet admirable et antique monument littéraire que posséde aujourd'hui la bibliothèque de la ville de Strasbourg et dans lequel on trouve un tableau fidèle de l'état des connaissances humaines au tems des Philippe-Auguste et des Frêdéric Barberousse. Cette seule indication suffit pour donner une idée de l'extrême importance de l'ouvrage de M. Alexandre le Noble, qui se décidera sans doute à publier son beau travail, maintenant que la palme académique lui à imprimé le stigmate d'un succès brillant."—*Moniteur Universel, June,* 1829.

accompany us on our antiquarian progress. Many elegant objects of art in the apartment protracted our departure,—the works of modern artists of merit: portraits by Madame Victoire Henri; landscapes by de Boisselier; and some fine bronzes, modelled on the antique, by Chardigny, a young artist of considerable talent. These, with some good music and excellent refreshments, detained us for a time from the main object of our visit.

From the residence of Monsieur le Noble to the Hotel de Soubise, now the palace of the Archives, is but a step; and, followed by our carriages, we proceeded thither on foot. Shakspeare has said, that "nothing is, but thinking makes it so." Our estimates of objects are rarely the results of their intrinsic value; but are influenced by our associations, tastes, or early impressions. The Marais,—a quarter as little known to the *attachés* of fashionable diplomacy, or to the elect of the *cha-*

teau, and even of the *petit chateau*,—as Bloomsbury is to the *bon ton* of St James's Street,*—has for me a charm, in its very name, that is perfectly indescribable: and among my utopian speculations on Paris, a residence for a whole year in the neighbourhood of the Sevignés,

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* A dialogue which took place between myself and one of this caste, proves that Paris was to us two different and distinct places. When he rose to depart, he said, "Well! I suppose we shall meet at Madame Apponi's breakfast to-morrow?

"Meet me at the Austrian Ambassador's! it would be as much as his place is worth to ask me. Besides, I am going to the Antipodes of the Faubourg St. Honoré. I am bound for the *Marais*."

"Where is that? Is it a campagne?"

"No; it is the classical quarter of Paris."

"And who are you going to visit there?"

"Madame de Sevigné."

"Who is she?"

"Who is Madame de Sevigné!"

"Oh! the woman that writes the letters."

"No, the woman that wrote the letters, &c. &c. &c."

the Ninons, and the Coulanges, with time and opportunity to search through all its delightful old hotels, has long been a principal item.

The Marais was the "west end of the town," in the time of Louis XIV. It was then the most fashionable, because the most modern part of the capital.* It had been originally planned by Henri IV., by the name of the Place de France; but it did not till the reign of Louis XIII. become one of the best-built quarters of Paris.

The Place Royale was the St. James's Square of the courtiers of one of the most gorgeous courts that the world ever saw; and the Hotels de Carnavalet, Soubise de Rohan, de Beauvilliers, and many others, with names equally historical, attest the grandeur, if not the comfort, in which the nobility of France lived in the seventeenth century.

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* The streets of Paris had their names first painted at their corners in 1728.

As we stood before the noble edifice of the *Hotel de Soubise*, an half-ruined tower, (in which the Concierge resides, and which flanked the entrance of the spacious court,) struck me as being at least two or three centuries anterior to the main edifice. It is still called *La Tour de Guise*, and was part of an ancient hotel belonging to that family.* The *Hotel de Soubise*,† if it contained nothing but its ceilings, painted by Nicolo, Restout, and Natoire; its sculptured and richly gilded cornices, by Adam *le cadet* and Boffrand; its pictures, inserted in the walls and over the doors, by Boucher, Par-

* The residence of the Balafré, and of his beautiful and intriguing sister, the Duchesse de Montpensier, was in the F. St. Antoine, opposite to the Bastile.

† The *Hotel de Soubise*, raised after the designs of La Maire, has its principal entrance in the *Rue de Paradis*. It is ornamented with Corinthian columns, and trophies formed of the arms of the Rohans and Soubises, and of sculptures by Coustou *le jeune*; the façade, with an emble-

rocel,* Le Moine, and Van Loo; and its historical recollections; is a sight well worth a visit. The vast and lofty suites of rooms, with their faded, but still sumptuous remains of ancient magnificence, are monuments in themselves. Gloom and grandeur are their prevalent characteristics.

The apartment which contains the most precious of the records of so many dark epochs of society, must, from its vastness, have

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matic sculpture by Le Lorraine; the vestibule and stairs were painted in oil by Brunetti; and the antechamber of the private chapel was decorated with twelve portraits of the House of Soubise.

† These artists, now so little known, had considerable vogue in their day, and acquired great wealth, through the sumptuous tastes of the nobility of France, displayed in their hotels in the capital, from the time of Francis the First, when the Italian passion for the arts and palaces was introduced, and Italian artists were received with royal honours.

been dedicated to public receptions. It is now surrounded by cases filled with piles of papers. Down the centre of the room is a sort of counter or table, with writing materials. At the extremity, and apart from the rest, stands the famous "*armoire de fer*," closely locked with a ponderous and complicated key, awful as that of "the Blue Chamber." This mysterious receptacle contains whatever is most precious, sacred, and antiquated, in the great *depôt;* truths which history trembles to narrate; secrets of the monarchy, which its chroniclers never knew; and images of the excesses of feudal barbarity, more dangerous than volumes of invective, to the advocates of the good old times.

The archives of France were originally deposited in the convent of the Capuchins. They were removed to the Tuileries in 1793. The Convention, for the better arrangement of these precious documents, placed at the head

of the department the learned and honest Camus,* a rigid observer of order, "before whose face all abuses disappeared." Camus separated the mass into two classes—the "*Archives Judiciaires,*" and the "*Archives Domaniales.*" The former were sent to the Palais de Justice—the latter remained in the Tuileries till they were removed by Bonaparte, in 1798,

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* Camus was part of the deputation sent to observe the conduct of Dumourier, who arrested and gave up him and his colleagues to the government of Austria. He was sent prisoner to Bohemia, where he remained till the Directory exchanged him for the Duchesse d'Angouleme. Returning to his beloved antiquarian studies, he published, in 1797, his curious Report on the state of the Archives. When Bonaparte was appointed *Consul Provisoire,* he sent a despotic order to Camus to pack up the papers, and leave the Tuileries; but far from obeying, Camus told him, that something more than his order was necessary, to remove the archives. To this intimation Napoleon yielded; and he did not the less respect the archeologist for his firmness in resisting an illegal mandate.

to the Palais Bourbon; whence they were again transplanted, in 1810, to their present resting-place.

The collection of the archives was considerably increased by the documents of other countries, which Napoleon, with a cruel severity, carried off, as trophies of his conquests; but these were all restored at the peace, and the archives of France remain unsupported by corresponding records of the crimes and horrors of foreign nations.

The "*Archives du Royaume,*" properly speaking, are composed of the ancient "*Trésor de Chartres,*"—of eighty manuscript volumes in folio, containing the acts of different reigns, from the time of Philip Augustus, downwards, —of an infinity of documents contributed from various provincial sources,—of a *depôt topographique,*—of *archives Domaniales,* with an extensive library, and relics, records, and curiosities of all ages, which serve, no less

than the written records themselves, to illustrate the progress of national civilization.

Among the objects of mere curiosity, was a genealogy of the world, from the creation to the fourteenth century, the time when it was executed. It was traced on a roll of parchment, that appeared some twenty feet long; and began with Adam, Eve, and the serpent under the tree, in miniature illuminations. Similar illustrations were repeated at intervals, along the stream of time. I hastened from the well-known catastrophe, to the foundation of the British Empire, which is thus told. "*Comment Brute conquiste Albion et nome laine Bretagne. Il fist faire laine Londres. Le fils d'un roy d' Affrique gasta tout ce pais de Britaine. Il conquist toute la terre, et puis la donna aux Saxons.*"* So much for the histo-

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* "How Brutus conquered Albion, and called it Bretagne. He built London. The son of a king of Africa wasted the country of Britain, and conquering the whole

rical wisdom of our ancestors. This genealogy was, however, once a great authority, and silenced all scruples of incredulity. It was made by the monks of *St. Germaine aux près*, and was found in a convent of Benedictines.

The "*Charte de Childebert*," the original object of our visit, is dated 558, and is in no very perfect state of preservation. We got through a few lines of the preamble, however, which runs thus: "*Ego Childebertus rex, una cum consensu et voluntate Francorum et Neustrasiorum*," *&c. &c.* thereby fully confuting the pretensions of the absolutists, who would willingly make it appear, that the French monarchy was originally despotic.

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land, gave it to the Saxons." Who this king of Africa was, does not appear. Perhaps he may have been an ancestor of the Dey of Algiers; which would justify (if justification were wanting) Lord Exmouth's retaliation on that city, and the Duke of Wellington's connivance at the French expedition. It is always proper to punish nations for the crimes of their remote ancestors, whether Jews, Turks, or Infidels.

A treaty, beautifully written on parchment, between Francis I. and Henry VIII. of England, is as fresh as if it had just been transferred from their royal hands to the Hotel de Soubise. The seal is of gold, and as large as a snuff-box. Other treaties, by which kings disposed of nations, as modern gamblers handicap horses, were of various interest.

In the *Armoire de Fer*, is preserved the standard of national weights and measures in platina, the metre and the kilo. Here also is deposited the famous "*livre rouge de France*," "the only book," says the witty Mercier, "which tells truths." But what frightful truths it *does* tell! How extraordinary that such a book should be permitted to exist, as a monument of the vices and wanton extravagance of the royal family! The sums given away to worthless and corrupt courtiers, parasites, mistresses, and the ministers of the most disgraceful pleasures—sums extorted from a famishing people—may be considered as the primary causes of the revolution—that revolt of a peo-

ple driven to desperation. The signatures of Louis XV. make one tremble. We noted his last; and immediately under it, the first sign manual of his unfortunate successor, who, with fear and lamentation, found himself called on to assume the reins of government.

Another singular record is the private journal of Louis XVI. commenced in 1784. I copied a few of its entries as they presented themselves. They were all of the same description, and detailed the occupations (?) of each successive day. Here they are—

1784.

Tué de six mois, 1414 pièces.

Vendredi, 15, Juillet.—Rien.

Samedi 16.—Chasse au cerf tués deux.—Dejeuné.—Soupér.—Rambouillet.—12 sous pour une verre de montre, payé à un commissionaire.

Dimanche 17.—Vêpres.—Salut.

Lundi 18.—Chasse de Chevreuil,—pris un et tué 42 pièces.

Mardi 19.—Rien.—Bain.

Mercredi 27.—La pluie m'a fait revenir du rendezvous du Chevreuil du Bacarde, &c. *

At last, to relieve the tedium of this most triste and monotonous existence, comes the accouchement of the queen. It is impossible to imagine, and I had not the patience to copy, all the details of this event. No *sage femme* could gossip over them with more self-import-

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* 1784.

Killed in six months, 1414 head of game.

Friday, July 15.—Nothing.

Saturday 16.—Stag-hunt; killed two.—Breakfast.—Supper.—Rambouillet.—Paid six-pence for a watch-glass to the messenger.

Sunday 17.—Vespers.—Religious duties.

Monday 18.—Chase of the Chevreuil, took one, and killed forty-two.

Tuesday 19.—Nothing.—Bath.

Wednesday.—Rain compelled me to return from the rendezvous for Chevreuils at Bacarde.

ance than the unfortunate husband. For the rest, this singular document is perhaps the best apology, for the feebleness, vaccillation, and falseness, manifested in the last years of the writer. With such evidence of the absolute nullity of his education, of the paucity of his ideas, and his utter incapability for a single reflection, one can only wonder how he reigned at all; and one is lost in astonishment at the firmness with which he met his horrible fate,--- a proof of original force of character, and extent of capacity, however weakened and limited by the wretched education, false principles, and corrupt society, of which he was the victim.

The testament of this royal martyr of a self-willed queen and an infatuated court, was another sad and most interesting part of the contents of the "*Iron Chest.*" There, too, are deposited (by a strange approximation) the keys of the Bastile, together with those of Ghent, and of other cities, which had, in various epochs, submitted to the French arms, (the all

that now remains of ancient and modern conquest.)

The keys of the Bastile are a great national monument, a trophy that ought to be prized by the French people above every other testimony of their glory, above even the gorgeous pillar of the Place Vendome, the proud monument of imperial victories over the prostrate continent. Of these victories, purchased with the blood of millions, what remains to benefit the country? What are the recollections such a testimonial recalls? Those only of a feverish dream, brilliant and intoxicating, but based in madness. But the keys of the Bastile! a rude and rusty mass, neither precious in material, nor exciting the imagination through the fascinations of art, awaken a deeper and more thrilling emotion, as the visible emblem of a nation's freedom, the tangible testimony of the overthrow of the most gigantic tyranny that has bowed humanity to the dust, (the united despotism of church and state). Rights ac-

knowledged, property secured, conscience emancipated, the triumph of equality over privilege, and of worth over pretension, are the glorious fruits of that victory, whose remembrance alone would be an imperishable legacy to posterity, if all its immediate consequences were, by the malignity of fortune, overthrown and dissipated. The key of the Bastile should be appended to the charter of France, as the armorial bearing of a regenerated people, and as a token that national virtues are the only guarantees for the rights that charter proclaims.

To enumerate the objects of curiosity, whether as documents of historic interest, or as monuments of the arts and of social development, which are deposited in this collection, would occupy many volumes. The principal apartments of the hotel, its elegant *salon,* its *chambre à coucher,** are closely filled with

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* Dans la chambre à coucher sont deux tableaux de Boucher. Suit une autre chambre où Tremollière a peint

cases, whose shelves are, in some instances, piled to the very ceiling with papers, arranged and noted for the examination of the student. The honours of this interesting visit were, in the absence of the Garde Général, done for us by Monsieur Corru-Sarthe, the Secretary Ge-

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les Graces, qui president à l'education de *l'Amour,* et *Minerve* enseigne à une Nymphe de la tapisserie. Toutes ces pièces, se terminent à un Salon de forme ovale, audessus de la porte auquel est le buste en marbre du Prince. *Natoire* a peint dans les pendentifs entre les croisées, l'histoire de *Psyche,* en 8 morceaux. Non seulement la corniche est entièrement dorée. Mais le plafond, fait en calotte, est couvert d'ornemens de sculpture, sur un fond blanc, qui se raccordent avec le rose du milieu, &c. &c. Continuant de parcourir les beautés de ces appartemens, vous passez, successivement par plusieurs salles, qui forment un aîle, le long du petit jardin," &c. &c.* Such is a description of the Hotel de Soubise, as it stood in 1770. The remains of all this magnificence contrast with the gravity and silence of its present destination.

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* Voyage Pitoresque du Paris.

neral; and nothing could surpass his courtesy and unwearied patience, in replying to our questions, and seeking for whatever was most interesting, and worthy of a stranger's notice. The humour and philosophy of his remarks were not the least admirable part of the morning's entertainment; and I was often puzzled to which I should most give my attention,—the object examined, or the details of the antiquarian *conteur*, by which they were illustrated. We took our leave of the amiable secretary with gratitude and regret, and proceeded to the Palais de Justice, where the *Archives Judiciares* are deposited.

The *Palais de Justice* is, I believe, the most ancient site in Paris to which history refers: it dates back to the Cæsars. It was the residence of the first, and of some of the third race of kings, by one of whom it was rebuilt; and tradition attributes to Saint Louis many of the vast and dreary "*salles*" through which we passed. The Chamber of Cassation, I be-

lieve, still bears his name. The Palais de Justice was a royal residence till 1431, when Charles the Seventh abandoned it to the Parliament. Time and fire have done their usual work with this vast and ancient edifice; and both have necessitated occasional repairs and improvements, which render it a monument of the progress of architecture, from the earliest to the latest times.

"*Les cuisines de St. Louis*, some feet below the surface of the soil, with their Saracen architecture,—the *cachots*, (horrible dungeons of small circumference,)—with the *conciergerie*, which was used as a prison up to the revolution;—*La salle des Procureurs*, or *salle des pas perdus*, which runs over the inferior story, and was rebuilt in 1630, on the ruins of the original hall, called *La table de marbre*,—and those immense round towers, capped with conical roofs, which are said to be of the thirteenth century,—are still existing monuments of the good old times, curiously, but inharmoniously

combined with modern improvements. The belfry, or "*tour carrée de l'horloge,*" raised in 1370 by Charles the Fifth, contained, in its lantern, the far-famed and fearful bell called the *Tocsin*, originally dignified with the exclusive prerogative of being tolled on state occasions, and of announcing the royal deaths: it has a more horrible notoriety, as having been one of the two used, on the 24th of August 1572, to give the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.*

Up to the year 1787, the entrance to the *Palais de Justice* was as fearful as its purposes. It consisted of two little doors, resembling the hatches of a prison, which opened from the narrow, dark and tortuous lane called *La Barillerie*, a receptacle of filth, crime, and po-

* The tocsin was taken down and destroyed during the revolution.

verty.* The entrance, now, is magnificent. The buildings which crowded La Barillerie have disappeared, and in front of the modernized façade is a spacious court inclosed by an handsome pallisade of iron, (with gilt spikes, like those of the Tuileries,) remarkable for the richness of its details. In the centre of this façade rises a flight of steps, which leads to the first gallery; while the usual allegorical figures (Justice, Prudence, Plenty, and Strength,) with Doric columns, and other architectural ornaments, enrich the *avant-corps* of the edifice. We ascended a long and noble staircase to the great hall, or *salle des procureurs,* one of the most spacious in France, which was rebuilt and painted in 1622 by Jean de Brosse. If it wants that higher interest of extreme antiquity, which it possessed as the *Table de marbre,* it is

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* Here stood the house of Jean Chatel, the pupil of the Jesuits, and the assassin of Henry the Fourth.

still a curious and imposing apartment. It measures two hundred and twenty-two French feet by eighty, and is divided into two naves, by a range of pillars and arcades, supporting the vaulted roof of cut stone. Irregular in many of its architectural details, this defect gives it the merit of a semi-barbarous antiquity, in which the imagination always finds its account; and still leaves it a grand and majestic construction. It is lighted by great windows at the extremity of the naves, and by *œil-de-bœufs* in the roof. It is the rendezvous of all the votarists and victims, as well as of the ministers of litigation. What groups! and in what lights and shadows!—what subjects for Rembrant, and what studies for Callot!

Over the different doors which lead to the various tribunals, are inscribed their several names. The most considerable of these courts of justice, is the *Cour de Cassation*, the site of the Ancient Chamber of St. Louis. The statue of Justice over the door, between two

hungry-looking lions, is emblematic of the devouring appetite of that over-praised deity, who, like the lawyer in the fable, swallows the oyster, and leaves the shells for the baffled clients. This was a state chamber in the time of Louis XII., the uxorious lord of our beautiful Queen-duchess of Suffolk, the sister of Henry VIII. Upon some public festivity, incidental to his ill-assorted marriage, Louis XII., who might have been the father of his bride, as well as of his people, had this chamber repaired, decorated, and richly gilt. It was again gilt and painted by Louis XIV., of whom there was once a flattering representation over the chimney-piece, in bas relief, placed between Truth and Justice, two of his mistresses, to whom he gave but little of his time. This, with a fine crucifixion, painted by Albert Durer, over the seat of Justice, has disappeared. The *Salle des Enquêtes*, the *Tribunal de Police Correctionelle*, the *Cour d' Assises*, or *de Justice Criminelle*, have nothing to distinguish them from other

law courts: dust and gloom, close air, and unpleasant remembrances, are the common attributes of all.

Here and there, as we passed into the holes and corners of our survey, was occasionally observable some pale, murky underling of the law, scribbling at a high desk, near the dusky window of a hollow scooped out of the thick walls: the implements of his temporary *ménage* mingled with tattered folios, and piles of parchment.

When we had visited the law courts, (so well worth seeing, and so seldom seen by strangers,) we proceeded to the depôt of the *archives judiciaires.* The part of the immense building dedicated to this purpose, is composed of three long galleries, or attics, immediately under the roof, and above the *grande salle*, already described. The approach to this suite was almost awful, by its winding and mysterious ascent of steep and belfry-like stone stairs; and its first aspect was not calculated

to dissipate impressions by no means gracious. The vastness and the silence of this elevated depository of the evidences of crime and misfortune, the closeness and oppressive heat arising from their proximity to the leads of the curious roof of *terra cotta*, with the ominous labels pendant from the rolls of parchment, which loaded the shelves, alike combined to give a gloomy and fearful character to the scene. These archives consist of an immense collection of registers and records, classed and arranged with an admirable order, that marks the time which must have been devoted to such a labour, in this terrible place, that resembles the leads of the state prisons at Venice.

In this world of papers (the accumulated documents of ages upon ages) are contained a great portion of the secrets of history, which posterity has yet to learn: and should ever another revolution occur in France, the conservation of these most precious witnesses in favour of the former revolution, will be its espe-

cial care. For the spirit of changes, yet to be effected by the knowledge and experience of a free people, will not, as in that of slaves, who burst their chains in the frenzy of oppression, be destruction—it will be conservation. I regretted infinitely that exhaustion, fatigue, and the heat, did not allow me to give more time to the contents of these apartments. On every side, were the records of tyranny, of murder, of superstition, of bigotry and injustice. The first paper I examined, was inscribed, "Copy of the judgment of Jean Chatel, 1594." This was the young assassin of the best of the Bourbons, fanatized to his dead of blood by the Jesuits. "*Un jeune garçon,*" says Henry the Fourth, in one of his *naïve* letters, "*nommé Jean Chatel, fort petit, et agé de dixhuit à dix neuf ans, s'étant glissè avec le troupe dans la chambre, s'avança sans être quasi aperçu, et pensant nous donner dans le corps du couteau, qu'il avait; le coup ne nous a porté que dans la lèvre superieure de coté droit, et nous a entamée et coupée une*

dent. Il y a, dieu merci, si peu de mal, que pour celà, nous ne nous mettrons pas au lit de meilleure heure." *

This " little boy of eighteen years of age" had been wrought on by his parents and religious preceptors, (as it appeared on his trial,) to believe that heresy was an irremissible crime, and that the king, not being reconciled to the true church, it would be a fit expiation of his own sins, (the sins of eighteen!) to destroy the royal heretic. It appears that his naturally melancholy and heated temperament had been further worked on by his having been shut up in the *chambre de meditation*

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* " A young lad, named Jean Chatel, very small, and aged about eighteen or nineteen, having secretly entered into the chamber with the soldiers, advanced almost unperceived, and thinking to plunge his knife into my body, the blow only struck on my upper lip and loosened a tooth. He has done me, thank God, so little mischief, that I shall not, on that account, go to bed earlier than usual."

of his Jesuit college at Clermont, where the fearful images of hell were painted on the walls, lighted by a sepulchral glimmer, artfully managed to increase the horror of the place. Henry escaped with the loss of a tooth, but the fanatized victim of holy artifice was torn to pieces by wild horses. His parents were banished, his preceptor hung and burned. The house of his nativity, opposite the Palais de Justice, in whose halls many of his childish gambols had doubtless passed, was razed to the ground, and the Jesuits were expelled the kingdom by an *arrêt* of Parliament—the only good result of the crime or its punishment.

The horrible death of this poor child is strangely contrasted with the escape of the noblemen and gentlemen of the king's court, who had so often been guilty of murder, with impunity, and with his own unpunished attacks upon the lives, the property, and peace of the citizens, whom he was wont, in the frolics of his early youth, to assault

in their houses, with his cousin, Henry the Third, and the other "*raffinés d'honneur*," and noble *spadassins*, who made profession "*d'assassiner pour leur comptes et pour celui des autres*," (to rob on their own account, and on that of others.) In these apartments, also, were the processes of Damiens and Ravillac, ---the same crimes, the same horrible results. The very names of these documents sicken the heart and chill the blood! How came it, in these good old times, when the prejudice in favour of kings ascribed their rights to a divine origin, that so many attempts were made upon their lives? The early kings of France rarely died a natural death. The most flattered of its modern sovereigns either perished by violence, or narrowly escaped from the hands of assassins!

Close to the papers of the trial of Damiens, in an old box, was his coat, the coat he wore when he was dragged from his dungeon, to be —— but there is no dwelling on such subjects.

In the same box was the rope by which the Count de —— (I forget the name,) escaped from the Bastile. What singular relics!

The process of the innocent and persecuted Calas, and his family, the victims of bigotry, is also preserved in these archives. Their sufferings and the subsequent restoration of their honest fame, are monuments in favour of the benevolence, moral courage, and Christian charity of Voltaire, which all the calumnies of all the priests and parliaments, such as that which urged on the execution of the elder Calas, and had him broken on the wheel, for a crime of which he was manifestly innocent, will never destroy. With such documents in his possession, well might Voltaire reiterate in his works, and cry from the verge of the tomb, "*écrasez l'infame superstition.*" In France, it is *écrasée,* and for ever. True religion, the religion of peace and good-will, triumphs over its destruction; for with it are destroyed racks, wheels, tortures, painted hells,

tearings by wild horses, and parricide conspiracies—the opprobrium of civilized society, and the scourges of humanity.

The "*instructions contre Cartouche,*" and some atrocious ordonnances of the facetious hero of modern romance, Louis XI., also attracted our notice; but fatigued and disgusted, I expressed a wish to return. It was then proposed that we should ascend from this hot and awful spot to the roof of the palace, that affords an extensive prospect of a panorama, which, for moral and for physical interest, is rarely equalled. The old conic roofs of the building itself, the antique belfries of the neighbouring churches, the tower of the *Tocsin*, the tower of *St. Jaques de la Boucherie*,*

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* All that remains of this once celebrated church, is its fine old tower, which is now the property of a private individual, and inclosed within his premises. The church of St. Jaques was the object of pious decoration to Nicholas Flamel. This Flamel having passed through life as an

the *Place de Grève*, and the *Marché de Fleurs*, were spread before us; monuments of ages, gone with those beyond the flood, sites of the direst sufferings, and of the simplest enjoyments! The views of the most ancient parts

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honest, painstaking scrivener, was afterwards found to have been a friend of the Devil Asmodeus, with whom, after his supposed death, he travelled through Egypt, not like the Salts and Champollions of modern days, to discover and explain monuments, nor like Buonaparte, to found an Institute there, and make it a stepping-stone to India, but simply in search of the philosopher's stone, by means of which, as it was thought, he enriched the church of St. Jaques with many ornaments, and, amongst others, with portraits of himself and his wife, sculptured in many parts of the edifice. His old house, at the corner of the Rue des Écrivains, was frequently searched for furnaces, vases, and other utensils of his art; and in 1756, a man of high distinction obtained permission to repair it, out of a pretended respect for his memory, when he carried off several inscriptions engraved on stone from the cellars. He then completed the repairs, and abandoned the house, without having paid the workmen.

of Paris, obtained from this elevated spot, give the best idea of its state in the middle ages. The empire of the church was everywhere visible. The superb towers and steeples dominating over labyrinths of dark and filthy lanes, were faithful images of the power and splendour of the hierarchy, of the degradation and wretchedness of the people.

From this region of light and sunshine, we again descended by steep, winding, turret staircases, and passages cut in the walls, till we unexpectedly found ourselves in the most ancient and interesting part of the building, the *Sainte Chapelle*—a monument of great historical curiosity, and one of the most beautiful relics of the state of the arts in the thirteenth century now existing.

In the flourishing epoch of feudality, every petit baron had within the walls of his chateau, a chapel of ease, dignified with the epithet of "holy." In 1242, St. Louis, in his piety and munificence, resolved on building

a new "*Sainte Chapelle*" in the heart of his royal palace, worthy of the sacred relics, which in that year he had purchased of the Emperor Baldwin, at the immense price of an hundred thousand francs. A catalogue of these relics is still extant. The most precious of them was the crown of thorns, worn by our Saviour during his passion. When they arrived in France, in 1239, the king, the Count d' Artois, and a royal *cortége*, conducted them barefooted, and in procession, to Paris. When deposited in their shrine, they were placed in a *station*, or temporary chapel, in the abbey of St. Antoine. An edict of the royal saint commanded the clergy of the several churches, monasteries, &c. to bring their several relics to do homage to the holy crown. The order was obeyed; and the prelates, abbots, and clergy, in their most magnificent habits, presented themselves, with their shrines, before the great altar of the station. The abbot and monks of St. Dennis alone, brought

none; and the reason they assigned was, that *they* had the real holy crown themselves. Divested of his royal robes, barefooted, and with nothing but a simple woollen tunic "between the air and his nobility," St. Louis afterwards brought the crown to the royal palace, and deposited it in the old chapel of St. Nicholas, on the site of which the present chapel now stands. The upper part of this building was called the chapel of the holy crown, and was devoted exclusively to the king and his court. The inferior part was destined for the inhabitants or servitors of the palace, and was dedicated to the Virgin. For kings, barons, bishops, and abbots, in these pious but aristocratical times, would have deemed it a derogation from their divine-righted dignities, to have addressed the Deity in precisely the same spot, and at the same altar, with their "villains." Long afterwards, a noble abbé was heard to address his rural congregation from the pulpit, by the style and

title of "*Canaille Chrétienne;*" reserving the exordium of "*mes frères Chrétiens*" for the service of nobler assemblies.*

Pierre de Montreuil, the greatest French architect of his age, has left in the *Sainte Chapelle* (his best work) a monument of his own genius, which contrasts with the feebleness and superstition of its founder. The ecclesiastics, promoted to the service of this chapel, were of high rank, and were loaded with church wealth. In process of time, the *maitre-chapelain* received the title *archi-chapelain*, with the mitre, ring, and power of benediction; to which was added the higher style of "*Le Pape de la Sainte Chapelle.*"†

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* At Notre Dame and at St. Germain de Près, there were formerly a Chapelle des Seigneurs and a Chapelle des Vilains.

† "Parmi les doux plaisirs dúne paíx fraternelle,
Paris voyait fieurir son *antique chapelle.*
Les chanoines vermeils, et brillans de santé,
S'engraissaient d'une longue et sainte oisíveté,

In the sixteenth century, the theft of a bit of the true cross from this chapel, threw all Paris in alarm. It turned out that the thief was the king, (Henry III.) who pledged the relic to the Venetians for a considerable sum of money, and the matter was hushed up. In the seventeenth century, another commotion took place, of infinitely greater interest to posterity; and when St. Louis and the imperial relic-vender, Baldwin, shall no longer be remembered, and when, of the "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces," belonging to the Sainte Chapelle, not a wreck shall be left, that event, real or fabled, which gave rise to the "Lutrin," will preserve the memory of the edifice, and render its site a pilgrimage to the

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Sans sortir de leur lits, plus doux que leurs hermines,
Ces pieux fainéans faisaient chanter matines,
Veillaient à bien diner, et laissaient, en leur lieu
A des Chantres gagés le soin de louer dieu."

Le Lutrin.

admirers of genius, and to the sons of song. A stone, marked with a cross, still designates the spot where the far-famed *Lutrin* stood,* which was the subject of the happiest and most original of the works of Nicholas Boileau. The desk itself has been removed to the Abbey of St. Denis.

A short time back, a man of extreme age, and most miserable appearance, came to visit the Sainte Chapelle, and proceeded from the Palais de Justice to St. Denis. The emotion he betrayed led to inquiries as to its cause; and it appeared that he was the all that remained of the *chantres* of the chapel.† It was supposed that he was near a hundred years

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* " Vers cet endroit du chœur, où le chantre orgueilleux,
Montre assis à ta gauche, un front si sourcilleux,
Sur ce rang d'ais serrés qui forment la clôture,
Fut jadis un *lutrin* d'inégale structure."—*Le Lutrin.*

† " Ce vieillard dans le chœur, a déja vu quatre âges."

old. He remembered the last ceremony* of the *Samedi Saint* performed there, when persons who were possessed by the devil assembled in the nave of the chapel, making the most horrible contortions and discordant shrieks, till the appearance of the *grand chantre.* Armed with the wood of the true cross, the chantre performed the immediate miracle of quieting these perturbed spirits, when the most perfect tranquillity succeeded to the convulsive throes, and rage and violence of the demoniacs. The malady and the miracle both ceased together, a short time before the revolution—that greater miracle which swallowed up all others. Another spirit now haunts the purlieus of the *Sainte Chapelle,* which no priest can lay, nor relic enchain,—the public spirit!—a powerful agent, little known in the demonology of the good old times.

The chapel is at present consecrated, not to

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* In the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, 1770.

priestly imposition, but to the public service. It contains a large portion of the judicial archives, which are preserved in cases of great magnitude, occupying the place of the votive chapels, which once blazed with jewels, purchased by powerful bigotry, at the expense of an ignorant and impoverished people: for all that art and nature produced of price or curiosity was found in the treasury of the *Saint Chapelle.* Here stood the exquisite enamelled altar of Leonard de Limoges, after the designs of Primaticcio; where, among the fearful details of the Passion, figured two fine portraits of Henry the Second, and of his mistress *Diana of Poitiers.* Here, too, stood a model of the chapel, (executed in *vermeil* and precious gems,) containing the bones of St. Louis,—an immense cross of the same precious metal contained a bit of the true cross, (an offering from Henry the Third,)—the bâton of the precentor, ornamented with a superb agate, carved with the bust of the emperor Titus, which passed for centuries as the head of St. Louis,—and above

all, here was deposited that treasure of art and science, so precious to artists, naturalists, and antiquarians, (who still crowd to see it in the royal library of France,)—the cameo of the agate-onyx, supposed to be the largest in the world. This superb work, (an oval of a foot in height, and ten inches broad,) represents the emperor Augustus. It was a present from King Charles the Fifth, who, in his wisdom, discovered in the apotheosis of the heathen emperor, the canonization of a Christian saint; and therefore surrounded it with a frame, containing numerous relics, supported by the four Evangelists.

The chapel, as it now stands, divested of all these ornaments, is one of the most beautiful and imposing edifices I ever beheld. The roof, the painted casements, the oak carving, the lightness and elegance of its forms, and true Saracenic character, form a strange anomaly in the times in which they were constructed.

While we were looking round us in unsated curiosity and admiration, one of the company

opened a door in the wall, which seemed destined for a hiding-place in moments of danger. To this purpose it has been put by a descendant of St. Louis; for the Count d' Artois concealed himself there, during one of the revolutionary tumults,* and escaped from the popular fury, at a risk of being suffocated. I suffered myself to be shut up for half a minute, and came out breathless.

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* The parliament of Paris in 1687 had refused to register the edict for a stamp duty, and that for a territorial impost; and then, for the first time, they declared, that the right of imposing new taxes belonged only to the States General. The king proceeded to the registry in a "bed of justice," as it was called; while his second brother (now Charles the Tenth) was charged to register the same edicts in the Cour des Aides. For this purpose he went there, on the 17th of August, when the people resented this act of despotism, by a seditious assembly in the court of the Palace; and, but for the numerous guard who accompanied the Count d'Artois, it is thought that he would have been a sacrifice to the popular fury.

The present royal family once, and once only, visited the Archives of France in the Hotel Soubise. It does not appear that they extended their visit to the Palais de Justice; and, truth to tell, it is little wonderful. *Jean Chatel, Damiens, Ravilliac,* and this little nitch in the *Sainte Chapelle,* are remembrances not very agreeable to royal reflection. In my own instance, though I had no personal interest connected with them, the inspection threw a gloom over my spirits, which was sufficiently observable to one of our agreeable society, to induce him to hurry us back to the Marais, to the house of Ninon de l' Enclos, where some specimens of the restored art of mosaic awaited our inspection, and promised a gayer subject of observation.

*Il Cavalier Michel Angelo Barberi,** one of

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* Of this gentleman, the following notice is extracted from the Notizie del Giorno, a journal published in Rome, (17 June, 1828.) "Il Cav. Michelangelo Barberi, of

the cleverest mosaicists of the age, had been of our party in the visit to the archives; and it was while talking of the mosaics in St. Peter's in Rome, and the mosaicists of Italy, to one, who possesses that fine organization of his country, which leads itself to all the arts, that we arrived in the Rue des Tournelles, before a small, but pretty hôtel, standing *entre cour et jardin.* The edifice was marked by the characteristic archi-

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whom we have frequently made honourable mention, arrived in this city last week from Paris, after having given to several of the sovereigns of Europe proofs of his taste in the fine arts, and received the most valuable presents at their hands. A dangerous illness has obliged him to leave Moscow at the moment when a vast career was opened to his talent. He had been charged by the Russian government to restore that part of the Cremlin which had been inhabited by the Czar Alex. Michelovitz in the seventeeth century; and previously to his departure, he sent several designs and notes for the conduct of the works, which gave perfect satisfaction to the Emperor Nicholas."

tecture of the grand epoch of the Marais, when De Lisle, Moreau, and Mansart flourished, and when Mignard, Le Brun, Vouet, Volterra, and Vandervoost, contributed to ornament the interior of their buildings. It is the residence of Signore Barberi; and it had been for sixty years that of Ninon de l' Enclos.

The interval of a century is reckoned necessary to precede the canonization of a saint; more than a century has passed over the frailties of this too charming sinner. Time has invested with its own interest the errors, it could not give to oblivion; philosophy has seen them through the medium of the age to which they belonged; and charity has absolved, what it cannot excuse; and while recalling the virtues which accompanied them, it bids those who are without sin "to cast the first stone." Ninon de l'Enclos was an extraordinary woman. Her frailty was shared by many of the highest rank and station of her

age and country: her virtues were her own. They combined to form that bewitching but imperfect picture, which St. Evremont has left of her, and which every incident of her life illustrated:—

" L'indulgente et sage nature
A formé l'ame de Ninon,
De la volupté d'Epicure,
Et de la vertu de Caton."*

An intellect of the very highest order; acquirements of the most extraordinary fascination;† a probity beyond all example; a spirit

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* " Ninon from bounteous nature doth inherit
A soul, endowed with ev'ry blended merit;
Where Epicurus' love of ease combines
With all the virtue which in Cato shines."

† She was one of the best linguists, the most charming narrator, musician, and dancer, of her time. She had but one affectation, which was, that she required much pressing to be prevailed on to sing or to play on the lute. On the subject of these accomplishments she observed,

of independence, which neither love nor friendship could tame to submission; a sobriety, which (strange to say) was a virtue shared by few of her royal and noble contemporaries of her own sex; a love of truth, order, and economy; a moral courage, to which every great writer of her time has borne testimony, and which waited not upon circumstances to serve the oppressed, or to defend the calumniated;* and a disinterestedness that rejected every offer of splendid dependence, even from royal power

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" Une liason de cœur est celle de toutes les pièces, où les entr'actes soient les plus longs, et les actes les plus courts: de quoi remplir ces intermèdes sinon par les talens."

* The disgrace and exile of her philosophical friend, St. Evremont, called forth all the generous activity of her nature. She assisted him with her purse, while she laboured successfully with her ministerial friends to promote his recall. When, at last, she obtained it, St. Evremont had formed new ties in England, which induced him to decline availing himself of the permission.

and devoted friendship,*—such were the qualities which elicited the observation, that "if Ninon had been a man, the world could not have refused her the praise of having been the honestest and most gallant gentleman that ever existed." It is necessary to recall all these rare and noble qualities, to excuse an expression of the intense pleasure I felt as I crossed the threshhold of this modern Aspasia, and ascended the stairs, which love and genius, in their highest and most impressive impersonations, had trod with feathery steps and bounding hearts. For,

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* Madame de Maintenon, the queen of France *de facto*, and Christine, the queen *de jure* of Sweden, made repeated offers of liberal provision, which she declined. Christine paid her a visit, on the description given by the Mareschal D'Albret and other Parisian wits, of the charm of her conversation, which she said far surpassed its reputation. The queen, unable to part from her, offered the *l'illustre Ninon*, as she always called her, to carry her to Rome, and to give her a residence in her palace: but Ninon preferred her own little home in the Rue des Tournelles, and declined the invitation.

to those who, " content to dwell in decencies for ever," have never reached " one great or generous thought," an excuse may be deemed necessary, for visiting, with some enthusiasm, the dwelling of the frail, but high-minded Ninon, rather than that sumptuous hermitage, where, to the last act of an eventful life, the great actress, her false friend and hypocritical rival, Mad. de Maintenon, practised stage effect for her imperial spectator the Czar, the ostentatious St. Frances of her own servile community of St. Cyr.*

Ninon de l'Enclos was the only child of a gentleman of Touraine. A gallant officer in the army of Louis the Thirteenth, a professed philosopher of the Epicurean school, he educated his gifted daughter in the same prin-

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* In the height of her intimacy and friendship, Madame de Maintenon carried off Ninon's lover, the Marechal de Villarceaux, as she afterwards did Louis the Fourteenth, from her protectress, Mad. de Montespan.

ciples which he had made the rule of his own life. His last words were, "Be more scrupulous in the choice than the number of your pleasures." The example influenced but too much all that was least laudable in her conduct. Left an orphan, in the bloom of her youth and beauty, with an income of eight or ten thousand livres per annum, she purchased that house, which, in spite of the frailties of its mistress, became the resort of the most distinguished of both sexes. "The only house," says a contemporary writer, "where the guests dared depend on their talents. and acquirements, and where whole days could be passed without gambling and without ennui!" There, she lived through the spring, summer, and winter of her days; and there, at the advanced age of ninety, she died, after having through life preserved her independence by a rigid economy, which not only enabled her to entertain the first persons in France at her table, but permitted her the higher gratification of assist-

ing improvident friends, and relieving indigent merit; for which purpose she had always a year's revenue in advance.*

"At the age of seventy," says the Marquis de la Fare, "she had lovers who adored her, and the most respectable persons in France for her friends. I never knew a woman more estimable, or more worthy of being regretted."

The hotel of Ninon is still in perfect preservation, small, compact, and most commodiously distributed. The high finish of its architecture is extremely characteristic of the ornamental style exhibited in domestic edifices, when the Marais was the new and elegant quarter of Paris. Ninon's near neighbour, Mansart, the greatest architect of his age, had

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* "Lorsque sa vielliese et sa mauvaise santé eurent multiplié ses besoins, Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld et plusieurs autres de ses amis lui envoyerent des presens et des sécours considerables: elle les refusa constamment."

built for himself a little palace,* which the friends of Ninon—Mignard and Lebrun—had decorated with their pencils; and the hotel of Ninon probably owed to the taste of these great men the designs of those allegorical devices which decorate its apartments. Among the basso-relievos, there is a portrait of Louis the Fourteenth, in an oval frame, over the staircase, still in perfect preservation.

In visiting these apartments, which had so often received Corneille, Molière, Scarron, St. Evremont, Chapelle, Desmarest, Mignard, l'Abbé de Chateauneuf, de Chalieu, with the nobler and scarcely less gifted Condé,† Vendôme, the Marechal de Villeroi, de Villars,

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* In the Rue des Tournelles, 6th Porte cochère, to the left on entering by the Rue du Pas de la Mule.

† When the Grand Condé met Ninon in the streets, he descended from his carriage to do her homage, a a fashion of that time, which was rarely observed except to royalty.

d'Estrée, de Villarceaux, the Sevignés, the La Rochefoucaulds, and the Choiseuls, it was impossible not to examine them with curiosity and interest. Madame de Sevigné, the only writer of her age that speaks of Ninon de l'Enclos with bitterness and aversion, (justified by her own unblemished virtue, and by her fears for her son,) bears witness to the good *ton* of her society, and to the respectability of the persons who composed her circle. In one of her charming letters to her cousin, de Coulanges, she writes:—"*Corbinelli me mande des merveilles de la bonne compagnie d'hommes qu'il trouve chez Mademoiselle de l'Enclos; ainsi, quoique dise M. de Coulanges, elle ressemble tout sur ses vieux jours, et les hommes et les femmes.*"*

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* "Corbinelli writes me marvels of the good men who assemble at Mademoiselle de Enclos'; and notwithstanding what M. de Coulanges may say, she collects every thing, male and female, around her in her old days."

But her *vieux jours* were still far off,* when she gave, in her favourite apartment, her *petits soupers* to the Sevignés, and "*à tous les Despreaux, et tous les Racines,*† when Molière read to her his "Tartuffe," to which she listened with transport; and De Tourville his "Demosthenes," which she heard with an ill-concealed *ennui.* This imprudence converted the most ardent of her lovers into the bitterest of her enemies: for wounded vanity knows no ties; and love and friendship fall alike victims to the vengeance of mortified

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* Ninon was fifty-six when she inspired the Marquis de Sevigné with that romantic passion which his mother has so humorously immortalized. At seventy, she made the conquest of the Baron de Benier, of the royal family of Sweden; and at eighty, she achieved the better-known victory over the heart of the Abbé Gédoyn, a young Jesuit.

† "To all the Boileaus and all the Racines."—*Madame de Sevigné.*

pretension. Genius alone can pardon the wound which judgment inflicts.

It was in this apartment, (on the second floor,) which consists of four rooms *en suite*, hanging over the garden, and commanding a view of the hotels Soubise and La Moignon, the Bastile, &c. &c. that we lingered the longest, and with the most recollections to excuse the delay. In her cabinet, the spot is still traditionally pointed out where Molière read to her the finest of his compositions; as is that place, in the garden under her windows, where the unfortunate and accomplished Chevalier de Villiers fell upon his sword, on discovering that the object of his fatal passion was his mother.*

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* This tragical event is, by some, supposed to have happened at her villa at Picpus, near Paris, where she had invited her son for the purpose of declaring to him the secret of his birth, as the only means of curing him of his ill-fated attachment. She was, at this time, upwards of sixty.

The architraves and cornices of this interesting apartment are emblematic, and are composed of loves and flowers. All the sculpture is rich, and finished. Here Ninon wrote her first letter to de Sevigné, and her last and best to St. Evremont.* Here, too, she was found at

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"This event," says her biographer, "made the most profound impression on her; and it is from this time, we may say, that Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, estimable, solid, and attached, succeeded to the dissipated and inconstant Ninon: and from this time till her death, she was only known by the former name."

* The letters addressed to the Marquis de Sevigné, and attributed to Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, though full of her reflections, (which were passing in society for maxims,) are evidently spurious, "*Vous disiez autrefois*" (she observes to St. Evremont,) "*que je ne mourrais que de reflexions. Je tache à n'en plus faire, et oublier, le lendemain, le jour que je vis aujourdui.*" There was as little of the *précieuse* in her style, as in her character. She has left an evidence of her *Romanticism,* in one her letters to St. Evremont, which is singularly curious. "*Je fais souvent de vieux*

her toilet by the noblest of her lovers, curling her beautiful hair with the contract of marriage and bond for four thousand *louis* he had given

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contes, où Mons. d'Elbene, Mons. de Charleval, et le Chevalier de Rivière réjouissent les modernes. Vous avez part aux beaux endroits : mais, comme vous êtes moderne aussi j'observe de ne vous pas louer devant les academiciens, qui se sont déclarés pour les anciens. Il m'est revenu un prologue en musique, que je voudrais bien voir sur le théâtre de Paris. La beauté qui en fait le sujet, donneroit de l'envie à toutes celles qui l'entendroient. Toutes nos Helenes n'ont pas le droit de trouver un Homere, et d'être toujours les déesses de la beauté. Me voici bien haut : comment en déscendre ? Mon très cher ami, ne falloit il pas mettre le cœur à son langage ? Je vous assûre que je vous aime toujours plus tendrement que ne le permet la philosophie.*" If the dispute between the two parties of ancients and moderns, be not precisely romanticism, the independence which thus contradicted and ridiculed the academy, was its germ.

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* See Oeuvres de St. Evremont, vol. v. p. 135.

her the night before.* Here she restored to de Gourville the deposit of half his fortune, which he had left with her when driven into exile—the other half, confided to the Grand Pénitencier, the mirror of priestly austerity and devotion, who affected to have forgotten the transaction, and threatened his credulous friend with the consequences of his persisting in the demand. Thus deceived by the churchman, he did not even think of applying to Ninon, whom he imagined to be so much more likely to have spent his money. She sent for him, however, and said, " I have to reproach myself deeply on your account; a great misfortune has happened to me in your absence, for which I have to solicit your pardon." Gourville thought, at once, that this misfortune related to his deposit,

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* " Cela doit vous faire voir," lui dit elle, " quel cas je fais des promesses de jeunes étourdis, comme vous; et combien vous vous compromettriez avec une femme, capable de profiter de vos folies."

but she continued :—" I have lost the inclination I had for you ; but I have not lost my memory. Here are the twenty thousand crowns you trusted to my care. Take the casket in which they still are ; and let us live, for the future, as friends."

In this apartment, too, she received the confidences of Madame de Scarron,—and the homage of the Queen of Sweden,—the unsuccessful commissioner of Cardinal de Richelieu,*—and the ambassador of Anne of Austria. Here ended the first epoch of her life, and here began and terminated the second, and more respectable portion of it. Here, in her last days, she gave out those maxims of sentiment and philosophy, which now form a little code of good sense and good taste, while the youthful Fontenelle listened with reverence and admiration ; and Voltaire, (then but ten years old,) came to look at the miracle of that "*siècle*" to which he was himself destined, at a future day, to add so much glory. Here old age, with its

infirmities and humiliations, at last, found her patient, cheerful, and resigned, and in possession of all that rendered her life respectable, and her faults endurable—her philosophy, her benevolence, and her intellect. "If," she was wont to say, "one could believe with Mad. de Chevreuse, that in dying, one was going to talk with one's old friends, it would be sweet to die:" and in the sleeplessness of the last hours of her struggle with life, she composed the following lines :

"Qu'un vain espoir ne vienne pas s'offrir,
Qui puisse ébranler mon courage ;
Je suis en age de mourir,
Que ferais-je ici d'avantage." *

It was necessary to leave the favourite room of Ninon, and to shake off the impressions connected with it, in order to enter upon the

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* "Let no vain hope intrude to shake my courage: I am of an age ripe for death. What should I do here, longer ?"

merits of the works of Signore Barberi, which decorated the walls of the adjoining apartment. From miniature representations of the Capitol, that might be worn in a ring, up to the portrait of the emperor of Russia, as large as life; all was demonstrative of the resources of an art, which alone is capable of eternizing the finest productions of the pencil, and to which Raphael, Domenichino, and Gerard, must alike stand indebted for reaching that remote posterity, to which the finest works of Apelles have not descended.

The portrait of the emperor is a striking instance of the perfection to which this art may be carried, under the improvements of modern chemical science. The *chef-d'œuvre*, however, of Signore Barberi, (a table of extraordinary dimensions and beauty,) was at St. Petersburg. We could only judge of it from an engraving and printed description.

It was by visiting this gentleman's study, which lies in the front, that we were enabled

to ascertain why Ninon d'Enclos had given a preference to the apartments in the rear of her house and on the second story, to those on the *rez-de-chaussée* and first floor. The front of the hotel looks on the court, which is confined and melancholy; while the prospect and the air from the other side are equally free and pure.

We took leave of the dear, old Marais, a little wearied in limbs and spirits, but delighted with our visits, and full of hopes of again returning to this Pompeii of the *beau siècle* of France, and to visit the hotel of Madame de Sevigné, on our way to *the pavillon de la Belle Gabrielle.*

MOSAIC ART IN FRANCE.

It is one of the prejudices of the old times, that knowledge is best acquired in dun closets and dusty libraries; and that reflection is aided by sitting still. But since intellect has been taught to step out, and to march in search of conquests, (like other victors of the day,) we have learned that the great book, which one must run to read, contains more curious facts, and affords more matter for thought, than all the folios that were ever imprisoned in the Vatican, or were chained to their shelves in the Laurentine library. When somebody

asked Madame de Stael how, living so little in retirement, she could write so much, she answered with vivacity, "*Eh! vous ne comptez pas sur ma chaise à porteur.*"* In my own poor instance, though nature has given me a pretty strong instinct towards the arts, the little acquirements I have made on the divine subject, have been obtained while running about the world, and gossiping with the great artists of the day—in the salons of fashion, and in their more interesting workrooms, as it happened. It was my lucky chance to have assisted at the packing-up of the great pictures of the Pope, and his Cardinal secretary, in the Quirinal, chatting to the admirable artist,† who has so recently bequeathed those works to posterity, which cannot compensate to his contemporaries for the loss of his personal intimacy. It was my proud privilege to

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* "You do not take into count my sedan-chair."

† Sir Thomas Lawrence.

be permitted to frequent the Studio of Canova, while he worked at his last beautiful production; to look over the shoulder of Raphael Morghen while he engraved his favourite Laura; to have rummaged among the splendid designs of Gerard, and the porte-folios of Lefèvre, as I pleased; and to have extorted from them all, opinions or sentiments on the arts of which they were such masters—opinions which all the books that ever were written on their theories could not bestow. It was in running about Paris, with Denon in his cabriolet, from one curiosity-shop to another, that I imbibed much of that love for modern antiquities, which has proved to me a source of so much amusement, when other sources were exhausted; and it was in driving from the Palais de Justice to the Rue des Tournelles, that I acquired more information on the art of mosaic, than I ever dreamed of knowing; and that I learned, that an attempt to revive it had been made in France. I had heard, indeed, that the pupils of that excel-

lent and beneficent institution "*les sourds et muets*," had produced some specimens of mosaic which promised to open a profitable and charming resource to those children of misfortune; but I was quite ignorant of the existence of an especial school, until Signore Barberi informed me that such a one had been founded under Napoleon, by Belloni, a celebrated Italian artist, long before a similar establishment was commenced at Milan, under the protection of the viceroy Beauharnois, or rather, by the vice-president of the Italian republic, Melzi.

The remains of early mosaic floorings, of Roman fabric, which have been preserved, in various degrees of perfection, are of two colours only—black and white. It was not till the times of the emperors that artificial stones of various colours were fabricated, for the purposes of the mosaicist. The Greeks of Constantinople revived and carried the art to a considerable degree of perfection, applying it

to the ornamenting their churches. It has thus been the means of preserving copies of Greek pictures, which, as monuments of art, supply a gap in the history of painting. The church of St. Marc, at Venice, the work of Greek artists, is a well known specimen of this stage in the progress of mosaic. Under the patronage of the Medici family, mosaic became permanently attached to the service of the fine arts, and was dedicated to the conservation of the works of Raphael, Domenichino, Guido, &c. &c. The *Studio di San Pietro*, at Rome (an establishment unique in the world,) has acquired eternal fame by the splendid copies of the productions of the great Italian painters, which ornament the church of the Vatican. Several chemists have largely contributed to the excellence of these works, by the invention of brilliant and varied colours. Of these men of science, Mattioli was the most eminent and successful. It is not more than forty years since the attempt was first made to

fabricate artificial stones of a size and form adapted to the composition of small pieces. These stones, called by the Italians *smalti filati*, were soon carried to a perfection which has rendered miniature mosaics of great beauty a common ornament of the cabinets and toilets of Europe. Among the Roman artists who have contributed to this result, Gioacchino Barberi excels in the representation of animals; Antonio de Angelis was famous for landscape; Giacinto Cola, and Nicola Angeletti, were remarkable for the lightness and elegance of their plumage; Depoletti for figures; Poggioli and Salandri for flowers; and Verdei for small portraits. In the monumental department, Castellini and Cocchi have distinguished themselves, by executing the larger part of Cammuccini's "St. Thomas," for the Vatican. Ciuli, who is not of the establishment of the studio, has produced two colossal heads, in the antique mosaic, employing only natural stones, collected in the neighbourhood of Rome.

Giacomo Raffaelli, who was brought to Milan by Melzi, for the purpose of founding there his establishment, executed for Eugene Beauharnois his famous copy of the Last Supper, of Leonardo da Vinci, of large dimensions. This splendid work, which is destined to perpetuate the memory of a picture fast falling to decay, is at present numbered among the curiosities of Vienna. The artist has since returned to Rome, the Austrian government finding the maintenance of the Milanese school too costly for its economical views.

Although Belloni had founded a school of mosaic at Paris by order of the French government, considerably before the establishment at Milan, he had not the same good fortune as his colleague. No great works were bespoken, the enterprize languished, and the only productions of his establishment which have fixed public attention, are the two parquets, that are to be seen at the Louvre. The "*sourds et muets*" have not, I under-

stand, afforded a single pupil to the mosaic school of Paris.

Following up the invention of the *smalti filati*, Signor Michel-Angelo Barberi, assisted by Giuseppe Mattia, has discovered a method of forming, with the blow-pipe, tints and gradations of the most delicate colours, such as will not resist the heat of a furnace. By the application of this invention to large pictures, a new degree of perfection has been given to the art; and to this circumstance Signore Barberi is indebted for the finish and beauty of his "Triumph of Love," which is in the museum of Petersburg, and of his copy of Gerard's portrait of the emperor Alexander.

For the cultivation of the monumental department of mosaic, the protection of a vainglorious government is essential; the slowness of the operation, and its expense, rendering it scarcely possible for the artist to conduct a great work to its conclusion, by his own unassisted efforts. For this reason, Paris seems

especially suited for the site of a school. The same taste and policy which have led to the establishment of the Gobelins, and to the encouragement of enamel painting by the French authorities, if applied to the mosaic establishment, will develop its resources, open a new career to genius, and a new source of glory and emolument to the nation; while it perpetuates the memory of the great masters, and confers a lasting benefit on the remotest posterity. To call the public attention to his art is a laudable ambition, which has contributed to fix the residence of Signore Barberi in the French capital. Ardent, talented, and animated by a glowing enthusiasm for his profession, it is probable that he will ultimately gain his point. But at the present moment, the times are too uncertain, and the destinies of the nation too unsettled, to hope for immediate success.

OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS OF FRANCE.

The measure of public liberty, in modern times, is to be found in the state of the periodical press. Where the journals are prevented by authority from expressing their opinions, no liberty does, or can exist. But if the press is unshackled, or is even allowed only a moderate latitude of discussion, the tone and character of the newspapers indicate, with a close approximation to truth, the feelings of the people, and the degree in which the government is in accordance with their desires and necessities.

Under the iron despotism of Napoleon, the press, in all its departments, was not only silenced as to the emission of its own opinions, but was subjugated to a forced utterance of those of the authorities; and no facts found their way into the journals, but with such modifications as suited the views of the government, or flattered the prejudices of its chief. On the breaking up of the imperial system, the Bourbons did not succeed to this portion of the imperial power, which was founded in the force of the revolution, and resided in the absolutism of a government derived from the people, and, at least, accepted by it, as a necessary, though perhaps temporary, protection from external violence.

After a short and ineffectual struggle, the restored dynasty was compelled to abandon the previous censure; and the periodical press became an arena, in which the many factions engendered by the restoration were enabled to make trial of their strength, and

to draw prognostications of their future destiny.

Since that epoch, a rapid extension of periodical literature, both in its material and its intellectual departments, has shown a correspondent development of public opinion in France, an increased demand for political information, a concentration of public views, and a growing energy in giving them expression and effect.

At the commencement of this new era, numerous and conflicting parties, unable directly to control the emission of hostile opinions, sought, by influencing or corrupting particular journals, to give currency and preponderance to the ideas most favourable to their own views: and up to the present day, there are not wanting papers, which, held in the pay of individuals, are devoted to purposes unacknowledged by the public. But every day that passes, by increasing the intelligence and the energy of the people, diminishes alike the influence and the

utility of this system. The public are daily evincing more and more plainly, that they are the publicists' best customers. The factious journals are, therefore, obliged to assume somewhat more of a national colour, or to abandon altogether the hope of a spontaneous and adequate circulation; while those papers which frankly adopt the interests of the nation, and accord with the sentiments of the people, are (as literary speculations) the most prosperous and remunerating.

The political journals the most in vogue are the *Constitutionel*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Courier Français*, and the *Quotidienne*.* After these come the *Journal de Commerce*, and the *Gazette*, the *Moniteur*, the *New Journal de Paris*, and the *Messager des Chambres*. These are all either devoted to national principles, or represent the opinions of a party having a certain weight and influence in society: while the *Pilote*, said to be in the pay of

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* 1829.

Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, *Le Drapeau Blanc* influenced by Monsieur de Dumas, the *Old Journal de Paris* subservient to Monsieur Peyronnet, and, in general, all the papers which were so disgracefully sold to the Vilèlle administration, may be considered as politically defunct.

The provincial press has partaken very much in the political condition of the departments, which have always been more subservient to the authorities, than the capital. Most of the great cities, and *chef-lieus* of the departments, have their especial journals; but with the exception of five or six, they are without interest, and composed of extracts from the Paris papers, commercial and judicial intelligence, and the transactions of the prefecture. The greater part of them subsisting only through the influence of the prefect, have been in close dependence on the ministry of the day; or, at best, they had no colour or opinion whatever, being the mere chronicles of ceremonies and accidents, of

weather " unknown to the oldest inhabitants," *lusus naturæ*, and marvellous and incredible adventures. Lyons, Bordeaux, Nantz, Lille, Strasburg, Marseilles, Dijon, and some other towns, however, support independent journals; of which the majority are conducted upon principles decidedly constitutional. This general condition of the departmental press, has varied somewhat according to the character of the reigning administration After the downfall of Villéle, the provincial journals threw off, in some degree, the yoke which they had hitherto borne; and, from the decidedly popular character of the late elections, (1830,) it is to be presumed that the country press is now more in accordance with public opinion than it was in 1829. But it would even now be difficult, if not impossible, for an editor of a journal in the smaller towns, to maintain a sturdy war of politics with the local authorities, or to assert a free sentiment, without great management. On the whole, therefore, the pro-

vincial press, as an organ of public opinion, or a political agent, is still lamentably inefficient.

In Paris, there are two journals especially devoted to the propagation of absolute and Jesuitical doctrines—the *Gazette* and the *Quotidienne.* The *Messager du Soir* was, and perhaps still is, the journal of the Martignac ministry. The *Moniteur* has always been the official organ of the government of the day; and, in the year 1815, it announced, in its consecutive numbers, with equal gravity, subservience, and decorum, the departure of his Christian Majesty, Louis the Eighteenth, and the arrival of his Imperial and Royal Majesty, Napoleon. All the other papers—political, literary, and scientific,—are edited in a philosophical and liberal spirit, under pain of being neglected by the public, and ruined in their circulation.

The *Quotidienne* is said to have about 4000 subscribers, and the *Gazette* the half of that number. The *Messager du Soir* has scarcely 700. The *Moniteur* is distributed gratis to the

prefects, mayors, and heads of administrations; and its subscribers are very few, if any. It is consulted by the public, almost exclusively, for the royal ordonnances, or now and then to discover in its political articles the opinion of the government on the prevalent topic of the day. The *Messager du Soir*, though the only paper devoted to the Martignac administration, was not openly acknowledged as its organ; still, its limited circulation does not the less prove how small is the hold which a ministry deemed, whether justly or no, temporizing and trimming, can possibly obtain in these days, over the French nation. Relatively to all others, that administration was well intentioned, and its duration was unmarked by any violent explosion of popular discontent; but it wanted energy and decision, to make itself respected, or to strengthen and consolidate the constitutional system. It was, therefore, neglected by the public; and its weakness in this point encouraged the court to replace it

by a cabinet more decidedly devoted to arbitrary and absolute measures.

With the exception of six or seven thousand subscribers to the above-mentioned journals, all France supports the liberal press. The *Constitutionel* is said to have 20,000 subscribers; the *Journal des Débats* 10,000; the *Courier* 5 or 6000; and the *Journal de Commerce* 3000. The *Quotidienne* is the especial organ of the anti-revolution. It defends every abuse of absolute power, supports Don Miguel, babbles incessantly of revolution, anarchy, religion, and social order, attacks the liberals, the Greeks, the Carbonari, the ministers, and even the *Gazette*. A comparison between the circulation of this journal and those of the *Constitutionel* and the *Débats*, affords conclusive evidence of the weakness of the *parti prêtre*, as opposed to the people; and might teach the former, if they were not absolutely unteachable, how hopeless is their struggle for despotism, and how deeply they endanger the ancient dynasty, by involving

the throne in the desperate game they are playing, for objects as contemptible as they are immoral and unworthy.

The *Gazette* is the journal of the Villèle ministry, and of the Jesuits, against all the world. Its policy has been to confound, in one common category, the liberals of every possible shade; and to make the moderate answerable for the sins of the most exaggerated. During the continuance of the last ministry, the *Gazette* differed from the *Quotidienne*, only in as much as that the extreme *coté droite*, or ultra-royalist party in the Chamber of Deputies, (with which the *Quotidienne* made com mon cause,) was opposed to the ministry, though it held the same opinions. If the *Quotidienne* was all violence, hypocrisy, and insolence, without fixed plans or convictions, the *Gazette* added to these qualities spite and anger against individuals; its opposition was wholly directed against men, and not against measures, which were conducted altogether in

its own sense. The editor *en chef* of the *Gazette* was *chef de division* in the department of the interior under Villèle; and is principally known for his caricatures of the royalists, which appeared at the epoch of the restoration. The director of this journal is the editor of some editions of the Old and New Testament; being remunerated for writing Commentaries on the Bible in his study; as, in the office of his journal, for invoking the gallows and the stake, to punish the supposed errors of his fellow-creatures. Under Villèle he held the place of *maître des requétes*. Monsieur Fourchet, who also writes for the *Gazette*, is at the head of the police, and a *conseiller d'état*.

The *Quotidienne* was long under the direction of Michaud, a Member of the Academy, and author of "*Le Printemps d'un Proscrit*," which obtained for him the nick-name of the *Proscrit de la Litterateur*. He wrote also a History of the Crusades, and is one of the

editors of the *Biographie Universelle.* By joining the opposition against Villèle, he lost his place of reader to the King; which was afterwards restored, on the condition of ceasing from his opposition. On this occasion, he sold the *Quotidienne* to M. Laurente, an author who calls the massacre of St. Bartholomew "a necessary rigour;" and who, consequently, is not on the best possible terms with the age in which he lives.

The *Messager* is edited by young men, as yet, perhaps, but little distinguished in literature, though decorated by M. Martignac with the legion of honour, for their courageous defence of his administration. Don Miguel is said, on this occasion, to have sent one of his orders to the editors of the *Quotidienne;* but they have not received the necessary authorization to wear it from their own king.

The principal articles of the *Moniteur* are sent to it direct from the government. Its

general conduct is under the care of literary men of some estimation.

The *Journal des Débats*, a paper of old date, has borne different names, in the different epochs of the revolution. As the *Journal de l'Empire*, it was long the most extensively circulated of the imperial papers; and owed its reputation and its success to its editors, Dussault, Geoffroy, Etienne, Hoffman, Auger, Felitz, &c. Etienne has, however, long abandoned it; and death has deprived it of almost all the other persons above enumerated; so that it has lost much of the literary character, which its far famed criticisms then obtained. Ultra-royalist at the restoration, it continued to support each successive ministry, until the dismissal of its especial patron, Chateaubriand. It then assumed that anti-jesuitical and liberal colour, which has brought it under the banners of the age, and exposed it to the persecution of the party it has deserted. Honest and able,

it is now serving the great cause of constitutional liberty, the only mode by which a journal in the present day can obtain popularity in France. Strong in its acquired reputation for royalism, it has been conducted with a corresponding courage, and has turned against the Villèle system a host of moderate royalists and timid constitutionalists. Since the formation of the Polignac ministry, the character of its opposition has become still more decided: and in the vehemence of its vituperation, and the vigour, ability, and perseverance of its attacks on the court party, it may be considered as among the most effective of the enemies of absolutism in the French press.

Of its editors, the two brothers, Berten, Berthier, and Salvandy, *conseillers d'état*, gave for a while to the journal a certain leaning towards the ministry; but Mons. Fiévé,* who exercised some influence over the editorship,

* The author of the "Dot de Susette," &c.

escaping that honour, continued to keep alive the tendency to opposition in its pages.

Monsieur Duricquet is the author of the theatrical criticisms marked C. He succeeded to the celebrated Geoffroy, whose interminable disputes with the poets, and bitter attacks on their works, rendered him as formidable in the French theatre, as Gifford long was in England, to the writers on the liberal side of politics. Castel Blaze, who signs with the +, writes its amusing articles on the opera. He is the author of the French *libretti* of some of Weber's and Rossini's scores.

Notwithstanding its success, the *Journal des Débats* is not the most popular paper of France; the circulation of the *Constitutionel* being nearly double that of its rival. The *Constitutionel* is to be found in every coffee-house, reading-room, and almost in every shop and stall; so that it is, in all probability, read daily by six hundred thousand persons. This success has brought upon it much government persecution, and has

excited a good deal of individual envy. Notwithstanding, however, all efforts to injure it with the public, its circulation was never greater than at the moment when these notes are taken; and it will probably long maintain, if it does not increase, its circulation. Its shares, (originally worth a thousand crowns,) are now worth a hundred thousand francs. Devoted to the dissemination of liberal politics, and to the interests of industry, it is decried by some as revolutionary; while by others it is accused of tameness. In fact, a prudent moderation reigns over its liberalism, as ever must be the case with any journal in which a large capital is embarked. Monsieurs Dumoulin, Say, and Etienne, its principal editors, are also proprietors; and private interest would prevent their sacrificing two millions of property, if political tact did not teach them the inutility of risking the safety of a journal, for a phrase or an epithet. It is the trade of crown lawyers to prosecute; and it is the trade of journalists to

escape prosecution. In all ordinary cases, therefore, a conviction is worse than a calamity; it is a fault. The most powerful journals have ever been those which have the most seldom been hit. It is thought by many, that a verdict now and then against the press, excites the interest of the public; but the loss of an action is rarely repaid by the increase of subscribers.

The French nation, determined to be free, does not require to be instigated, or to incur the dangers of precipitation. The prevailing theory, in its politics, is American republicanism; but in practice, the people will be contented with any form of government that ensures a perfect civil equality among men, an independent representation, an exemption from religious domination, and a wise and liberal administration of public affairs. The nation, conscious of its strength, and certain of the consequences of a decided volition on the part of the people, awaits in tranquillity the coming on of events. It opposes a passive

resistance to the encroachments of authority, and will not draw the sword until impelled by an urgent and self-evident necessity. With this state of feeling, the prudent liberalism, and moderation of style of the *Constitutionel*, strictly harmonizes; and it finds favour, accordingly, with the French public. Conducted upon fixed and invariable political opinions, towards a definite and pre-conceived end, if it carries its precaution respecting certain persons and certain things to a great length, without doubt it strikes with more effect on the vulnerable points; and, on the whole, it gains much more than it loses by its moderation. In the unity of its doctrine, it approaches to the *Morning Chronicle*, of the days of whiggism; and, like that journal, it has never lost an enemy from among the opponents of the principles it professes, or a friend from among their sincere partizans.

The *Courier Français*, the medium through which Benjamin Constant frequently addresses the public, pushes opposition with greater

bitterness; and is remarkable for its candour, and the audacity with which it takes the initiative, in discussing both respecting men and things. It is much read in Paris, but does not penetrate into the provinces; its circulation being about three thousand. This probably arises, in part, from its greater exaggeration; but it is also to be attributed to its want of a fixed tendency and uniformity in its editing. The *Abbé de Pradt* attacks, in its pages, Benjamin de Constant; and Benjamin de Constant attacks the *Abbé*. Monsieur Keraty,* also, has his opinions apart; while Chatelain, the principal editor, and Mignet, the historian, each give a different colour to its columns. Purely republican principles thus occasionally are advanced by the side of doctrines of constitutional royalty, and not altogether unmixed with some remains of Bonapartism. In this amalgam of more or less diver-

* An honest, able, and determined deputy of the extreme left, and a distinguished publicist.

gent principles, however, there is great excitement; and the warmth of tone of the *Courier* gives it a species of utility, which if it does not add to the value of the property, is serviceable to the public: for a nation requires the existence of organs of every sentiment that arises among the people; and there is a class in society, which requires the excitement of bold writing and original thinking, to lash it into a wholesome intellectual activity.

The difference between these two papers is in some degree attributable to the character of their respective editors. Those of the *Courier* have signalized themselves individually by writings, or by conduct, which each is anxious neither to belie nor to modify; the editors of the *Constitutionel* having less figured in the world as politicians, have fewer personal weaknesses to gratify, or posts to maintain. They commenced their career as publicists in the *Minerve*;* and there is no opinion in that

* A periodical of great weight and celebrity, in its day.

publication which they have now reason to abandon, or to shelter. Mons. Say is well known as an elegant and correct writer; and Etienne, at once a journalist, a play-writer, and an orator, is perhaps the most *spirituel* author of his day, and the best newspaper writer in France. The occasional contributors to this journal are from among the principal statesmen and ancient magistracy of the country; and there is a race of young men attached to its *bureau*, of no ordinary merit and promise of future excellence.

The *Journal de Commerce*, as decided in its opposition as the *Courier*, is diffused chiefly in the trading circles; one half of its columns being exclusively devoted to commercial affairs. Since we left France, a new and brilliant journal, the *National*, has sprung into being, and has attracted considerable notice by its vigour and boldness.

The number of political journals, which are published in Paris, is certainly small in comparison with the population and resources

of the country. For this paucity, there are many causes,—legislative and ministerial obstacles cast in the way of literary and political speculation, and the determined opposition of a powerful and wide-spread cast to the diffusion of the first elements of education. To such causes must likewise be added an imperfect circulation between the capital and the provinces, and the habit so long prevailing (though now on the decline) in France, of considering Paris as every thing in politics, and the departments as nothing. All these obstacles to public instruction are however in the course of removal. The growing interest which is felt, even through the remotest parts, in the proceedings of the Chambers, has brought the capital and the provinces into moral approximation. The desire for intelligence is becoming so great, that its supply can no longer be checked by ministerial malevolence or royal authority. A direct censure on the press will no longer be tolerated; and the petty *tracasserie* of police regulations will be rendered nugatory by the strong pecuniary interest

which an extensive market holds out to industry, activity, and perseverance. Since the restoration, the demand has been rapidly and steadily increasing; and the improved form, size, and spirit of the Parisian journals, are undeniable evidence of the fact. Notwithstanding the diabolical agency of Jesuits and Ignorantins, to check the development of Lancasterian schools, and to poison those pure fonts of instruction, which they could not forbid to flow, a knowledge of reading and writing is becoming daily less circumscribed; and political instruction is the express object of its research. In relation to England, and perhaps to some other countries, the number of inhabitants possessed of this elementary instruction has hitherto been small. With all their parade of liberality, the governments of Europe, ancient or revolutionary, have not arrived at a perfect conviction that their interests require the spread of public instruction; and they have none of them been in

earnest in their efforts to promote the multiplication of schools. In this, as in the rest, the people must act for themselves; and when they feel a want, exert themselves to procure its satisfaction. The want of instruction *is* now felt in France, and neither monks nor ministers will be suffered to impede its attainment.

To form, however, an estimate of the intelligence of Frenchmen, by the existing state of public education, would lead to a most erroneous conclusion. In this they are a singular people. Endowed by nature with a prompt and facile intelligence, they acquire whatever knowledge is necessary to their peculiar position, with a readiness unknown to the less happily organized. The Johnsonian sarcasm of, "All arts and sciences a Frenchman knows," is not less true in a laudatory than in a vituperative sense; for, be he placed where he may, he is rarely found unequal to the difficulties of the situ-

ation. This genius (if it may be so called) of the nation, has been favourably worked upon by the terrible education of events to which the revolution has exposed it: and things are instructors, at least as efficacious as words. Knowledge of insulated circumstances, indeed, knowledge of detail, may be imperfect, under such instruction; and a misapplied jargon of scientific technicals, and frequent historic anachronisms, among the half-educated, may every now and then afford matter of merriment, or of sneering, to those disposed to such marks of national dislike. Still, the mass of wholesale information disseminated among the great body of the people, their shrewdness, and ready inference from particulars to generals, are vastly beyond what might be inferred from their attainments in what passes in other countries under the name of education.

The spread of political information cannot be fairly deduced from the newspaper circula-

tion in France. More persons, probably, read each specific paper than in England. Reading-rooms are general; they are to be found in every public garden, walk, and street; and the cafés and billiard-rooms (the great haunts of village idleness and enjoyment, no less than of metropolitan leisure,) are supplied with one or more journals. It should seem, also, that oral communication is more frequent; and the habit of *viva voce* discussion of political events has been strengthened by the deep interests of recent times; while the wanderings of the French armies over all Europe have imported a sum of instruction, which has been dealt out to almost every village and petty *bourg* in the kingdom. A knowledge of the abuses and practical tyranny of each different government, thus brought home to every cottage, must have contributed powerfully to awaken the political intelligence of the people, and to quicken their apprehension of the certain, though remote consequences, of every man's public conduct.

That this intelligence is abroad, that this apprehension is felt, is manifested in the spirit and purity of the electors throughout the entire country, and in the signal defeats the government has so frequently sustained, in its attempts to impose venal or anti-patriotic deputies on the nation.

If the number of political journals is small, that of the literary and scientific periodicals is enormous. Their circulation, however, is almost confined to Paris, and their duration consequently short and precarious. Within the last ten or twelve years, not less than two hundred of these speculations have been launched from the press. During our recent residence at Paris, three literary journals were abandoned, while seven or eight new ones started into existence, in all probability destined, in their turn, to a similar fate.

Among this class of publications, the *Mercure* is entitled to the first notice, as the most ancient literary journal of France. In the days of La Harpe and Marmontel, the *Mercure* was a

work of authority; but it has long retained a mere shade only of its former greatness. Revived, under the new appellation of the *Minerve*, it enjoyed, for a short time, the greatest success of any periodical before the reign of the *Constitutionel;* it was then, however, a political journal. The death of the Duc de Berri having led to a revival of the censorship, the editors of the *Minerve*, like those of the *Conservateur*, which was under the direction of Chateaubriand, refused to continue their labours; and both journals perished together. On this occasion, the literary strength of the *Minerve* united itself with the conductors of the *Lettres Normandes*, until the censors contrived also to strangle that periodical.

After the lapse of two or three years, the *Mercure* was revived, under the name of *Le Mercure du 19ième Siècle*, and from that period, has again exclusively been dedicated to the purposes of literature. It was edited, for a time, by MM. Aignan, Etienne, Jay, Tissot, Dumoulin (all of the old *Minerve*,) and by MM. Bert, Berville,

Léon, Thierré, and de Montrol, of the *Lettres Normandes*. To these, also, were joined M. Picard, Le Comte Lanjuinais, M. Dulaure, and several other authors of celebrity. Yet all this talent, both of the old and the new schools, of men distinguished on the stage, in history, in the sciences, and in criticism, attracted but between five and six hundred subscribers; and this failure induced the best contributors to abandon the work, which now struggles on through an edition of two or three hundred copies. The taste for literature, or rather, for mere *belles lettres*, has yielded to that for politics.

The *Mercure* is a weekly publication: the *Globe* is a journal appearing two or three times a week; and as it unites literature, metaphysics, and politics, it is a publication of infinitely more importance. The history of the *Globe* attaches itself to that of the human mind, as it exists in the present day at Paris, and therefore it possesses an interest beyond that derived from its mere circulation. The

charter of Louis the Eighteenth excluded from the Chamber of Deputies all persons under the age of forty; and the *Globe* may be considered as a sort of rallying point, to which the junior ambitions of the capital attach themselves, as a means of distinction, and as an organ for disseminating the doctrines of the new school. The scope of this publication, and of the sect by which it is directed, is no less than the whole circle of moral and political science; and its efforts are directed to reduce into one *corps de doctrine*, and to submit to a few common elementary principles, the science of politics, religion, metaphysics, and literature. Among its editors are to be counted, certainly the most celebrated names of the rising literary generation.

In the department of philosophy are,

MM. Jouffroy, the translator of Dugald Steward, and Reid.

Damiron, author of the history of philosophy during the nineteenth century.

For politics :—

Dubois, who also writes on religious questions.

De Remusat,* a writer equally able and honest.

Duchatel, for political economy.

Duvergier d' Hauranne, the younger, well known in England for his clever letters on the elections, and on Ireland.

For literature and the arts :—

Vitet, author of the Barricades, &c.; his especial department relates to music, painting, and literary theory.

Dittmer, author of the Soirées de Neuilly.

Cavé, ditto.

Magnen, writes many of the literary articles.

Ampère, now occupied on a work on Scandinavian history.

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* The talented and estimable husband of a grand-daughter of Lafayette.

Trognon, tutor to the Duke of Orleans' children ; writes articles on history.

Carrel, author of History of Charles the Second ; ditto.

Leroux, an able conducter of the journal.

Decloseaux.

For legislation :—

Lerminier, professor of Roman law.

Ch. Raynouard, an avocat.

For science :—

Bertrand, doctor of medicine.

The *Globe* was established in the year 1824. Of its principles, the following account was communicated by one of its leading members.

" In philosophy, it attacks the theology of priestcraft, and the sensualism of the old French metaphysicians. In politics, its leading idea is, that the government must eventually become an expression of the opinions of the most intelligent class ; and to this portion of society it addresses itself. It belongs to none of the old parties of royalists, repub-

licans, or Bonapartists; but believes that public liberty can be engrafted upon any form of government; and that, liberty being established, it may be left to produce its own effects.

"Instead, therefore, of demanding the instant suppression of all recognized abuses, the *Globe* has rather attached itself to the establishment and dissemination of those fundamental principles on which all governments should act. It has, more especially, endeavoured to establish religious liberty, as the chief point attacked by the illiberals; and, therefore, while the *Courier* and *Constitutionel* have pursued the Jesuits with rancour, it has opposed their expulsion. It has, however, maintained the necessity of separating the clergy from the state, and advocated the equality of all sects before the law.

"During the last year,* it supported the mi-

* 1828.

nisters, as long as any thing was to be obtained for liberty, through their agency; but as soon as the nullity of that party became evident, it attacked them with vigour. In literature, the *Globe* is the determined partizan of a plenary liberty, and an enemy to the pretensions of the academy, and of the classicists."

From the very high talents engaged in this journal, and the magnitude of its pretensions, a greater circulation might have been presumed, than that which it enjoys, and which does not exceed a thousand subscribers. This, with great certainty, may be attributed to its besetting sin, the desire to form a sect, and to establish on theoretical principles a code, to which the public will not adhere. Its philosophy (a melange of Kantism and the doctrines of the Scotch school) is no favourite with the nation, beyond the immediate circle of young men, just escaping from the classes

of Cousin. Founding political liberty upon the presumed spirituality of the soul, and its consequent exemption from physical necessity, it turns too much upon abstract theory, to long please a people whose minds have been accustomed to the evidence of the senses, and to an appeal to facts. With all the ability, the literary acquirement, and the solid information of the contributors to this journal, their articles are occasionally pedantic, *tranchants*, and dogmatizing. Innovators and independents, they are always enveloped in their doctor's robes; and harangue as from the professorial chair. Their politics, which are those of the party called Doctrinaires, want that practical application, if not to the necessities, at least to the passions of the times, without which no doctrine or authority can be extensively popular. In all things, there is a scholastic colour about them, which belongs rather to the college than the great world; and the

degree of favour which they enjoy, is derived rather from a *clique* and a junta, than from the nation and the age. With some of the presumption, and with all the ardour of extreme youth, they too much undervalue whatever belongs to their predecessors. With them, Voltaire is obsolete, and the writers of the eighteenth century fit only for public libraries, or the trunk-makers. Accordingly, they live almost exclusively among themselves; and avoid the necessary intercourse with whatever is beyond their own circle. This is the more to be regretted, because if more widely diffused in general society, men of so much intellectual vigour must speedily emancipate themselves from the trammels of their own prejudices, and become the instruments of general good: and it cannot but be accounted among the worst consequences of the existing law, which excludes the juniors from the senate, that it thus cribs within a sect, and separates from the

living world, the rising genius and ability of the country.*

The grievous restraints imposed upon the publication of political journals has occasioned the appearance of an endless variety of theatrical and fashionable papers, which do not require a privilege to authorize their impression. There have appeared thirty of these journals in a rapid succession; and almost every theatre has one dedicated to its especial concerns.† Their contents are, generally, of a very trifling nature. Essays upon what is called the manners of the age, written by very young men, and more interesting to the green-room than to the public, short articles on li-

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* The *Globe* has taken a determined and independent part against the Polignac administration, and has been prosecuted for libel by the government in consequence.

† The *Journal des Commédiens* is dedicated to them all; it is a lively and amusing paper, full of green-room chit-chat, and sometimes taking even a higher aim.

terature, (in which the new works of the day are reviewed, in a feeble and shallow way,) mystifications, epigrams, theatrical intelligence, and a few anecdotes of the Parisian *salons,* make the bulk of their columns; and form a mass of as idle and unprofitable trifling, as a cockney reader can desire. It cannot, however, be denied that, every now and then, they contain traits of humour and finesse, abundantly amusing; but they want originality, and are so like each other, that who ever reads one, has read them all. They are all addressed to the same class of readers, which is to be found principally among the artists attached to the theatres; and they are a mere tax levied on theatrical vanity. Even Talma himself is said to have found himself obliged to hold them in pay, and to buy off their malignity. To these remarks, in the severity of their application, there have been some occasional exceptions. The *Miroir* and the *Pandore*, edited by Messieurs Arnoult,

Jouy, Dupaty, le Mercier, and Cauchois le Maire; and the *Diable Boiteux*, to which Aignan, Etienne, Jay, and Tissot were occasional contributors,—were, in their time, distinguished by their wit and good taste: but the opportunity such publications afford of launching political sarcasms, was too tempting to resist; and these journals fell within the grasp of the law, and have been extinguished by its severities.

At the present moment, the most remarkable print of this class, is the *Figaro;* of which the title sufficiently indicates the character. Gay, witty, malicious, and full of finesse, its pages are a receptacle of all the bon mots, scandalous anecdotes, and cutting ironies, which circulate in society, against the *parti prêtre*, the ministers, and, in general, against all actors, authors, academicians, and other public characters, who happen to afford a ridicule for attack. Among a people like the French, this species of warfare is not to be despised.

A well-applied jest goes further towards bringing a ministry into contempt, than the most elaborated discussion; and nothing is lost or overlooked in the *Figaro.* Its articles are all short, and its columns are never overloaded with make-weights. It is chiefly written by clever and lively young men, well known to society as the authors of vaudevilles, songs, and similar *jeux d'esprit.*

Among the recent novelties in periodical literature, the *Voleur* is conspicuous,—as its name imports, a professed compilation from every possible source. It appears every five days, on an unusually large-sized sheet, closely filled with extracts from new publications, tales, jests, anecdotes, and the news of the five preceding days condensed into a sort of *catalogue raisonnée* of events. Without any high pretence to literary merit, it is an amusing miscellany; and, what to the idle is of much consequence, its stores are almost inexhaustible, even by the most patient reader.

There are printed at Paris a vast many other journals of literature, science, and arts. There are two *Gazettes des Tribunaux.* There are journals of jurisprudence, of medicine, of military sciences, of trades, of the fine arts, and of fashions and dress. There are the *Journal des Cours Publics, la Gazette de l'Instruction Publique,* the *Journal des Voyages,* and *le Bulletin des Sciences et des Arts,* which is edited by Monsieur Ferusac.

The *Revue Encyclopedique* is a monthly publication, partaking of the nature both of a review and a magazine. The object of its establishment is, to bring into intellectual contact the literary and scientific men of all countries; and its pages are dedicated to whatever concerns the happiness of man, in every department of knowledge. The *Revue Encyclopedique* was founded, and has from its commencement been conducted, by Monsieur Jullien de Paris, a gentleman well known in every philanthropic institution, and almost in every

assembly of artists and men of letters in the French capital. The publication, unlike its editor, is more known in the provinces, and in foreign countries, than in Paris. For this, there are many reasons. Being a work whose pretensions are more solid than brilliant, and in which there is no mixture of light matter to carry off its sober verities, it excites little or no sensation on its appearance. Then its reviews of books—interesting to foreigners, and addressed to their intelligence—are stale at the date of their publication, in the estimation of a public, in whose recollection nothing lives beyond a week. But, above all, works of this description do not enable the proprietors to pay an adequate price for articles of first-rate merit; and the execution of the *Revue Encyclopedique* is not equal to its design. It is, otherwise, edited with considerable industry, and it contains a mass of information concerning the literary and scientific "whereabout" of foreign countries, valuable to those whose

views are not tied down to the spot on which they happen to reside.

Besides this publication, there are printed, of the same class, in Paris, *La Revue Trimestrielle*, a *Revue Germanique*, and the *Revue Britannique*, which is made up of extracts from the English papers, magazines, and critical journals. The *Revue de Paris*, is a new publication which gives itself out as the organ of the romantic school of literature. It is of the nature of a magazine, containing articles of manners, history, poetry, &c. with two or three papers, by Messieurs Nodier, de la Vigne, or Ballade, and a romance by Rossini. It is, however, chiefly remarkable for the superiority of its type and paper.

From this brief and imperfect sketch, it is evident that periodical literature has not extended itself in France as in England. The newspaper circulation of England far exceeds that of the French. More capital is sunk in its production, and, both morally and

materially, it covers a larger space. The weekly press also forms a feature peculiar to England, and exerts an influence in the dissemination of opinion, of no trifling import, in the progress of events. Reviewing, in the British sense of the word, is scarcely known in Paris; and this branch of literature is by no means the political agent there, that it has been rendered in England. The criticisms of the French journals are rarely elaborate, except when they concern theatrical pieces, or works of light literature, or of some local or temporary interest. They are chiefly made up of furious contentions between the old and new schools, of persiflage, anecdote, and personality: and they are more calculated to set off the writer and the journal in which they appear, than to illustrate the work under examination. Occasionally, indeed, they are written with much wit and spirit: oftener, they are verbose and tedious. As compared with the theatrical criticisms in the English

papers, they are more elaborate, and more carefully done; because the theatre is a more serious occupation to the literary public of France, and obtains a larger part of the popular attention. Among the other inferiorities of French journalism, it cannot boast of having arrived at the cynicism and contempt for public decencies, which illustrate a certain portion of the English press. The French papers rarely indulge in private scandal, or in reports of scandalous trials; they have nothing analogous to the immoralities of Bow Street reports, or to the slang of that university of British education, the prize ring. It is rare to find in a French paper any thing offensive to womanly modesty. But it must be owned, that if this partly depends on the better taste of the Parisian public, it may in part, also, be attributed to the long-continued control of the police over the press. It is one of the very few incidental advantages of that master evil in European society—the desire of governments

to meddle with every thing. The scandal of the London press is, perhaps, an inevitable result of its liberty; and if so, the evil must be endured for the sake of the good. The legitimate remedy would lie in an improvement of the public morals, if that were not hopeless. As long as the first personages in the land—its statesmen, magistrates, and clergymen—are not ashamed to encourage, and to leave on their tables, to be read by the females of their family, journals remarkable only for their ribaldry, coarseness, and contempt for all the proprieties of life, they have no right to exclaim against the immediate agents, who place such matter in circulation.

Another feature of distinction between the French and English periodical press, is to be found in the circumstance, that almost all the distinguished literary characters of Paris—the members of both the legislative chambers—more or less habitually write for the papers. There is not that affected disdain for the "gen-

tlemen of the press," which is here so boastfully announced by lordlings and senators, who imagine, that because *they* are corrupt, no body has sense or spirit but themselves. This afflux of talent to the French press, produces, from time to time, articles of great interest and curiosity. Political disputations are thus brought nearer to the scene of action. The writer being himself an agent in the transactions he describes, is capable of knowing more of the real springs and levers by which the state machine is worked. The comparative wealth of the English press may keep in its constant service a mass of talent superior to that of the working portion of the French publicists, and more money is perhaps spent in obtaining intelligence; but the British journals are comparatively deficient in that weight which arises from the known and frequent contributions of such men as Benj. de Constant, the Duc de Broglie, and Chateaubriand, &c. &c. &c., who are at the fountain-head of public affairs, and

are personally acquainted with the events they so ably discuss.*

In fine, the actual condition of the French periodical press indicates a people rapidly advancing in political knowledge, and resolutely determined to secure for themselves the blessings so dearly purchased by thirty years of anarchy and warfare. It manifests a rapid development of instruction, and of national wealth; and it is becoming an organ daily more formidable to abuses, and to the partizans of anti-national schemes of government. Materially, and perhaps intellectually, the English press is undergoing a similar development more rapidly even than that of France. But as yet the number and success of journals which in

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* This difference possibly depends in part upon the relative quantities of business in the French and English chambers. No one who attends to his duty in the House of Commons, could, in the present day, find leisure for frequent articles, such as were formerly contributed to the "Morning Chronicle" by the political leaders of the Whigs.

England are devoted to the cause of the several aristocratic and oligarchical categories, and are written to pervert and deceive the people, is incomparably greater; and the expression of the truth and the whole truth is not so clear, and exempt from trimming, yieldings, and politic suppressions, as in the pages of the more popular of the French publicists.*

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* There are subjects on which the boldest journalists in England dare not speak their whole thoughts.

CURIOSITY SHOPS.

NAPOLEON IN 1829.

PARIS, says a witty French writer, abounds in those shops, which "sell every thing that is useless." I know nothing more amusing than to go through a course of these repositories. It is reading history in tangible forms. Every antiquated article is a page in the story of other days. The mirror of Marie de Medicis, or the cabinet of Madame de Pompadour, gives a sketch of the progress of the arts, which comes home to the apprehension more strikingly than a volume of Vitruvius. I find every thing that I want in these delightful *magazins*, except the money to buy their whole contents.

Amidst the infinite variety of these collections, there is one feature common to all, and which struck me forcibly: I mean the busts and engravings of Napoleon,* and of all his dynasty;—not hidden in the old closets, or concealed behind less mysterious objects, and only offered to the notice of the initiated,—but openly exposed in the windows, and at the doors, to be haggled for, like a second-hand clock, or any other *meuble d'occasion.*

This bespeaks a vast change in public opinion, and in the whole order of things in France. Ten or twelve years back, the very name of Bonaparte had treason in its echo; and the "*celui,*" substituted for imperial titles, and for a name now immortal, was more emphatic and perilous, a thousand times, than the present open allusions made to the government of the Emperor, whose reign, character, and

* By the obliging attention of Dr. Antommarchi, I was permitted to see the caste which he took of Napoleon, after death. It was an infinitely finer face than most of the portraits of the great original painted in his latter days.

acts, are as freely canvassed as those of Charles the Bold, Charles the Simple, or even Charles the Tenth, himself. Every one, in 1829, speaks out upon all subjects; nothing is sacred from public discussion, except *la Charte;* and that, too, must eventually submit to popular invasion, when a happier day shall come, as come it must, in which new combinations, more suited to the happiness of society, shall be irresistibly demanded.

Never before was Napoleon Bonaparte fairly estimated, either in good or evil report. Never were his great powers, the applicability of his genius, and volition to the times in which they operated, so freely spoken of, and so rigorously examined. Never was the fact so universally allowed, that he was a necessity,—in the epoch of his influence,—an agent who could not be dispensed with. Even the vices of his legislation, and the meanness of his ambition, in bringing back the old forms, (the signs of abuses, which cost the nation the blood of millions to overturn,) were not without their useful results.

His restoration of a paid hierarchy, without influence, and his re-creation of an hereditary nobility without legislative power, (the empty *simulacres* of the privileged orders of the old *regime*, the pages and parasites of the antechamber—but no longer the tyrants over all besides,) were not without their use. He brought back the Jesuits, to make a last appearance on the stage of their former triumphs—to revive the memory of intrigues and atrocities, so prematurely forgotten—and to exhibit, by a final and conclusive example, a warning of the dangers which an ecclesiastical corporation, exempt from popular control, will not fail to bring down both on prince and people. He paved the way for the temporary opposition of ultra-aristocracy, which will render equality before the law, and exemption from feudality and from the law of primogeniture, dearer than ever to a nation, which had hitherto, perhaps, felt, rather than understood, the blessings it enjoyed. The reaction thus fomented, will just last long enough

to serve the purposes of the people. The royal patrons of Loyola have already received an intelligible hint that "*Paris vaut bien une messe;*" * and the *haute noblesse*, of the *Œil de Bouf*, have already satisfied Europe that their political existence is incompatible with modern politics and modern institutions.

The public exposure of the portraits of the Emperor in the present day, is a sure evidence of the decline of the imperial system, and its party. There is no danger, where there is no opposition. Napoleon, on his prison rock of St. Helena, was more formidable to the Bourbons, than he would now be in the Louvre; as they themselves were more influential when the centre of a reaction at Hartwell, than they now are in the Tuileries. The Dukes of Reichstadt and Bourdeaux might now walk arm-in-arm along the Boulevards, without the slightest chance of exciting a civil war for

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* "Paris is well worth a mass:" the expression attributed to Henry the Fourth.

their respective interests. Dauphins and kings of Rome, as the agents of unlimited sway, and the types of despotism, are regarded with equal indifference, and equal contempt; and Austria might have spared herself the mysterious policy with which she guards the "*fils de l' homme*" from becoming a subject of European discord. Those wise men of Gotham, the Aulic Council, may release the young unfortunate "Iron Mask" of modern Machiavelism when they please. They may with impunity admit the Siamese boys of poetry, Messrs. Mery and Barthélemy,* into his presence; they may allow them to offer their joint production to its *triste* subject, with perfect security; and they may permit his father's valet to present him with the old *Redingot gris*, or any other fragment of the toi-

* The authors of the "*Fils de l'homme,*" whose work was seized, and themselves prosecuted for libel. The most remarkable feature in this case was, that Mons. Barthélemy conducted his defence in verse, and that the court listened to him.

lette of St. Helena. Even the little bust, with its "*simboles de nature à propager l'esprit de rebellion et troubler la pays publique,*" may now safely be stored among the odds and ends of Mons. Charles Rouy's shop, in the Galerie Vivienne.* The peace of Europe would not be disturbed more than it at present is, by the personal appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte's *eldest* son, who is seen in every street and assembly of Paris, without one glance of conspiracy being turned on him, save those from the bright eyes

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* Mons. Rouy, marchand de curiosités, was some time since cited before the tribunals, for having exposed to sale some little figures in bronze, of the Duc de Reichstadt, with "certain symbols, of a nature calculated to excite rebellion, and disturb the public peace." The commissary sent to make the seizure entered with all the politeness ascribed to the police of the present day, and began with, "*Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter le bon jour.*" "*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" replied the equally polite marchand; "*qu'y a-t-il pour votre service?*" "*J'ai l'honneur de vous prévenir,*" said the polished familiar of the police, "*que je viens pour saisir le buste, que voilà du Duc de Reichstadt.*" "*Le Duc de Reichstadt!*" replied Monsieur Charles Rouy;

of ultra duchesses, of which he is the cynosure. "*Elles se l'arrachent, comme elles se sont arrachées son père,*"* said a gentleman to me, as we sat in a public assembly, at the Institut, admiring the fine intelligent countenance of this interesting young man, who was hitched between two beauties of the Château—the victim, and not the agent, of a conspiracy which he was doubtless alike unable and unwilling to resist.

"*mais pas de tout; c'est le buste de Mons. le Duc de Bourdeaux.*" "*C'est égal,*" said the officer, seizing the effigies of the ex-king of Rome, and carrying them off, as a proof of the delinquency of the seditious shopkeeper. And he was right in the observation. Duc de Reichstadt or Duc de Bourdeaux, as far as the nation was concerned, *c'étoit parfaitement égal.* The case is different, as between "*la charte*" and "*l'état c'est moi.*"

* "They tear him from each other, as they did his father."

MORNING DRIVES.

MEUDON—SEVRES.

One hears every day in Paris, instances of commercial prosperity, and of the independence and security of non-feudal fortunes, strongly contrasted to the submission of all trading interests to the caprices of despotism, in former times, of which so many deplorable anecdotes are on record. Somebody pointed out to me a house, near the Porte St. Denis, projecting somewhat into the street. Large offers had been made by the government to the proprietor, an humble *bourgeois*, for the purchase of this mansion,

either to remove it as a nuisance, or for some other purpose, I forget what. But he refused all offers, though they came backed by authority; and when pushed hard to leave his favourite domicile, by something like a threat, he affixed over his door a placard, bearing this inscription: "I am the master in my own house." So, also, "Milord Egerton," (as that gentleman was called,) refused to surrender his garden in the Rue Rivoli, on which the constituted authorities desired to carry on the arcade opposite the Tuileries, which, since the death of the sturdy proprietor, has been completed. Think of a tradesman or a foreigner refusing to tumble down his house, or give up his gardens, in the time of Louis the Fourteenth!

The moment the grand monarque, his minister, or his mistress, fixed their cupidity upon an agreeable site, or a noble mansion, no rank nor wealth protected the possessor from the invasion of his rights. Ruel, the fa-

vourite seat of Cardinal Richelieu, upon which millions of the public money had been spent—where so many of his atrocious, secret executions had taken place—where the unfortunate Marechal de Marillac suffered death,—Ruel, with its terrible *oubliettes*, its magnificent gardens, and artificial cascades, (the first ever seen in France,) thus became, by a sort of poetical justice, a confiscation to royal avarice. It had attracted the attention of Louis the Fourteenth, who had taken shelter there, with his mother, during the troubles of the Fronde. The Duchess d'Aiguillon, Richelieu's mother, was then its proprietor; but the wishes of the king were laws; and her supplicating expression of the sorrow she felt in being obliged to part with her property was of no avail.

The manner in which St. Cloud was obtained, by an *escroquerie* of Cardinal Mazarin,*

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* "The Cardinal, wishing to purchase some country-seat for Monsieur, the king's brother, fixed his eyes upon St.

for Louis the Fourteenth, who gave it to his brother, is another illustration of these times, when "the mistress of the king had only to

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Cloud, which belonged to a rich financier, and had cost the owner nearly a million of francs. So, going one day, on pretence of seeing it, he admired the magnificence of the house, and said to the financier, 'This must have cost twelve hundred thousand livres?' The financier, not wishing to make known the extent of his riches, replied, 'That he could not afford so great a sum as that for his pleasures.' 'How much then did it cost you?' said the Cardinal: 'I would wager that it was, at least, two hundred thousand.' 'Oh no, Monseigneur! I could not encounter such an expense as that.' 'You could not,' continued the Cardinal, 'have laid out less than one hundred thousand.' The financier thought that he might venture to acknowledge thus much, and admitted that the establishment had cost that sum. The next day the Cardinal sent him three hundred thousand livres by a notary, and informed him that the king wished the house for his brother. '*Ainsi, par la finesse du Cardinal, le roi eut pour cent mille écus, ce que coutait près d'un million au financier.*'"—*Dictionaire d'Anecdotes.*

desire, in order to see the whole people anxious to gratify her most secret wishes." The list of the royal chateaus, within view of St. Denis, not to speak of Fontainebleau, Versailles,* the two Trianons, and St. Germaine, afford sufficient testimony of the extent to which the caprices of the sovereign were thus gratified. The chateau of Madrid, Belvue, Meudon, St. Cloud, Bagatelle, Rambouillet, de Maintenon, Marly, and many others, are monuments of the whim and extravagance which hastened that national bankruptcy that produced the revolution.

The story of the royal chateau of Meudon, to which we have just paid a visit, is the history of nearly all the fairy edifices raised by absolute power. Meudon is replete with historical recollections; but it is most fa-

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* The preference of Louis the Fourteenth for Versailles, arose from its not commanding a view of St. Denis, where the tomb of his ancestors awaited him.

mous for having had for its *Curé titulaire*, François Rabelais, who wrote, within view of the towers of its castle, his satire on the crimes, vice, and ignorance of his day. His sagacious remarks on society and its institutions, have, in many instances, gone even beyond the illumination of the nineteenth century. Meudon was the residence of the beautiful and wicked Duchesse d'Estampes, the mistress of Francis the First. From her royal lover, she obtained permission to enclose a park round this ancient manor-house of her ancestors. The properties of private individuals in the neighbourhood were bought up, without resistance, and Meudon took the air of a royal demesne. It successively fell into the hands of the Cardinal de Loraine, the wealthiest churchman of his day; and of Servien, the *surintendant* of finance of Louvois; and from his widow, it was taken by Louis the Fourteenth, to give it to his son, the "Grand Dauphin." From that time, it became one of

the royal residences, so seldom visited, yet so expensively maintained.

In imitation of the king, the Dauphin lavished immense sums on the embellishment of Meudon; and at fifty toises distance, he built a second chateau for his mistress, or left-handed wife, in which he spent his life, between hunting and the table—"his only resources," says Duclos. When this chateau was finished, Louis the Fourteenth came to see it; but turned away in disgust, at its want of what he thought "decent splendour;" saying, that it was "more like a financier's house, than the palace of a great prince." The edifice, so despised by Louis, is all that now remains of the ancient establishment. Under Napoleon, it received considerable repairs, and was splendidly furnished; and its gardens were replanted. During the campaign of Moscow, it was the constant residence of the Empress Marie Louise; and, since the restoration, it has been made the

villa of "*les enfans de France,*" the children of the Duchess of Berri. There, the little Due de Bourdeaux occasionally pays a visit with his governor ;* but not, as we visited it, free in spirit and unrestrained in movement, to wander where he lists, to laugh, to bound, to enjoy Nature, as she can alone be enjoyed, in the plenitude of liberty and ease, with no forms to observe, no etiquettes to reverence. This heir to the court mummery of Louis the Fourteenth, whose pale face I have seen at the same hour every day, in the same place of honour, in the same carriage, seated opposite to the same effigy of an old courtier of Versailles, of the days of the Dauphin Duc de Bourgogne; who with the same *coiffure en ailes de pigeon*, powdered to the exactitude of the same hair, and with a mingled look of reverence and authority that befits the mein of royal governors,

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* Le Baron Damas, a Jesuit in the force of the term. He never loses sight of his pupil.

(half-pedagogue and half-groom of the chambers,) conducts his pupil in his daily promenade, by the same route to the same objects. An old English epigram, on a miser's horse, exclaims, "What vast ideas he must have of oats!" and the thought often crossed me, in parody, at the daily spectacle of the miserly measure of nature, liberty, and instruction, thus meeted out to the victim of royal etiquettes, and of the spirit of routine. The poor little prince must think that France has no other objects worth looking at, than those included within the limited circle of these drives; and his ideas, borrowed from the conversations of his state instructors, will probably be as circumscribed respecting the social, as they must be concerning the physical world. Not all the labours of Monsieur César Moreau, will suffice to efface impressions thus early, and thus fatally engraven.*

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* This indefatigable and learned gentleman, so advanta-

It was with one of the most agreeable and *bon-ton* men of Paris, for our *cicerone*, and

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geously known in England, by his statistical tables of British industry, commerce, and population, was, at this time, employed in making a collection of all the facts which concern political economy, for the use of the Duc de Bourdeaux. His collection he very politely laid open to our inspection: its arrangement was curious and original. Every separate fact was written on a distinct card; and the whole was distributed in cabinets, whose drawers, divided into compartments, lead the inquirer from generals to particulars; so as to serve, at once, for an index, and a *catalogue raisonnée*, of the subject. The unwearied patience and industry devoted to this disgracious and unremunerating labour of Monsieur Moreau, (for he works only that others may reap the fruits and the honours of his lucubrations,) are almost beyond belief. Whole libraries must have been ransacked for a single line; and his task is incomplete, while a single volume remains unexamined: but the exertion becomes still more remarkable, when it is known that the author is not one of those literary machines, whose faculties are only fitted for such drudgery. His mind is expansive and generalized; and it has received its peculiar direction from a

after a delightful drive, that we reached the long and beautiful avenue which leads to the noble terrace and chateau of Meudon. As we had been exposed in an open carriage to the cloudless sun of the finest French day that ever shone to gladden the spirits and delight the senses, the freshness, verdure, and shade of the superb lime-trees, which line this avenue, four deep on either side, afforded the most voluptuous enjoyment that can be conceived. Although our *cicerone*, from his connexion with those in authority, had some influence in the chateau, we were not permitted to enter the royal edifice by the great door, which is only opened to the royal family or the governor of Meudon. We were accordingly ushered through the "*corridor de service*," a long, dark, damp passage which leads

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profound and philosophical conviction that, in the present state of statistical science, the verification of its data is an object of paramount necessity.

to the offices below; and ascends, by a flight of stairs, to the grand apartments. What colds and rheumatisms this corridor must have given to the *gens de service*, including menials of all ranks, from the chambellans to the turnspits; while the royalties enjoy themselves in exclusive health and comfort above! But a neglect of the comforts of inferiors is not exclusively the fault of royalty. It is the inherent vice of selfish and unsympathizing humanity.

Notwithstanding Louis the Fourteenth's contemptuous observation on the *roturier* air of the chateau, it is worthy to be the villa of a king; and has the usual suite of state apartments, with the usual names appropriated to such edifices. The *boudoir* of the queen is a very pretty and comfortable room, such as any private gentlewoman might covet; and in which *I* might have written my own "book of the Boudoir," without being dazzled or distracted by its splendour. This was probably the snuggery of the excellent Mademoi-

selle Choir, (with whom the Grand Dauphin made a "*marriage de conscience*," *) the most devoted and disinterested of mistresses, and least ambitious of left-handed wives.†

The gallery of portraits is not without attraction, though it contains no very good pictures. Here are three youthful portraits of the royal brothers, Louis the Sixteenth, Louis the Eighteenth, and Charles the Tenth. In the resemblances of these happy-looking boys, what a story! what a moral! Another, and more striking picture of them all, is drawn in the admirable description of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, preserved in the letters of Horace

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* And thus, as Duclos remarks, "*finit comme son père.*"

† Her observation, when she tore the will, in which the Dauphin had left her an enormous fortune, merits a record. "As long as I preserve you (she said) I shall want for nothing; and if I have ever the misfortune to lose you, an annuity of a thousand crowns will suffice for all I shall then want."

Walpole. The formal figures of their sisters, Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, are also at Meudon. But the two pictures that interested me most, were those of the Prince de Condé (by Greuse,) and of the Grand Dauphin, the founder of the chateau, who, by-the-bye, looks like a Highlander.

While we were prowling about the silent, cheerless, and uninhabited apartments, the governor of the chateau, the Duc de Castries, arrived; and we left this deserted seat of royalty, and proceeded to Sèvres. The contrast was striking! The *bourg* of Sèvres is at this moment the most thriving and prosperous village in the environs of Paris—a little centre of commerce, bustle, and activity. Its port is the *entre-pot* of the capital, and is covered with the produce of Burgundy and Champagne. It is said that the cellars, in which the wine is deposited, have the property of bestowing on it, after a short stowage, all the mellowness of age. The *cave du Roi*, exca-

vated, like the others, from the rock, is sufficiently capacious to receive fifteen thousand casks.

While agriculture thus contributes her treasures, to enliven and enrich this little mart of industry, which lies in the midst of royal monuments of idleness and useless expenditure, the arts and manufactures have given it its principle attraction, and historical interest. Its porcelain is experiencing daily improvement. The last time we visited the manufactory, was with our dear Denon; he wished to show us some designs of his own, after the antique; and I well remember the rapid sketch he gave us, as we drove from Paris, of the rise and progress of this branch of art, from the first arrival of porcelain in Europe, with a biographical account of his own famous China cat—his distinctions of the *porcelain tendre* and the *porcelain dure*—the first establishment of a China manufactory at Vincennes, by a private individual, and the erection

by the Farmers General of the present edifice at Sèvres, which makes a part of the domain of the crown. It was the peculiar merit of the brief and graphic narrations of Denon, that they imprinted themselves on the memory of the hearer, without an effort, and almost without a conscious desire of retaining what was so delightful to listen to, *en passant*.

We met the same courteous reception from the director of the manufactory on the occasion of our present visit,* as we had experienced, when introduced by our mutual friend, Denon, in 1816; and we talked much of him, and of the improvements made in the art, of which he was so devoted an amateur. Among many beautiful specimens from the works of several eminent painters attached to the manufactory, (and among others of Isabey,) we observed the famous "Entry of Henry the Fourth" into Paris, painted by Gerard,

* Monsieur Brongniard, membre de l'Institut, &c.

and copied by Mademoiselle Jacotot. Still, the same disagreeable impression was made on us, as at our first visit, from the idea of fragility which intrudes itself, in contemplating works of such eminent art and painful labour, thus bestowed.

While looking over these beautiful and costly productions, the conversation turned on the siege which some of the houses and manufactories of the town underwent during the invasion of "*nos amis, les ennemis;*" and we indulged our imagination in supposing the effect of an incursion of Prussians into the establishment we were then occupying. Talk of "a bull in a china-shop!" The pillage of the *bourg* lasted eight days; but the royal manufactory was spared (the only building in the town so respected,) and our supposition was purely gratuitous. The building became even an asylum for many of the inhabitants, who hid themselves in its subterraneous store-rooms and cellarage.

Besides the government manufactory, there are others at Sèvres, of more interest, as belonging to the enterprize and industry of private individuals. There is a manufactory of black, white, and yellow *faièncе*, belonging to Monsieur Claverceau; another of enamel, the property of Monsieur Lambert; and a manufactory of glass, called *la verrerie de Sèvres*, which give additional life to this little hive of commercial industry.

It is pleasant to contrast the actual state of this village and its environs, in these deplorable and barbarous times, with the Sèvres of the days which certain writers, in defiance of all evidence, eulogize and regret—the days when Henri Seigneur de Sèvres reigned in his feudal fortress, which is now a tannery. The district was then tenanted by "serfs," and "villains," a part of whose useful labours it was to keep the frogs from croaking in the *fossé*, and to maintain the gallows in good repair. This Henri de Sèvres lent his

castle, " a square edifice surrounded by a ditch, and terminated at its upper extremity by a sort of *donjon*," to receive certain prisoners from the Châtelet of Paris, who were supposed to be liberated, on the entry of a queen into the capital; and for whose board and lodging he was duly paid. On these occasions, he undertook for all such prisoners, as were excluded from the general act of grace; and his castle had sometimes as many as fifty of these melancholy exceptions within its walls. All things considered, I would much rather be the tanner, surrounded by his merry men, who now dwells in the castle, than the high and mighty Seigneur, surrounded by slaves and victims—himself both slave and victim in his turn.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

My allusions to the common people of France, in my former work on that country, afforded matter of attack to the *Drapeau Blanc*, the *Quotidienne*, and even to the *Journal des Debats* (which is now in the same category of reprobation as myself.)* "Lady Morgan," says one of these journals,—it is now no matter which,—"has produced a work, *Dictée par sa blan-*

* Mons. Berton, redacteur of the Moniteur Royaliste de Gand in 1815, was recently condemned to fifteen months' imprisonment, as editor of the *Debats*.

*chisseuse, et écrite par son valet de chambre."** To the people, however, of any country, we must talk, if we desire to know the country. I have done so in my own, and elsewhere, and *je m'en trouve bien.* I owe to this habit of living with my fellow-creatures, as my fellow-creatures, the best and most successful traits of my happiest authorship, my Mac Rorys, my O'Learys, and my Shanes,—all more or less portraits from living originals: so, in spite of the aristocratic muses of the *Quotidienne*, and the *Quarterly*, I shall go on in my old way, talk to the people when I meet them, and write them down, when I find any thing illustrative or amusing to say of them.

One morning, I ordered an English muslin dress to be sent home by a certain hour on the

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* Dictated by her washerwoman, and written by her footman," an epigram too smart for the self-denial of a journalist; particularly as it was written by a *Duc et Pair,* then a constant contributor.

next day, for an occasion when an English muslin dress was "*la robe obligée.*" My servant brought me word that it could not be got up in so short a time; and a very smart, well-dressed, but inferior member of the establishment, came to explain why it was so. I asked her what was her department, and she replied "*une œuvreuse en gros,* or *savoneuse,*" (a plain washer,) at forty-two sous per diem. The next grade above her in the hierarchy of the wash-tub, she informed me, is the *empeseuse,* or starcher, whose business is always superintended by the *bourgeoise* herself; that is, by the chief of the house. Then comes the *raffineuse,* or clear-starcher, and last, the *repasseuse,* or ironer, (the two last, by-the-bye, earning three francs per diem.) "But why cannot you do all this yourself?" I asked. "*Comment, Madame!* I wash, starch, clear, and iron?—impossible. Every one to her own department;" and then, with an easy curtsey, and a "*J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer,*" she

left me to the horrors of a silk dress, when a muslin one was the law of the season.

Presently afterwards came *la bourgeoise*, the head of the firm. She was a fine woman, and elegantly dressed in the extreme of the fashion (as different, *par parenthèse*, from my old acquaintance of the Hotel d'Orleans, as the Faubourg itself is from the *quartier des Tuileries.*) I attempted to utter a few words of remonstrance, on the possibility of any body being able to wash a gown in twenty-four hours; but, confounded by her air and manner, if not convinced by her declaration, "*Que c'étoit une science*," and that one must have been brought up "*dans les principes*," to understand any thing about the matter, I begged her pardon for the trouble I had given her, and resigned myself to my fate and to a *gros de Naples.*

Through every department of social and domestic life in France, the influence of this spirit of routine is more or less perceptible—a

spirit to be met with in every country which has passed a century without laws and liberty, and where the will of the powerful stands in the place of both. In such countries, each man is persuaded that he is born for a particular station, from which nothing but a miracle can elevate him. In semi-barbarous communities, trades and professions are the birthright of a caste. It was so in ancient Ireland; it is so in India; and the *roturier* under Louis the Sixteenth believed himself destined to remain a *roturier, in sæcula sæculorum.* This faith the influence of the revolution has not yet wholly eradicated from the humbler walks of French life; and the *œuvreuse ordinaire* cannot see the possibility of becoming a *repasseuse,* by any exercise of industry or ingenuity. In the highest and the lowest classes of society, the "wisdom of our ancestors" takes the strongest hold of the imagination, and is the most difficult to overturn.

POLICHINEL.

I HAVE just heard, with horror, of a proscription, to which the deportations to Cayenne, and the persecutions of the Carbonari are nothing! Polichinel, my dear Polichinel, has awakened the suspicions of the French ministry. He has been placed under the *surveillance* of the police, accused of Bonapartism, of jacobinism, of atheism, anti-jesuitism, and I know not how many other *isms* to boot; and is condemned to be *roué* according to ancient custom,—to be broken to pieces; his Neapolitan nose and mirth-stirring "*hunch*" to be burned to ashes,

and the ashes to be scattered abroad on the wings of the winds.

It was said, or suspected, that his old enemy, the *commissaire de police*, was an intended personation of Ignatius Loyola, and the devil a mere type of Monsieur de Villele; and that the *actionaire*, who conducted the firm, with his wooden cage, his cat, his candle, and his *compére*, (the wit who bandies jests with the wooden net, and sells his *gateaux de Nanterre* between the acts,) constitutes a secret society of the *coté gauche*, and is in deep conspiracy against those *prêt-noms* of every abuse, the throne and altar. Thus the *gagne-pain du pauvre diable** is confiscated to the benefit of the state; and Polichinel (under all forms of government an incorruptible supporter of the liberty of speech) is for ever silenced by an arbitrary act, by which the " gaiety of nations is

* The " bread-earner," a figure of speech sufficiently familiar.

eclipsed," and the stock of the people's "innocent amusements" curtailed of its fairest proportions. The downfall of Punch is the first *coup d'état* by which "*la liberté royale*"* has tried its strength, and experimented how far the nation will submit to the wickedness and imbecility of the new *Seides* of absolutism.

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* This has been defined by one of its partizans, "*Une monarchie libre, dont le peuple est concentré dans la personne du Roi, et où le roi seul est souverain!*"

A DINNER IN THE FAUBOURG.

Every quarter of Paris has its peculiar characteristics; and the English visitor who saunters away his sojourn in that city of enchantment, in the two fashionable quarters of *St. Honoré*, and the *Chaussée d'Antin*, knows as much of it as the English merchant, who is not suffered to pass the walls of Canton, does of the celestial empire. "*Qui voudrait voir deux pays differens*," says a popular journalist, "*dans la même soirée, n'a qu' à diner chez Désmarets au Faubourg, et prendre des glaces, chez Tortoni.*"* We did both,

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* He who would see two different countries on the same evening, should dine at Désmarets in the Faubourg, and take his ice at Tortoni's.

and more; for we got a walk in the Luxembourg, and went to the opera into the bargain.

We had gone, in the hospitable French fashion, to ask a dinner from some friends in the Faubourg; but they were absent at St. Germain's; so, as it was late, and we were hungry, we were constrained to seek our meal at a *restaurateur's*, where it is always sure to be welcomely given. Paris is the place, in the world, where no disappointment in such a speculation can occur; though one would not, by preference, run the chances of the Faubourg. As we stood in the *salon* of the *restaurateur's*, waiting for a private cabinet, we perceived some of the faded *grandeurs* of the quarter reposing over their frugal desert, with a certain air of nobility, and a formality of position and dress, it would be in vain to look for at Very's or Hardy's. There was not visible any of the petulant juvenility of the frequenters of the Boulevards, nor of the jocundity of the guests at the *Rocher de Cancale.* Not one

English face of *morgue*, and affected discontent, was to be seen; nor one Irish accent was heard, to awaken the echoes of the silent room, with perpetual claims on the attention of the "*waither*," with an appropriate correction of "no, its garsoon, I mane." No capricious *merveilleux* dropped in from a late visit to a dowager duchess, in the *entresol* of the *chateau*, "*pour improviser un repas*," by way of a frolic. The solemn silence of frugal gastronomy, making the most of its means, was unbroken, save by a deep mutter of political discussion, from some ancient ultra, who, with revenues less noble than his descent, had adjourned from the Chambers to the *restaurateur's*, and continued to pick the bones of arguments left unfinished in the tribune, as he picked those of his *cotelette à la Maintenon*, or his *fillet à la Du Barry:* for all beyond the cookery of Louis the Fifteenth, (himself the king of cooks, practically and theoretically,) seemed excluded from the *menu* of the Faubourg.

As we could get no cabinet to ourselves, we edified as we could by the scene before us; and after our dinner and cup of Moka, proceeded to the gardens of the Luxembourg. There we found ourselves in the midst of all that remains of the old race, brute and human, which we had left on our last visit fluttering out their senile vivacity, in the bosquets which had shaded the flirtations of their ancestors. Yet how few of the *petites cornettes*, or powdered *toupeés* of that day now remained! A few "*Silphides*" and "*Fidèles*" were still sporting at the end of ribbons, tied to the girdles of their ancient mistresses; and a few cocked hats and *baguettes à la Reine*, preserved some traces of the past,—which fifteen years ago was so well represented in that general resurrection of antiquities, which marked the return of the descendants of Hugh Capet. The "fell swoop," which death had made in the interval, was brought still more home to our minds by the recollection of one, whose society, on our last

visit to these gardens, had made it so interesting, by the variety of anecdotes she communicated,—while we reposed together under the shade of those noble trees, that, in the reign of terror, had afforded concealment to many a broken heart, and a momentary rest to the vigilance of many an anxious eye. She, too, was gone; and as we passed the court of her hotel, opposite to these gardens, where we had once celebrated the birthday of Voltaire, under such delightful circumstances, we gave a sigh to the memory of "*Belle et Bonne,*" whose charming *sobriquet* will be remembered when names more ancient and influential shall be forgotten,—even in the Faubourg, the grand repository of all otherwise forgotten things.

From the Luxembourg, we adjourned to the opera. What a change! what a contrast in persons, air, dress, sentiments, and opinions! The transformation of the last sombre scene which precedes the final splendors of a Christmas pantomime, is not more sudden, nor more

violent. Imagination has nothing comparable with reality ; and art in its most complicated efforts, approaches not within any measurable distance of the wonders of nature. Well may Paris be said to have a population for every faction, for every creed, and almost for every epoch !

PUBLIC GARDENS.

THERE is an influence arising out of the surrounding elements, which no moral causes can overpower. The French have in their climate a predestination to enjoyment and happiness, which sets bad government at defiance; for, (the case of the prisoner apart, who is excluded from the refreshment of air and sunshine,) the sources of pleasurable and healthful pursuit are open to all classes, and beyond the reach either of fiscal cupidity, or the tyranny of police. The English people, on the contrary, are the prisoners of their cli-

mate. Their pleasure must all be bought; and its unhealthy and unnatural excitements are consequently subject to the grasp of taxation, and are dearly purchased, or painfully foregone. The British sun, shipped from Whitehaven or Newcastle, may be gauged by the exciseman, and meted out to poverty, in the smallest quantities, and at the dearest price; and when the rigour of the season drives the population to the use of fermented liquors, an exacting government stands between the cup and the lip, and changes the "wholesome draught" (without any figure of speech) "into a deadly poison."

Among the many pleasures which offer themselves in Paris, those afforded by its numerous and beautiful public gardens, are, perhaps, the cheapest and the best. The gardens of Tivoli, the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, the *Jardin des Plantes*, (I had almost added, the *Père la Chaise*,) the *Champs Elysées*, the *Bois de Boulogne*, the gardens and grounds of the many

royal villas in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, exercise a beneficial influence not only on the health and enjoyment, but also on the character and temperament of the citizens of Paris. The taste for out-of-doors amusement thus engendered, by turning the public from an habitual indulgence of artificial excitements, must favour that cheery and elastic temperament, which develops intellect, promotes an expansive courtesy, and gives a habit of good breeding. The common people, always in the presence of nature,* are more awakened and alert, than the miserable citizen of another country, who, perpetually pent up in narrow streets, or between the four walls of a tap-room, where he is besotted with intoxicating liquors, has neither food for mental exercise, nor organs in a state fitted for apprehension or reflection.

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* Green fields and blue skies are not the less green and blue, because they are in the environs of a spacious capital.

The vicinity of our apartments in the Rue de Rivoli, to the Tuileries, made us frequent visitors to the gardens, where, when fatigued with the oppressive warmth of a June or July day, we have taken shelter under the verdant umbrage of its lofty horse-chesnuts, making our gipsy encampment " under the green-wood trees," in an atmosphere of orange flowers. Thus seated, in the centre of all the life and movement of Paris, our circle was wont to rapidly widen, by the accidental addition of acquaintances, who dropped in from time to time, and gave endless variety and life to the conversation. The passing scene afforded a perpetual panorama of living topics of discussion, in the carnival groupes of promenaders, in ceaseless movement before us,—the *cauchoise*, fresh from Normandy, in her lofty head-dress, of the time of the Valois,—the belle of the *Chaussée d'Antin* in the last *chapeau fleuri* of Herbaut, and the *quinzou* of Mad. Egremont, the *guindés* figures of the last

incursion of the British, and the always recognizable *tournure* of the newly-arrived provincials, who pay a visit to Paris once in their lives, to furnish matter of discussion during the remainder, to the *soirées* of their remote departments.

The frequent announcement of names and characters of great political, historical, or literary interest, as their bearers passed among the unknown and undistinguished crowd, was an additional source of enjoyment, rendering the social bivouac one of the most piquant and pleasant pastimes which Paris affords. What anecdotes! what secret memoirs! what traits of French life and manners have been related to us, while we thus enjoyed the breezes and the shade, amidst all the refinement, art, and luxury of a metropolis! How many Bonaparte duchesses have there passed in review before us, with their high-sounding titles of foreign victory, now pronounced with less effect than would once have been produced by

the names of their femmes de chambre! How many heroes of the tribune, how many chiefs of sects, and *célébrités* of all epochs, past and present!

We had an amusing, but somewhat satirical friend, who was wont to join us on such occasions, and who was the very *Bussi Rabutin* of the Tuileries. He had "*des memoires contre le genre humain*" at his fingers' ends, and a talent for story-telling well worth all the narratives of all the insipid English fashionable novels, that ever set beauty to sleep in the hands of her hairdresser. One evening he joined us in the *grande allée*, and began his office of reporter to the scandalous chronicle, without loss of time. "There, look at that portly old gentleman, whose gold-headed cane seems to keep time to some air he is humming of Gluck or Piccini. He is now a baron, and a man of wealth. He was harpsichord master to Marie Antoinette. His story is a tale worthy of Pigault Le Brun.—You know that ideal-

looking man who approaches? C'est le Baron —I see by his bow he knows you. Of all the orators of the Chamber, no one makes longer speeches, or is listened to with more attention —by himself.—There goes the pretty Duchesse d'Otrante, with her husband, the amiable son of the once fearful Fouché.—That woman, with her distinguished air, is Madame de St. Jean d'Angely, just as charming, if not so young, as when she was the *belle des belles* of the imperial court. You will not meet them in your high English circles, nor at the Chateau; their husbands have not qualified for that distinction.—There! look at that handsome Spaniard, *l'homme à bonne fortune du jour*. All that sort of thing is now the affair of foreigners. But for your English dandies, and the Spanish or Austrian diplomatists, we should be the most stupidly correct city in the world. One of the few altars of the old faith, which are now preserved in the Faubourg, is served by that young foreign *freloquet*, ' *d'ailleurs le plus*

aimable garçon du monde.' I saw such a scene yesterday evening in the church of St. Roch, the rendezvous, as you know, of all the fashion of Paris. It was after vespers. I know not what tempted me to turn in; but, returning from a visit to a friend, who lodges opposite, I did so. I had scarcely sauntered up the nave, which was occupied only by two or three old women, rocking and praying in their chairs, when to my surprise I perceived the beautiful Duchesse de ——— moving along a lateral aisle. She had a lovely child by the hand. She looked so pious, and yet so pretty—there was such a veil of devotion over her habitual coquetry, that she had the air of a Magdalen, by anticipation, doing penance for the peccadillo which she had not yet committed. She knelt before a *prie-dieu*, and drew forth her '*heures*' from a reticule, casting down her dove-like eyes, and moving her beautiful lips. The child knelt and yawned beside her. While I gazed in admiration,

another votarist appeared. It was our handsome Spaniard, *que voilà!* The duchess raised her eyes at the sound of his step, and dropped her prayer-book. The young count of course picked it up, but not before a billet was dropped from its leaves, and was picked up too, though not returned. He proceeded to the high altar, and the duchess continued to pray. They arose simultaneously from their devotions; and at the moment when she stepped into her carriage, the count, who was descending the steps, hurried to assist her. I should have done so too, but he was before me. She bowed with undistinguishing coldness to both, and drove off." The whole was a scene of a Spanish romance; and as my acquaintance related it, it had all the colouring of one.

The promenade of the Tuileries has its fashionable hours; and when the curfew bell of *ton* has rung, nothing beyond a native of the Rue St. Denis, or a straggler on a voyage of discovery from the Marais, (the Bloomsbury of Paris,) would

be seen there, for the world. The fashionable time, at this delightful season of the year, is from four till five, and from eight till the time when the *beau monde*, and the *monde* that is not *beau*, who prefer the open air and the moonlight, to the *spectacles* and *salons*, flock to the Champs Elysées. It is there, on a fine summer's evening, that the French temperament is seen in all its force, and to the greatest possible advantage. Here, the simplicity of the old French character is visible in the amusements and recreations of the lower orders, mingled with the pursuits opened to them by modern improvements: while the social qualities of the higher orders come out in the most pleasing relief, and in the brightest light. The *Route de Neuilly*, that noble avenue, which is but a prolongation of the *grande allée* of the Tuileries, is crowded with carriages, either drawn up, (while their owners take their seat under the shade of the trees,) or performing their cruise, with those who are too indolent to descend, or

too full dressed to encounter the dust. Before them, elegant groups are listening to bands of music of every country, performing their national airs—Tyrolean minstrels, the '*Ciechi*,' from Bologna, the Neapolitans with their guitars, and the true French bands chanting their *vaudevilles* and *airs de théâtre*. These musical troops move in succession from circle to circle till the hour arrives, when they assemble before the pavilions of their respective *cafés* and *glaciers;* by whose glittering light, seen through the cross avenues, they have a fairy effect. The multitudes seated on the little lawn before them, and taking ices, lemonades, and refreshments of all sorts, from a glass of *eau sucrée* to a *ponch à la romaine*, are of the middle and lower ranks, and are listening to the exquisite music of Rossini, Auber, and Pacini, with whose *chefs d'œuvre* they are as familiar as the most inveterate frequenters of the orchestra of the grand opera.

While pleasure and the arts are thus en-

joyed, at smaller prices than can purchase them in any other country in the world, a still lower range of amusements, at a lower rate, are offered to the simple votarists of the *jeu de bague, l'escarpolette, bascul à ressorts,** and the sailing through the air of a ship, which produces all the agreeable effects of sea-sickness, to the edification and special delight of the badauds of Paris. Meantime, Polichinel and his *compère* (as yet not put down *de par le roi*) announce the commencement of their performance, by lighting the solitary candle, in front of their little theatre; and take their chance of remuneration from the munificent *sous*, which indigent gaiety freely bestows, in return for its hearty laugh. "The weighing chair," with its tempting white cushions, is always in readiness, to gratify the least arrogant of all the varieties of *amour propre:* and a course of natural phi-

* Swings, round-abouts, and similar amusements, seen only in our country fairs.

losophy is given on the green sward, by an Armenian conjuror, who expounds the mysteries of nature to a class quite as intent on his experiments, as those of the *École de Médécine,* or *Jardin des Plantes.*

Strolling out one evening, in the interval between coffee at home and an assembly at Madame W.'s, we turned into the Champs Elysées, where we were joined by that accomplished and excellent Italian, the elder U——ni. Chance could not have thrown in our way a more desirable companion, to share the *dolce far niente* of the moment. The simplicity of genius, with its enthusiasm, and that love of nature, and sympathy with humanity, under all its aspects of enjoyment, which so often are blended in the highly organized, distinguish this elegant writer and amiable man. It was a warm, moonlight evening, succeeding to a sultry day—a night made expressly for ice and Italian reminiscences. So, after a saunter up the *allée,* and some bows of recog-

nition received and returned, we agreed to adjourn to the lawn of an illuminated *glacier*, and took our chairs accordingly, without the fear of fashion before our eyes, to interrupt our frolic, or embitter our enjoyment. In a moment, one of the flying Mercurys of the Temple (*vulgò*, a *garçon* or waiter) was before us with his *carte, à la main*; and, having ordered the necessary quantum of ices, iced water, and biscuits, to entitle us to the best seats, we gave ourselves up without reserve to "the genius of the place."

A little Luchese, with his squirrel, hearing us talk Italian, claimed the rites of compatriotship with U——, for himself, and for his *povera bestia;* and added two very singular figures to our group, which was gradually increased by twenty others, all equally odd and characteristic in their way. The pavilion, lighted up under the shadow of lofty trees, formed the back-ground of this animated picture. In front, was a band of Italian performers and singers,

male and female: the harps and guitars played by the latter, while the violins and violoncellos were attributed to the former. The music was chiefly Rossini's, and was executed with that feeling which is never wanting in the natives of Italy, however rude may be the mere mechanical part of their execution. Most of the little orchestra joined in singing, at intervals, concerted pieces from the "Barbiere," "Cenerentola," "Gazza Ladra," &c. The aristocratical part of the audience (such, namely, as could afford a chair and a *sorbet*) were in the front ranks, while the light from the pavilion fell on a multitudinous circle of humbler amateurs, which extended backwards, till the moonbeams only, playing between the trees, just tinged the remoter figures, and gave relief to their elevated heads and anxious faces. Immediately near us stood a group of workmen, who had apparently just left their daily labours at the *arc de triomphe*, and were loitering home to some remote faubourg, when arrested here by "the

magic of sweet sounds." Salvator Rosa never sketched more picturesque figures. Their red or black caps, worn on one side of the head; their white sleeves, rolled half way up their arms, which were folded in the attitude that intense pre-occupation loves to take, and which is always so graphic; and their leathern aprons, tucked up on one side; gave them a sort of *lazzerone* look and air, very foreign to their industrious habits and active pursuits. One of them was accompanied by his wife, a handsome young woman, with a dress which Teniers would have delighted to paint. She had an infant asleep on her bosom, and a little boy by the hand; and she leaned against the shoulder of her husband, as intently listening as himself, to sounds with which both were evidently delighted. Other auditors of the same description, all equally orderly and attentive, were scattered round, and a silence prevailed in this heterogeneous assembly, which it would be impossible to command in a London or Dub-

lin drawing-room, even though Pasta's divine voice were a motive to compel it. A remarkable-looking old lady, neatly dressed, with a veil thrown back from her pale and withered features, was selling "*plaisirs*" and little "*bonnes aventures.*"* Her voice was musical, and her manner striking. She stood without the circle, and offered us her basket, with a supplicating nod. A French gentleman, who had discovered and joined us, asked, "Do you remember the 'veiled lady,' who used to sing, some fifteen years ago, after night-fall, in the Rue Vivienne? This is all that remains of her. You perceive that her *esprit de dilletante* gets the better of her *esprit de commerce*, and that she is thinking more of Rossini than of selling her wares."

A scene like this, so replete with enjoy-

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* Prophecies which, offered at hazard, are supposed to contain the destinies of the customer.

ment, so instinct with propriety and decorum, bespeaks a people far advanced in genuine civilization. When will the porter and gin-drinking inhabitants of London, with all its vice-suppressing autocrats, and Sunday crusades against humble amusement, its fraudulent pretences to morality, and its canting boast of religion, exhibit such a cheering spectacle of national felicity — aye, and of national virtue too, as is presented in the evening amusements of the *Champs Elysées?*

COURSES OF LECTURES.

Paris has become one great university, and every quarter has its classes. Even the public gardens are studies; and society might be divided into professors and pupils, orators and audiences, philosophers and their followers. This vast stir of mind forms a marked contrast with the imprisonment of intellect which prevailed under the reign of Napoleon,—when philosophy thought and wrote by stealth. Not that Napoleon was more adverse to intellectual speculation than the liberators of Europe, who have succeeded him: but other times have

other exigencies, and his reign was that of action rather than of thought. Besides, the restored dynasty have not Napoleon's secret for making his wishes respected.

Under Louis the Fourteenth, men thought and wrote as they pleased; because the few, who could then do either, pleased to think and write in the spirit of the government, or rather of "*le maitre,*" as he was servilely called by the first genius of the age. *The people,* then, were not awakened to their wretched condition of being taxed and tortured,—broken to day on the wheel, as the accessories of crimes committed in obedience to superiors, who were sure to escape,—famished to-morrow,—always thwarted in their commercial and agricultural enterprize, and studiously preserved in ignorance, to render them the submissive victims and willing agents of persecution and oppression. If any of the geniuses of that day had desired to enlighten the nation, even by a line, or a word, the fate

of Fenelon and Racine was before them : but none made the attempt.

In the succeeding reign, when the maximum of corruption and crime had been attained, beyond which no nation can exist, men began to think and write more freely; and the banishment of Voltaire and Rousseau was but a type of the persecution which fell upon them, in consequence. Under the protection of *la charte,* knowledge now lays open her volume; all who seek, find; and the market which the intellectual wants of an improving population creates, is amply supplied. Even the old Sorbonne, the once great staple of mystification and ignorance, now possesses its Villemaine, whose bold and unfettered speculations are received with enthusiasm by thousands of auditors. Charles Dupin is giving his course of geometry applied to the arts, at the *Conservatoire,* and spreading widely the most valuable information; Andreux lectures at the College de France, on French literature ;

Lermier is interesting his disciples with the history of the Roman law, at the *Institut;* Guizot, the elegant lecturer on modern history, is always sure of an immense class, and is well deserving of his popularity; and Cousin never fails to assemble round him a numerous and enthusiastic corps of followers, when he lectures on the history of philosophy, and, by the force of his eloquence, gives a temporary vogue to the doctrines of Plato, and the system of Kant.*

Many others, not less notable, because unknown to me, are powerfully forwarding the

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* This fashion which has prevailed of plunging into the vague, verbal sophistries of German philosophy, though, in fact, a retrogradation from the science of Cabanis and Condillac, is, at least, a proof of the independence of the French mind, and of a strong desire to enlarge the bounds of knowledge. The fanciful idealism of his school is not, however, adapted either to the French temperament, or to the precision of the French prose style; its fashion must be temporary, and it will speedily be superseded by something of a more tangible and profitable character.

great impulse of mind, through every class and order of society. The want, the desire, the insatiable passion for instruction upon all subjects, and with every possible view, is spreading with a rapidity, like that which marked the progress of the plague, in those good times when the pulpit was the only fountain of public teaching, and when leisure was borrowed from the pursuits of industry, to celebrate the "feast of the ass," while the congregation brayed their responses, at the bidding of the bishop, and under dread of his excommunication for disobedience.* Notwithstanding

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* All who are in the least acquainted with ecclesiastical antiquities, are aware that the feast of the ass was a festival observed to a late period. It was imagined at Verona, that the ass which carried our Saviour to Jerusalem, passed the sea dry shod, and taking the route of Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia, Malta, and Sicily, stopped some time at Aquileia, and then fixed its quarters finally in the neighbourhood of Verona, where it died. Its funeral was celebrated with great honours; its bones, inclosed in an artificial ass, were

the honourable and manly stand which England, of late years, has made in favour of the emancipation of mind, a large part of the upper and middle classes of that country still continue to bray with the bishop, to sign unread, or at least ill understood, the articles of his church, and to receive with a like implicit faith, the modicum of knowledge which is doled out at his universities. The art and mystery of breaking the animal, man, to the purposes of

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preserved in the church of Notre-Dame-of-the-Organs, under the care of four canons; who, twice a year, carried this relic processionally through the city. Throughout all Catholic Europe, the feast of the ass was celebrated with the most extravagant buffooneries: the priest braying from the altar, and the people responding. Some have supposed this a remnant of the Pagan Saturnalia; but it seems rather an act of insolent triumph of the craft, over the asinine patience of the people, and, at the same time, a test of its power. For an account of the ceremonies used on this occasion in the cathedral of Beauvais, *see Environs de Paris*, tome iii. p. 509.

the governing few, has been long and well understood; and the "panther that will not be tamed" by force, is duped into the gentleness of the lamb. But as the keepers of the insane often acquire some of the mental obliquities of the objects of their care, so the teachers of error participate largely of the imbecility they propagate. The bray of the ass, therefore, is by no means confined to the populace; but is as often heard in the high places, as in the haunts of the vulgar. Knowledge, in England, is unequally diffused: it is cooped up in categories; and, from a man's place in society, the quality and extent of his political and religious philosophy may be predicted with considerable certainty. This is a point, in which France enjoys very material advantage over us. The great lesson of the revolution has been read to all; all have profited by the teaching; and, in this respect, the French nation is still one and indivisible. Long habits of public discussion may have given to Englishmen a superiority in

the forms and externals of debate; but, in substantial emancipation from the thraldom of sophistry, it must (however painful) be acknowledged that they have fallen behind their continental neighbours.* We accuse the French of being superficial sciolists; and where knowledge is widely diffused, the reproach must necessarily be justified by frequent example. It is not, however, fair to measure the average attainments of the multitude of one country, by the standard of the cultivated few of another: and when the two populations are generally compared, if Frenchmen are found superficial, Englishmen are too frequently in absolute ignorance.

The mere people of both countries are, in truth, but in the infancy of their education. In both, intellectual deficiencies are only beginning to be felt; but necessity has driven forward the French with greater rapidity; and adversity has quickened their appre-

* As for instance, on the question of the Ballot.

hension. They are more keenly sensible to the utility of knowledge as an instrument of public liberty, and they feel an enthusiasm on the subject which has not yet been excited in England.*

Thus taught, and thus disposed to profit by the teaching, France can never again be duped by the charlatanerie of privileged orders; and it is in vain that the profiters by privilege exert every nerve to replace the public mind under the tutelage of priestcraft. If every school and university in France were under the ab-

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* The affairs of England are of so mixed a nature; there is so perpetual a shock of interests; and consequently of directions given to mind and opinion; that it is almost impossible to make any assertions respecting the country, which are wholly and entirely true. Fifteen years of peace, and a more liberal march of the government, have done much. Mechanics' institutions, the London University, the multiplication of cheap literature, are splendid exceptions; and the England of 1830 is no more the England of 1815 than it is of James the First.

solute control of the Jesuits, the great university of society would supersede their teachings, and would preserve unmixed the valuable lessons of experience. If the many are destined for ever to remain the victims of the few, and if nations must continue to be governed by sounds, the French, at least, require for their subjugation, that these sounds shall be new. The ancient *grimoire* of despotism has lost its talismanic virtues; popes, potentates, and priests, Leos, Louis's, and Richelieus, for whose personal ambition millions have been sacrificed, have forfeited their influence with the multitude; and the web of tyranny must, for the future, be woven in other looms, than those of superstition and brutal ignorance.

Of this verity, the actual government is far from convinced; and the policy of its agents has been constantly directed to circumvent the liberals in their attempts to diffuse the blessings of mutual instruction. For a short time

Lancasterian schools were absolutely prohibited, as tending to the overthrow of the throne and altar; *(partout, les mêmes propos, par le même jargon;)* and the education of the peasantry was committed to the *Ignorantins*, by far the best named constituted corps in Europe.* But the downfall of the Villèle ministry again opened the primary instruction of the people to the public. Still, however, the policy of the court is the same, though the power to give effect to its wishes is somewhat abated.

It is not, then, matter of surprize that reading and writing are less diffused among the lower classes of France than they are in England; and that the great majority of the peasantry are still uninstructed by books.† In

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* That theory may be backed by the example of the higher powers, the education of the *Duc de Bourdeaux* is confided to Jesuits. Monsieur Tharen, his preceptor, and Bishop of Strasbourg, is *jesuitissime;* and the Baron Damas, his governor, is a Jesuit, *à courte robe.*

† The French, however, of all classes, are great conver-

the great cities, however, this is less absolutely true. Every parent that can possibly afford it, feels a pride, and a sense of duty, in giving instruction to his offspring. In Paris, the servants and lower artificers more generally read and write; and where the power exists, it does not remain so much a bare potentiality, as it does in England, where education, being gratuitously bestowed, is less valued by the recipient,—and where the demand upon the time of the lower classes is so burthensome and incessant, as to leave little leisure either for improvement or pleasure. The taste for reading in France is, at least, co-extensive with the

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sationalists; they are essentially communicative, social, and demonstrative. Every *Porte cochère* has its *coterie,* every village its *homme de tête,* who reads for the rest; and news and information are thus circulated by verbal communication with general benefit, though, in some instances, with amusing absurdity; of this, the little drama of the Porter's Lodge, in M. Mounier's "*Scenes Populaires,*" is a faithful and most entertaining illustration.

faculty; and the most classical works of the language are in the hands of all classes. Books are there less frequently written to the level of the ignorant, to teach them their duties to their superiors, and to teach them nothing more; and if occasionally the attempt is made to mystify them with sham miracles and fraudulent misrepresentations of religion, the public mind is fortified against the attack, and such works make no impression, except among the most ignorant of the female population.

It is, however, among the rising generation, destined to professional life, that the improvement in education is most perceptible; and that the ardent and insatiable thirst for genuine knowledge has so completely superseded the military enthusiasm, and the dissipated taste for pleasure, of their predecessors. Contented with the most moderate means, sober, industrious, and ambitious of literary distinction, the young pupils of the schools of medicine and of law extend their inquiries to every

branch of science that can tend to make them not only good practitioners, but useful citizens; and the quantity of new publications of a substantial and scientific character which daily appears from the French press, affords the strongest proof of the masculine tone of mind which is spreading from this nucleus throughout the whole of the youthful readers above absolute poverty.

THE TOILETTE.

"WOMAN," says an old French translator of one of the Fathers, "is an animal that delights in the toilette;" and the definition is more applicable to "women" in France, than in any other region of the known world. Philosophy might perhaps discover the why; but the fact rests on the sure basis of observation; and the gravity of history interposes to establish and authenticate it.* I had an extremely

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* "At the baptism of the son of Madame de Sourdis, (anno 1594,) Gabrielle d'Estrées wore a dress of black

pleasant illustration of this axiom, on my recent arrival at Paris, in a visit from one of my fair friends of 1818. Time, which had left some slight traces of his passage on her person, had given her up as an indemnity to Taste; and her toilette had gained by the larceny perpetrated by years upon her natural beauty. Madame de —— is, in the strictest sense of the term, a *femme à la mode,* an epithet which, in France, confers a patent of divinity. It would be difficult to explain the precise qualifications necessary to the enjoyment of this distinction. Younger beauties, brighter wits, creatures

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satin, so ornamented with pearls and precious stones, that she could scarcely move under its weight. She had also a handkerchief embroidered for her, to be worn in a ballet, for which she engaged to pay nineteen hundred crowns! And such was the influence of this example on the women of Paris, that they ornamented even their shoes with jewels." —*Journal d'Henri IV.* tom ii. In comparison with this, what are the embroidered handkerchiefs of our modern belles?

more graceful and more gracious, recede before the *femme à la mode;* and are left partnerless at balls, and lonely in the boudoir, while these mystic impersonations of female influence carry off all suffrages, and are surrounded by crowds of devoted admirers, who, stopping short of passion, and never aiming at attachment, often forego the objects of both, to follow in the meteor train of the idols of their preference. When I asked a young Parisian fashionable the reason why Madame de ——, who is neither young nor pretty, is thus followed, he shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eye-brows, hesitated and muttered a reply, "*Mais—mais—que voulez vous;—c'est une femme à la mode.*"

I was just going forth to pay my first visit to General Lafayette, when this lady dropped in, to make hers to me. We met, as we parted, in true French courtesy and Irish cordiality; and we complimented each other on mutual good conservation,—as women do, who like to hear, and therefore to say, pleasant things; and with that natural vanity, which is never so

exacting, as when the grounds of vanity are beginning to fail.

"You are going out?" she said.

"Yes," I replied, "to make a course of visits to friends."

"A course of the toilet, you mean," she replied, casting a no very flattering glance over my dress: "I have come to you thus early to put you on the right track."

"Oh! but dear Madame de ——, I cannot go dress-hunting now: I would not miss General Lafayette for the world; and this is the time to catch him, before he goes to the chambers."

"*Ah! vous voulez donc faire mourir de rire Le Generale?*"

"Die laughing!—at what?"

"Why, at your toilet, my child; *Robe à grands volans, capote à baleine! Dieu est il possible?*" She laughed with all her heart.

I now began to fear that I really was a ludicrous figure; but glancing in the *Psyché* that stood opposite, I saw that all was right—right, at least, according to the standard of

Dublin fashion. A spick and span new tabinet (the last pattern of O'Donnel, of Grafton Street) made up, to the letter, after the *petit Courier des dames dernier numero!* my bonnet, too, on the model of one of Madame Carson's, of London. I justified my dress, and quoted authorities. The good breeding of Madame de —— could hold out no longer; and she was in fits of laughter.

"*Est-elle naïve cette chère Miladi?*" she exclaimed, "*avec son petit Courier, et sa bonne Madame Carson! écoutez chère amie:* people, here, do not dress after printed programmes; and were you seen stepping out of your carriage in such a bonnet as that, you would run a risk of being hunted down by the very populace."

I was alarmed. To be outlawed for my book in 1820, and for my bonnet in 29! For, how could I tell, amidst the changes that had taken place, whether *leze-toilette* might not, in the present state of things, be as penal as *leze-majesté* was heretofore? The fearful anathema,

too, "*à tous sujets enjoint de courir sous*"* ran in my ears; and a French populace, armed with sticks and stones, fulfilling the *dictum*, caught such hold of my imagination, that I cried out, "You really quite frighten me. What would you advise me to do?"

"Put the whalebone that is in your bonnet, into your petticoat; lay aside a stuff and a *façon*, that are out of date these two months; and get into the toilet of the season. You will have a charming reception here; for liberalism is the order of the day: and all the young people read your books: but, believe me, my dear, no celebrity can make head against ridiculous dressing."

"Ridiculous dressing!" I repeated, quite vexed at being thus "pestered by a popingay," at a moment when my head and heart were full of the interesting visit.

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* "All good subjects are ordered to run down the offender."

"The phrase is a little strong, I admit," she replied; "but it is, after all, *le mot propre*. You remind me of Madame de Stael, who never could be got out of the red turban, of the time of the Directory, which she persisted in wearing, through all the changes in dress and government, up to the restoration, when she visited the Duchess of Angoulême, in the identical *coiffure* in which she had dined with Bonaparte at Talleyrand's. But you literary ladies are so difficult to manage, in all that respects the outward forms of life."

"Well, well," I said, "let me off to Lafayette now, and you shall find me very tractable another time. I am well enough dressed for the organizer of two great revolutions, and the founder and ex-commander-in-chief of the National Guards."

"You put me out of all patience," burst forth Madame de ——, in a fit of petulance that makes a Frenchwoman so awful, or so amusing. "Because a man founds, or destroys an empire, is he, therefore, to have no eyes, no

judgment? Your General is a great man, I allow; but he is *Français avant tout;* and with a Frenchman, though it were St. Denis himself, an old fashion is ever a ridicule."

"Well," I said, endeavouring in vain to pitch my voice as high as hers, "it does not signify talking, I must go now; for my illustrious friend expects me: but to please you, we will stop on our road, and buy a fashionable bonnet."

"Stop, and buy a bonnet! *Ah! j'en mourirai,*" and she almost laughed herself into a convulsion; then suddenly drawing up, and drying her eyes, she continued: "so, you think, that to be well dressed, one has only to stop and buy a bonnet. You suppose that I will take you to the Rue Vivienne, and empty some shop-window of its *chapeau d'affiche*, and order it into the carriage, as one does an ice; and then fit you out with a robe *à prix fixe*, in the Passage de Lorme, and send you, with the price-ticket fastened to your skirts, into the *salon* of General Lafayette, for the special

amusement of his elegant relation, Madame de T., one of the best dressed women of France. No, no; stay at home for this day, and amuse yourself by looking out of the window, and seeing the fashionables going into the gardens at the hour of the promenade: that will give you a general idea of the toilet of the day. Meantime, I will go to Victorine and Herbaut, and see what can be done for you."

"What can be done for me?"

"To be sure: I will get their earliest day and hour; and *faire inscrire votre nom, sur leur livre rouge.*"*

"Take *their* day and hour! take *mine*, you mean."

"By no means. Were you Sappho herself, you must wait their leisure. When the Duchess de Berri sent her *dame d' honneur* to Victorine, the other day, to desire she would come and take her orders at the *Pavillon Marsan*, she replied that she would be happy to have the honour of dressing her Royal High-

* "Get your name written in their books."

ness, who would find her at home on such a day, at such an hour."

"And how did the duchess bear this?"

"Bear it! What could she do? There are princesses everywhere: there is but one Victorine on earth, as there was formerly but one Le Roi, and one Bertin. The throne and the altar have been shaken and overthrown in France:—the toilet never!"

At this moment, my servant brought in a card, for a diplomatic ball. Madame de —— read it with all the delight with which Signore Mai would feel in a newly discovered manuscript of Cicero.

"*Voila qui est bien,*" she said; "I must not lose a minute in making interest for you. It would be impossible for you to go to a diplomatic ball, without being *habillée par Victorine et berretée par Herbaut. Il vous faut leur cachet.** Your beautiful countrywoman, Lady ——, by neglecting to keep

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* "Without Victorine for your dress-maker, and Herbaut for your milliner. You must have their seal."

her appointment with the latter, never recovered her *ton* during the season of her *debût.* But *fiez vous à moi ;* if I cannot get these two great sovereigns to dress you, you shall have some one of their school ; and I will write you my success to night ; so *à demain n'est ce pas ;*" and away fluttered this friendliest and most frivolous of Frenchwomen ; leaving me the most mortified and most desolate of Irishwomen ; for I was too late for my appointment, and found Lafayette, as I expected, gone to the Chamber.

This certainly was not "*le plus beau jour de ma vie ;*"* so having the fear of my bonnet before my eyes, I returned to finish the morning, as I had began it, and seated myself at the window,—as Madame De —— had desired me, —to take that general view of the *beau monde,* which the comings and goings of the walkers in the Tuileries were calculated to give me.

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* "The happiest day of my life." The name of a most amusing farce, in which the manners of France, in relation to the marriage ceremony, are most humorously satirized.

What a panorama of fashion presented itself—all movement and bustle! Cabs, calashes, and *coupés* drawn up at the gate, troops of fair pedestrians of a lower grade in the classification of fashion, (accompanied by their cavaliers, as shawl-bearers,) poured forth from the Rues Royale and Castiglione, picking their Chinese steps, in a *chaussure*, as classic as the buskined ancle of the Diana of the capitol, peeping from beneath petticoats, romantic as the muse of Mons. Chateaubriand.

The most remarkable feature in this *coup-d'œil* is, that all the women seemed to have stepped out of one mould, like so many shapes of jelly for a ball supper. All the nether drapery seemed mathematically measured to the same length and circumference. Waist, hips, and shoulders, were all formed to the same type and proportion. The same number of hairs seemed to be dragged from the roots of the temple, in a *chivaux de frize* of a very frightened, if not frightful appearance. The same bonnet, of the same form, colours, and flowers, evinced a system of conventional ty-

ranny in dress, which yields to no incongruity, and leaves no opening to individual taste; proving that despotism had at least found one strong hold which the *charte* could not reach. The universality of English muslins gave food for meditation to commercial philosophy; and the firmness of folds, which no "air of heaven could visit too roughly," afforded equal matter of speculation to the tasteful admirer of ideal beauty. All the rigid pictures of Perugino and Holbein seemed to have stalked out of their frames, (so uniform was the prevalence of straight lines,) for the purpose of restoring forms, which the Raffaelles and Coreggios would have rejected with horror. It was soothing to national self-love to remark that the long waists and short petticoats,—which, on the first incursions of the English, had set all Paris in a roar, which had produced "*les Angloises pour rire*," had supplied the Boulevards with caricatures, and the faubourg with epigrams,—were now universally worn. But fashion is essentially caprice; and fashion in dress, the caprice of milliners and tailors; with

whom *rechèrche* and exaggeration supply the place of education and principle.

The rational French dinner-hour emptied the gardens about the same moment when the irrational London fashionables begin their morning drives to the Park. Another population rapidly succeeded to the *élite* of the ton—the *petits rentiers*,* who came to digest their dinners, and the smart *femmes de chambre* and responsible looking *bonnes*, with their charges, in the childhood of both ages,—joyous and noisy groups of girls and boys, and tranquil, placid octogenarians, who came to bask in the warmth of the declining sun, and enjoy the last runnings of the hour-glass, in the presence of that nature which is life, and health, and pleasure, even to doating senility. Notwithstanding my ill-omened bonnet and dress, I thought I might venture, at this unfashionable hour, to breathe the flower-scented air of the gardens; and, arm-in-arm with my

* "Small annuitants," a rather numerous class in the French capital.

young travelling companion, (like myself, as yet without the pale of fashionable orthodoxy,) we set forth to take, through this Eden of Paris, "our solitary way."

It is a terrible destiny to teach the young what in the recollection of the old it is a penalty to have learned; to come back to alphabets and syllables, and all the tread-mill labours of childhood, without its illusions; and to recommence syntax, just as we have acquired the conviction, that language was only given to man to conceal his thoughts. But it is delicious to hold commune with the fresh intellect of youth, in its first experiments upon the world, when it throws the halo of its unworn fancy and vigorous feeling upon every object presented to its contemplation. Even the inquiries of intelligent youth, in its eager search for information, have a charm, in kindling a reviving sense of the value of painfully-acquired knowledge. They are an honest homage to that truth at which cunning and mediocrity laugh, in their conscious superiority of the *savoir faire* over the *savoir;* and even the wisest and best

may require this involuntary tribute, to console them under the conviction of labours ill repaid, and under the neglect and inapprehension of a common-place world.

As my young companion and myself, in this our first visit to the historical site of the Tuileries, walked down the Terrace des Feuillans, glanced along the Allée des Orangers, and took our seat immediately facing the royal château, the scene came upon us in all the splendour of a rich evening sunshine, which left no object of art or nature unmellowed by its glow. What a view! and what recollections! for one, too, recently risen from the works of the Maintenons and the Sevignés, and the memoirs of the Rovigos and the Campans! Not an entresol, not a balcony, nor a corridor, that did not draw forth a question, or suggest an historical anecdote of the reigns of the five last Louises.

It was in the midst of the historical enthusiasm thus excited, that I was suddenly chilled by the loud whisper of "*Mais quelle originale. Voyez les volans à dents, et les tire-*

bouchons de la petite." I looked round, and found ourselves the objects of observation and amusement to a group of pert grisettes, to whom our toilet appeared quite as ridiculous, as it could have done to a belle of the Chaussée d'Antin. Mortified and annoyed, I returned home, convinced that Mad. de —— was right; and that, in France, the liberty of the toilet is yet to be conquered. I spent the whole of the two ensuing days in a course of fashion; and the results of my researches would fill a volume, if I had time to record them. With much that is amusing, much that is ridiculous, they would supply something for graver and more philosophic consideration. Perhaps the most striking singularity in the whole, is the violence of the contrast between the frivolity and dependance of the females of France in matters of dress and fashion, and the stern severity of the male intellect, employed almost universally on the greatest and gravest interests of nations. Many of my young friends complained of the interval which thus separates them from female society, and alleged, in excuse of

the little attention they are accused of paying to the sex, their occasional want of power to sympathize, or to converse with beings of so opposite an element to their own. Should this complaint become general, it would rapidly reform the abuse. The excessive rigour and minute tyranny of fashion formed a natural re-action on the principles and practices of the reign of terror; and the encouragement which Napoleon gave to lavish extravagance of dress, in his revolutionary court, rendered that a vice, which would otherwise have been but a folly. Female dress is at present out of all proportion to the expenses of a small *ménage*, and must often prove a dangerous lee-shore to political, if not to private honesty. The triumph of constitutional principles, by destroying aristocratic supremacy, and engaging all classes with major interests, will not, perhaps, overthrow this tyranny, but it will at least moderate some of its more salient absurdities.

SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN MORALITY.

Besides the regular courses of lectures upon the various branches of arts and sciences, which are daily given in Paris, there are other public meetings, either of a purely scientific, or of a mixed character of practical usefulness and benevolence, in which knowledge is at once extended and diffused among the people. Associations for such purposes are among the most popular amusements or occupations of the middle classes in France, and their meetings are always crowded with auditors of both sexes. Of these, the *Société Géographique*, the *Société Philotechnique*, and the *Société de la Morale Chrétienne*, are the most generally attractive,

or, at least, those of which we heard the most, either in good or in evil report,—either quizzed for pedantry and trifling, or recommended as useful or entertaining.

To attend a meeting of the *Société de la Morale Chrétienne,* we laid aside other engagements more amusing than the speeches and reports of public meetings usually are, being interested in one of its members, Monsieur Edouard Thayer, whose intelligent benevolence led him to take a prominent part in the business of that day. We were not a little struck by seeing one of the gayest young men of Paris, whose society had made the charm of some of the highest circles in Ireland,* a mem-

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* The two Messieurs Thayers, the accomplished sons of an accomplished mother, visited Ireland in the autumn of 1826, in company with the Duc de Montebello, and Monsieur Duvergier, one of the able *redacteurs* of the French "Globe." The inquiring spirit and accuracy of observation, with which these young travellers examined the countries in which they sojourned, are best evinced in the "Letters on the English Elections, and on the (then) State of Ireland," by Monsieur D., which first appeared in the "Globe;" and

ber of this grave society. We had last seen him, the life and spirit of a masquerade at Lord Northland's, in the north of Ireland; we were now to find him making his "*rapport sur le résultat du concours sur l'abolition de la traite des noirs, et de l'esclavage.*"

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in which the well-informed Englishman can scarcely detect an error, or expose an oversight.

Desirous of seeing whatever was most remarkable, these gentlemen mixed freely with all parties; and amongst other objects of curiosity, they did not neglect the Catholic public meetings, at that time rising into prominent importance. The Irish, who love a duke, (even though a foreigner and of the new stock,) seized upon this occasion of giving *éclat* to their proceedings, and noticed the presence of their visitors in a complimentary strain; to which the Duc de Montebello replied shortly and appropriately in English. Soon afterwards, having asked some "government people" to meet the duke at my house, they refused, on the plea of fearing to commit themselves with Mr. Goulburn, the Secretary for Ireland! I notice the subject, as affording a striking contrast with the present state of feeling in Dublin, where no one would, I believe, now refuse to meet any member of any party, not even the "Great Agitator" himself—from the apprehension of committing themselves with the government.—(*June* 1830!)

In Ireland, when young men take their vows of seriousness, the pedantry of piety, the outward and visible signs of their self-supposed superiority, are obvious in every look and gesture. Their faces lengthen, their persons become formal, their brow lours, their complexion grows pale, their manner is dogmatizing, their conversation is cant, and their whole air and deportment exhibit the mental prostration and pharasaical humility of pride, so remarkable in the young Catholic priesthood now rearing in France by the Jesuits, for purposes infinitely more dangerous to society, than those which lead the Irish youth to forego their manly pursuits, and put on the livery of outward sanctity. In France, when young laymen devote themselves to serious pursuits, it is always in the philosophical hope of bettering the community, and in the noble ambition of distinguishing themselves, and of winning the esteem and admiration of their compatriots. In their efforts, there is nothing forced, nothing false, nothing feeble, and they remain precisely what nature intended them to be at their time

of life. They are also all that a practical education is calculated to render them; an education commenced in schools, (neither founded on monkish principles, nor regulated in compliance with state systems,) and completed in the world, into which they enter so early. "Our young men are the flower of our society," said General Lafayette, the other day; and a modern writer, Monsieur Carrion Nisas, (*fils*,) has advanced some undeniable reasons why they should be superior to the generations which preceded them. "The French youth," he observes, "are well conducted, because they are enlightened. They are enlightend, because they cannot be otherwise. It is no merit in them: they live at an epoch of the revolution, and under an order of things, which presents the instructive spectacle of two political systems, civil and religious, in presence of each other, fighting, corps to corps, with the sole arms of reason; one of them retreating slowly, and in good order, while the other, with a like order and measure, pursues it from post to post. They live at a time when human so-

ciety has become an arena for discussing the most important questions which interest humanity, &c. &c."*

If much of the merit of the French youth is due to the institutes and order of things, under which they were born, much also results from the abrogation of the law and rights of primogeniture. There is now in France no phalanx of half-educated and wholly dependent younger brothers, to saunter though so-

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* "Elle (la jeunesse française) est sage parce qu'elle est éclairée; elle est éclairée, et elle ne peut pas ne pas l'être: il ne faut pas lui en faire un mérite; elle vit à l'une de ces époques de rénovation, et sous un de ces ordres de choses transitoires, qui présentent le spectacle éminemment instructif de deux systèmes politiques, civils et religieux en présence l'un de l'autre, combattant corps à corps, presque avec les seules armes du raisonnement, et dont l'un se retire lentement et en bon ordre, tandis que l'autre le chasse de poste en poste avec non moins d'ordre et de lenteur; elle vit dans un temps où la société humaine est devenue la discussion organisée des plus importantes questions qui intéressent l'humanité.—*De la Jeunesse Française, Par Monsieur Carrion Nisas fils.*

ciety, to live on the public, and to find their titles, (as was observed, with more sarcasm than *esprit de corps*, by an Irish lady of rank,) "as good as board wages." Personal distinction is now the object of all; and this great reward is only attainable by personal exertion. Public opinion is not, in England, as yet ripe for seeking this amelioration in society. But the Englishman's "schoolmaster"—his pocket, —is lecturing daily and hourly on the evils attendant on undue privileges of castes; and another generation will not pass away, before they will be seen in their proper colours, as one of the greatest social scourges which have been inflicted on man.

When we were presented with tickets for the meeting of the *Société de la Morale Chrétienne*, I had taken it into my head that I was going to one of those meetings, which assemble in the Rotunda of Dublin (the great mart of quackery of all sorts) for the dissemination of the Praise-God-bare-bones system, that formerly demonstrated, in England, the proneness of mankind to run after whoever and whatever

enjoins a dogma, or prescribes a form. But I found the society full of intelligent, animated beings, of both sexes; the men with high intellectual foreheads, so common in the public meetings in Paris; and the women, in spite of the elegance of their toilet, as attentive, as if they had come rather to hear, than to be looked at.

Thanks to thirty years of assiduous teaching, the English have been accustomed to believe the French a nation of pure and unmixed atheists, intent only on the work of destruction, moral and physical. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous. If religion be a special gift of Heaven, superstition, at least, is an universal and animal instinct; and man, all over the world, if he has not a god, will make to himself an idol. A nation of atheists is, therefore, a physiological impossibility. There is in the upper and middle classes of Paris, a respectable corps of enlightened religionists, of various shades of faith;—Catholics, (the remnants of Jansenism,) Protestants, unattached Christians, and Unitarians; with whom a sense

of duty to their Maker becomes a powerful motive for a more active and conscientious discharge of their duties towards man. This body includes some of the most remarkable liberals, who figured among the moderate parties of the revolution; and its type was the late Count Lanjuinais, whose memory is dear to all the friends of their species in France. This body may be considered as forming the nucleus of the *Société de la Morale Chrétienne*, round which is congregated a large mass of persons, who, without any very decided sectarian vocation, are desirous of improving the details of social organization, and of removing or abating some of the more prominent nuisances which still infect society. The larger part of its operations are of a purely charitable nature; but education, prison discipline, every thing, in short, in which the citizen can assist the government in civilizing and amending the people, comes within the sphere of its functions.

In a society thus constituted, there can exist nothing of that fanaticism and sectarian zeal,

which diminish the efficiency of so many benevolent institutions in England and in Ireland. In the latter country, the narrow views of methodism and of orange prejudice are ever tainting and palsying the efforts of persons of great natural benevolence and conscious desire to do right; and in England, an unacknowledged, if not an unfelt *arrière pensée* of rendering the people docile and subservient, amidst a host of abuses, gives a false direction to much of its otherwise praiseworthy charity, and deteriorates its institutions for gratuitous instruction. In France, the superior civilization of the people has raised them above these weaknesses, as the anti-aristocratic tendency of their institutions has removed much of the temptation to indulge them; and notwithstanding the title in which the *Société de la Morale Chrétienne* rejoices—which with us would smack something of cant—there was nothing in its proceedings calculated either to enslave the minds, or subdue the independence, of the objects of its care.

One circumstance, which particularly struck

us in the proceedings of the day, was a development of the obstruction which the heads of departments, and the minor fry of clerks and dependents, throw in the way of its committees, for obtaining information. This is uniformly the case in all governments where there is any thing to conceal or to rectify; and the circumstance affords a fair standard for measuring the monarchical and oligarchical principles which are so perseveringly held up as the sole fountains of political order. It affords decided evidence of the utter incompatibility of the government of the few, with the interests and the happiness of the many; and it proves to demonstration, that the abuses of a bad regime are by no means confined to the points in which its favourers are personally and immediately concerned.

The subjoined programme of the business of the meeting at which we attended, will give some idea of the objects and plans of this truly Christian association, which is worthy of the doctrines of Him whose code was one of love and charity to all men,

and not of division and unbrotherly aversion —the moving principles of all sects, from the image-breakers of the early times, down to the maledictory Irwinites of the present.*

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* *Société de la Morale Chrétienne.*

Paris, le 25 Avril 1829.

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Les Président et Secrétaires de la Société de la Morale Chrétienne ont l'honneur de vous prévenir que sa neuvième Assemblée générale annuelle aura lieu, le Vendredi 1er Mai, à midi, Rue de Cléry, No. 21.

On entendra, dans cette Assemblée, les rapports sur les divers travaux de la Société pendant l'année expirée, et on y procédera aux nominations annuelles.

Vous êtes invité à assister, à cette Séance, ainsi que les personnes de votre famille.

La Séance commencera à midi précis.

Nota.—Les dons que les personnes assistant à la Séance voudront déposer dans le tronc, seront partagés entre les Comités de Bienfaisance, des Orphelins et des Prisons.

Pour devenir Membre de la Société, et recevoir le Jour-

nal qu'elle public, on doit être présenté par deux Membres, et payer une rétribution annuelle, dont le *minimum* est fixé à *vingt-cinq francs.* (Art. 4 et 8 du Réglement.)

On peut s'abonner au Journal de la Société sans en être Membre, à raison de 15 fr. pour vingt-quatre cahiers formant deux volumes in-8°, et de 18 fr. franc de port pour les départemens.

S'adresser, pour les renseignemens, au Bureau de la Société, Rue Taranne, No. 12, à Paris.

Ordre du Jour.

1. Discours d'ouverture par M. Guizot, Président.

2. Rapport sur les travaux de la Société depuis la dernière Séance annuelle, par M. H. Carnot, l'un des Secrétaires.

3. Rapport sur la comptabilité de la Société, par M. Laffon de Ladebat père, membre de la Commission des Fonds.

4. Rapport au nom du Comité de Charité et de Bienfaisance, par M. Viguier, Membre du Comité.

5. Rapport au nom du Comité des Orphelins, par M. Etienne fils, Membre du Comité.

6. Rapport au nom du Comité des Prisons, par M. Raoul Duval, Membre du Comité.

7. Rapport sur le résultat du Concours sur l'état de la Legislation relative à l'exercice de la Liberté religieuse en France, par M. Berville.

8. Rapport sur le résultat du Concours sur l'Abolition

de la Traite des Noirs et de l'Esclavage, par M. Edouard Thayer.

Propositions de divers prix.

N. B. Elections. MM. les Membres de la Société sont invités à preparer leurs bulletins avant l'ouverture de la séance, et à déposer immédiatement dans l'urne.

MUSIC.

I HATE looking back at my own old books, my sins of former authorship. I believe, one has a natural antipathy to one's old works, as to one's old loves; since both are said to fall beneath the standard of matured and improved taste. An old lover, therefore, always seems an old quiz, and an old work an old prose.

This prejudice, (or justice,) notwithstanding, the morning after I had for the first time heard the delicious strains of Auber's "Massaniello," I sent off in a hurry for a copy of "France," to see what I had said and thought upon French music in that volume, which not even the loyal omissions of the translator, or his abusive notes on the author, could redeem. I

was quite surprised to find how much I had said on the subject. Without, however, referring back to my former opinions, I perfectly remember my first impressions of French music, both at the *Academie Royale* and the *Opera Comique.* They were in perfect unison with those of Rousseau on the same subject :— "*N'ayant, et ne pouvant avoir une melodie à eux dans une langue qui n'a point d'àccent, sur une pöesie maniéré, qui ne connut jamais la nature, ils n'imaginent d'effets, que ceux de l'harmonie ; et sont si malheureux dans leurs pretensions, que cette harmonie même, qu'ils cherchent, leur échappe.*"*

The language however remains, and the music is changed. The genius of composition, the school of singing, the very auricular organs

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* "Neither having, nor being in the possibility of having, a melody, with an unaccentuated language, and an unnatural and stiff poetry, they have no idea of any effects beyond those of harmony; and even their pretensions in harmony itself, the especial object of their ambition, are so unlucky, that it escapes them."

of the nation appear to have undergone a revolution. A French audience would now no more endure "*le plus bel asthme du monde*,"* than if they had been born and bred at Naples. This is one of the ten thousand proofs of the folly of setting bounds to human development. If physical causes are the primary agents of moral consequence, moral causes will, in the progress of society, re-act upon the physical; and events and institutions acting on the mental habits of a nation, will produce a new organization, and a new race.†

For fifteen hundred years, the church governed society in every thing, in evil or in

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* "The most charming asthma in the world;" a criticism passed on the voice of Sophie Arnoud.—*See Grimm.*

† "Pendant qu'on promène le démêloir sur vos cheveux ou le rasoir sur votre visage, ne vous est-il pas arrivé de sentir des mouvemens d'impatience, et d'envoyer au diable votre Olivier-le-Dain? C'est pour vous épargner ces accès nerveux que M. Mailly, coiffeur breveté, Rue Saint-Martin, No. 149, a imaginé de vous tailler les cheveux au son d'instrumens qui exécutent des ouvertures de Rossini et Auber."—*French paper.*

good; and music, with the rest, partook of its overruling influence. The drawling intonations of the Ambrosian and Gregorian chants, continued to give a character to European music, when the faggot had ceased to burn, and the iron to eat into the flesh of its victim; and even in the times of Leo and Durante, little or no progress had been made in melody; though the Celtic and Scandinavian barbarians, in their fastnesses and secluded plains, had airs of exquisite beauty. Italy was the first, and France the last, to undergo a change in musical science and expression, and to re-assert the dominion of nature over conventional art.*

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* The French have always been unhappy in their taste for music. When Gregory reformed the Gregorian chant, the French stuck to the older authority, and on the arrival of Charlemagne in Rome, a furious contest took place between the Pope's chanters and those of the king, for precedence in their art. The Romans, proud of their acquired knowledge, treated the French as rustics; and the French, counting on the support of the king, insulted the Romans. But Charlemagne, it seems, was a Piccinist by anticipation; for he silenced his own singers, by asking them where

In 1818, we heard a lady sing a prize cantata at the Institut, which was much applauded by the academic auditory. But the judgment of Midas in favour of Pan over Apollo, was a poor type of this decision in favour of *criailleries*, that might have recalled the screams of Iris over her husband Osiris, who (says the fable) killed the king's son with the fright of hearing her. At present, the "*triste psalmodie*" of Mondonville, Lulli, and Rameau, is scarcely more obsolete and revolting to the taste of the people, then the elaborated operas of Gluck; (to whom, however, French music owes so

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the purest water was to be found, at the fountain head, or down the stream? The Frenchmen answered with more knowledge of the properties of water than singers might be supposed to possess, (for they are in general better judges of wine, than of the pure element,) and the king sent them back to the fountain of Saint Gregory. He likewise obtained from Pope Adrian two chanters taught by Gregory himself, with books of antiphones noted by the saint; settling one of the singers at Metz, and the other at Soissons, to teach the French the improved service.—*See article "Plain-chant," in Rousseau's Dict. of Music.*

much;) and the style of singing which the old opera encouraged, or rather enforced, will soon be remembered only by the sarcasms of modern cognoscenti and romantic authors.

The first shock to the established faith of the French musicians was given as long back as the middle of the last century, when an Italian company of Buffos arrived in Paris. "There was nobody," says Rousseau, "who could endure the *trainerie* of the French school, after having listened to the lively and marked accentuation of the Italian music." Musical romanticism was still further aided by the genius and Italian education of Grétry; and his adaptations of Italian melodies to French words formed an epoch in the art. The triumph of the *Piccinists* over the *Gluckists*, followed by the avowed admiration of Napoleon for Paesiello, Cimerosa, Cherubini, and the merited popularity of that "greater than all," Mozart, still further improved the style of the French composers: but they did not, they could not "fix the language" of music, more than Pascal, Boileau, and Racine could that of poetry and of prose.

They were the romanticists of *their* day, its innovators and reformers. In ours, they are classics, reverenced as great luminaries who shed the light of genius on their divine art, and are still heard with delight, and approved by the sound judgment of all who are beyond the influence of sectarian prejudices: (for music has its *cagoterie*:) but they are not accepted as infallible standards for measuring the works of others, who with equal genius and more experience of the resources of art, have discovered the fountains of more vivacious sensation, and more intoxicating pleasures.

How much the illustrious Mozart hurried forward the progress of music, and what bounds his early genius made over prescribed rules, is curiously shown in a letter of Gluck's, where he speaks of a "young *écervelé*," who puts into a single duo enough melody to suffice for an entire opera." This is the history of modern music from Piccini to Rossini, whose compositions have taught the French the secret hinted at by Rousseau, that to meet the demands of their prompt sensibility and vivacious organi-

zation, they must adopt *l'accent vif et accenté*, and the flowing *cantabile* of the Italian school; if, indeed, the term Italian be now admissible, when all nations, from the phlegmatic German and the sibilent Englishman, to the inhabitant of the land of the Sirens, have but one music and one school.

Of all the French composers, with whose works I am acquainted, Auber seems to me to have most perfectly thrown off the mannerism of the old school, and to have imbued himself with the genius of Italian melody. The music of his opera of "Massaniello,"* is as influential

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* The story of Massaniello is a most inspiring subject. The episode of Massaniello in my Salvator Rosa (partly sketched while Vesuvius was flaming before me) was written under a strong and animating excitement. I never, indeed, wrote a work with the same pleasure with which I produced the whole of this Memoir. The etching of Salvator's conspiracy of Cataline, which was sent me by Denon, in itself had an effect on my feelings greater than I had thought possible from any thing unconnected with personal interest: even now the subject is betraying me into an egotism, at which critics may smile—if they do not frown.

on the senses and the imagination, as any I ever heard. It reaches the subject in all its extent; reflecting the truth both of fact and of fancy, with perfect exactness,—the glow of climate, the colouring of the site, the physiology of the people and their passions,—and reviving the story and the scene in all the freshness and vigour of absolute reality. To judge of this delightful opera, it is necessary to have lived at Naples, to have heard the Neapolitan melodies played and sung by the fanciful and fantastic population, in their own picturesque region, amidst their florid scenery, their balmy air, their bright moonlights, their dazzling sunshine, their volcanos, their ruins, their wretchedness, and their degradation! It is unnecessary to add, that the Massaniello of Auber, as got up in Paris, is not the Massaniello of London.

When we first visited Paris, the masters in fashion (and deservedly so) were Paer, Mayer, Méhul, Le Sueur, and Boieldieu. They were all men of genius, and all more or less of the

Italian school; but of that class which Cherubini once characterized (in speaking to me of Bonaparte's interference with the art) as producing *une musique assoupissante.* Even the "Agnese" and the "Griselde" of Paer, with all their beauty and feeling, partake of this fault; and the sweetness of Paesiello (in spite of his divine "Nina Pazza," and the severer beauty of his "Elfrida,") is not sufficiently exciting. Napoleon was apt to complain of the noisy accompaniments, then beginning to find vogue, under the sanction of Mozart; which produced the bold observation of Cherubini to the emperor, that he wanted drowsy music, to leave him free to meditate on affairs of state.

Mozart, who was not as highly esteemed in Italy as in Paris and London, had too much force for his Italian contemporaries. The characteristics of his noble and original genius, which were the causes of his popularity in the latter cities, retarded for a while his glory at Rome and Naples. But the old school and manner, with all its resources, were worn out;

and something more was wanting to satisfy the feelings of the revolutionary generation of Italians, when Rossini came.

Beyond all his predecessors, Rossini was suited to charm the French. The "Don Giovanni" had given the French organs the necessary education for appreciating and enjoying the "Barbiere"* and the "Tancredi;" yet it was long before the compositions of Rossini found sufficient favour to be publicly represented in Paris. It was, I believe, the "Tancredi" that first placed its author in that position of eminence in France,† where he reigns in such unrivalled and almost unenvied supremacy (for

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* "Le succés de Rossini est d'avoir transporté une partie de ce feu du ciel fixé dans l'opera de l'avoir transporté dans l'opera de mezzo carattere, comme le Barbiere di Seviglia, et dans l'opera seria, comme Tancredi."—*Vie de Rossini.*

† The "Barbiere" was not at first well received. "On s'en souviendra long tems quels cris quelle rumeur excita le Barbier de Séville à son apparition. Quel concert de critiques maères et passionées dans les journeaus, dans les cafés, dans les salons. C'était un œuvrage ridicule et au quel on refu-

there is a safe eminence in public opinion, which leaves even envy hopeless.) *Tancredi* was first produced at Venice, and with so much timidity, by its young composer, that instead of presiding at the pianoforte, as the director of the opera, he hid himself in the dark passage of the orchestra, where such bursts of enthusiastic applause reached his watchful ear, as never before awakened the echoes even of a Venetian theatre. It was during that first brilliant allegro of the overture, that Rossini, amidst the universal "bravo" of the audience, stole forth from his hiding-place, and ventured to glide to his vacant seat at the piano.

All Europe hastened to do justice to this superb effusion of genius; but it was not till a later period, that the "Tancredi" was given with the *éclat* worthy of its merit. With all

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sait à la fois tout ce qu'on est en droit d'exiger d'une œuvre musicale, &c. &c. &c."—*Histoire du Romanticisme.*

The preference given by the critics to the "Barbiere" of Paesiello induced the director of the opera to play the two pieces alternately, when the close comparison decided the public in favour of Rossini.

his genius, Rossini stood indebted to Mad. Pasta for his opera appearing in the French capital with an effect which it had not produced in Naples, Rome, or Milan.

In the commencement of his great career, Rossini had, like most persons of eminence, much to struggle against. When we first visited France, he was scarcely known even by name.* On my return to Paris in 1818, the Princess Volkonska gave amateur representations of Italian operas, of which she was herself the *prima donna*. On one evening, when we were invited, the *Italiana in Algieri* was represented; but nobody knew any thing about it. The first few phrases of the overture were startling; and the audience began to exhibit symptoms of surprise, rather than of admiration. The music was marked by that *brio*, that

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* "Le Barbiere di Seviglia a fait connaître Rossini à Paris neuf petites années, après que ce compositeur faisait les delices d'Italie et dans grande partie d'allemagne. Le Tancredi avait paru à Vienne immediatement après le Congrés."—*Vie de Rossini.*

gaiety, for which even "Don Juan" had not prepared them; and to which neither Cherubini nor Paer had accustomed their unawakened organs. At this distance of time, I am amazed that it did not cause more emotion in ourselves; but great novelties perhaps occasion in the first instance a shock, that is not gracious. It struck us, however, sufficiently, to occasion inquiry after the composer: but nobody in our box could tell his name,—for it was not in the list of *Maestri* celebrated in France. Somebody in the next box said that the piece was by a young composer, called Rossini, of the *Teatro San Mose*, at Venice.

A new Italian opera, played by amateurs, and they too foreigners,—northern foreigners,—could not be given under very favourable circumstances: still it was a wonderful performance in every sense. The princess played the coquettish heroine, Isabella, and sung and played so well, that an Irish amateur, in our box,* continually interrupted my at-

* The late Major Kelly, "a son of song," once known

tention, by asking, "Is she a real princess, Lady Morgan?" The air of *Cruda sorte, amor tiranno,** was the first that found a sympathy in the souls of the audience, by recalling the *assoupissant* melodies of the old school; and the duet of "*Ai Capricci,*" and that *chef-d'œuvre,* the quintetto "*Vi presento di mia mano,*" awoke the audience into a sudden burst of emotion and applause. The impression, however, on the whole, gave no promise of that future power which Rossini has since gained over the soul and sensibility of the French nation: and when this opera was first produced at the Théâtre Louvois, it was so ill understood both by the performers and the audience, that, though far from a failure, it never enjoyed the reputation which rendered it so popular in Italy, and placed its author so high in the list of the composers of that country.

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in circles of gaiety and fashion, which, like himself, have now passed away.

* Not the trio of the same name in the "Ricciardo and Zoraide."

Even as long back as the year 1818, the revolution, in the musical taste of the French public, must have made considerable progress; but its evidence was by no means apparent in the Academie Royale, which, in as much as it is a government department, is necessarily the head-quarters of whatever is established. The few decided amateurs of the Italian school contented themselves with staying away from the *criaillerie* of the national opera; and consoled themselves with the Italian company, whenever Paris afforded one that was worth following. At present, innovation has made its cause good, even at the fountain-head of musical legitimacy; and the Rossini school and the Rossini productions have triumphed over all opposition.

The first occasion we had of witnessing this change, since our recent arrival in Paris, was on visiting the *Academie de Musique*, on one of the representations of the "*Comte Ory*," an opera of the *gran maestro*, which was the popular piece of the season. Our going to the opera on that night was a mere accident. A

friend sent to say we could have her box, just as we were going out to dinner; and we took our places in it, without having inquired what we were to see. The *Comte Ory* of Rossini, though far from one of his most effective pieces, is strongly marked by the peculiar excellencies of its author. Movement, life, and bustle, predominate throughout, with a rich assemblage of concerted pieces, full of air, and of rapid and difficult execution.

But if the art is changed in France, so also are the artists. The deep tones of Derevis, the shrill screams of Madame Branchu, have no longer an echo; the rumbling roar of Lais has ceased. Madame Cinti, with great flexibility of voice and a thorough Italian style, reminded us of the French opera, only by the words of her part; and Nourit fils, in the Count, (compared with his father in the "Œdipe,") was musical romanticism opposed to musical classicism, in all its rigour. Still, in writing for the French stage, Rossini, like all wise innovators, has retained something of the ancient school, to propitiate his hearers, and to avoid

that shock, which total and sudden changes are too certain to produce. The air of "*Venez amis,*" though it has much of the joyousness of the Rossini manner, and the customary *coda* of the Italian style, has a *tournure* altogether French; and the drinking quartette, in its harmonies, is more French than Italian.

The first grand ballet that I had seen in France, (1816) was the "*Flore et Zephire*" of Didelot; a much finer poet than Delille, or the "Gentile Bernard." Gardel was then the *maitre du ballet*, the Boileau of pantomime. The exquisite Fanni Bias, (the Flora of the evening,) was attaining to the supremacy of her art, which she so fully enjoyed. Noblet was a *debutante*, fresh as the flower she represented,* and the almost-inspired Bigotini was in the zenith of her fame. Where now are all these priestesses of grace and pleasure? The Flora of 1816 has passed away; Fanni Bias is dead, and Bigotini, the *Nina Pazza*, whose graceful madness had turned many a head, is

* The Violet.

worse—she is middle-aged; while many, if not all

"Their lovely companions are faded and gone."

This did not prepare us to enjoy, with much exhilaration, the ballet; which was, in itself, so little remarkable, that I forget what it was. I should have at once predicted the downfall of that art which once gave France so frivolous a supremacy over other nations,* but for the sudden burst of light upon the dulness of the scene, in the splendid apparition of *Taglioni!* It was but an apparition; yet, while it lasted, it kept one breathless. The celebrated Madame Gay, and her fair and equally-celebrated daughter, who had dropped into our box, asked me suddenly, what I thought of her dancing. I said, "It is full of *naïveté*."

"*C'est le mot propre*," said Madame Gay;

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* I think the French are much less a dancing nation than they were, and that the art is on the decline.

and, on such a judgment, I leave my criticism unchanged.

The last opera that we saw at the *Théâtre de l'Opera Comique*, in 1818, was "*Le petit Chaperon Rouge.*" It is called, in the bills of the time, *Opera Féerie;* but it is a French opera "*avant tout,*" and that is its charm. The rustic *gentilesse* of the principal character, the scenery, and the music, were all that is best and most charming in the national peculiarities of that most vivacious country. The piece was also a step in romanticism. The story is laid in the Vivarais; its time, that of Henri the First; and the leading incident perfectly conformable to the received ideas of *Loup-garus*, one of whom was evidently the wolf who devoured little Red Ridinghood.

The "sweet harmony" of Boieldieu,

> "Les accords de ce luth tutelaire
> Dont tout Paris fut enchanté,"

were still ringing in my ears, when I reached the Alps; and the trio of "*Rose*

d' amour est jeune et sage," and the true French *ronde* of *Gentille Annette* were hummed through the whole of a journey from the comic opera of Paris to the comic opera of Turin, where we arrived in time to hear the delightful Marcolini. Even at the moment when Rossini was first beginning to take that influence over our musical judgments, which in spite of individual and of national prepossessions, he now holds over those of all the world, we retained, and still retain, the highest admiration for the talents of Monsieur Boieldieu. How charming, too, was Madame Gavaudan in *Rose d' Amour!* She was the Mrs. Jordan of the comic opera,—natural, cheery, original. Martin was the most impassioned singer, and one of the best opera actors of his time. They have both played their last parts; and made their eternal exit from that scene, where "all the men and women" are "merely players," and where few play their parts in so gifted and so perfect a manner.

On our return to Paris, in 1829, "*Les deux Nuits,*" the last opera of Boieldieu, was enjoy-

ing its fashionable popularity, and was played to overflowing houses, assisted by the eminent talent of Monsieur de Chollet, and by the *gentillesse* of Madame Pradher. We returned to the comic opera full of favourable prepossessions on the genius of him who had so delighted us, ten years before; but either ourselves or Boieldieu are at least ten years older than we were, in the good old times of the "Little Red Ridinghood." The music of *Les deux Nuits* wanted the freshness and nationality of the *opera de féerie.* It was infinitely less French, and was more scientific, without being at all more Italian. The scene lies in Ireland, and allusions to bards and mountains abound, with pretty scenery to correspond. The *libretto* was the joint composition of the hydra-muse of Scribe, and of Monsieur Bouilly ("*l' ami des enfans,*" and my old acquaintance of 1818.) The names of the *dramatis personæ* give a good idea of the progress made by the French writers in British nomenclature, since the "Lord Bomston" of Rousseau; and the names of the actors include the flower of the talent of one

of the most delightful theatres of Paris.* *Jackmann* and *Betty* were meant to be as characteristic as *Tom Butler* and *Molly* at the *Porte St. Martin;* but we missed the "watchman," for whose absence the "*connétable*" made no amends. The great event of the piece was drinking punch. Lords, with ladles

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* THEAT. OPERA COMIQUE.

LES DEUX NUITS.

Opera-comique, 3 a. Bouilly, Scribe, Mus. Boyeldieu.

Lord Fingor .	MM. Lemonnier
Sir Edouard Acton . .	Moreau
Walter . . .	Thianni
Fulgar	Henri
Blacfort	Tilly
Duncan . . .	Genot
Macdowell . . .	Damoreau
Douglas . . .	Cavé
Montcalm . . .	Louvet
Victor	Chollet
Jackmann . . .	Belnie
Stroum . . .	Boullard
Cœrill . . .	Féréol
Jobson . . .	Fargueil
Malvina de Morven .	Mesd. Monsel
Betty	Pradher.

in their hands, appear sometimes reeling, sometimes seated, round bowls of that exhilarating beverage, sending forth infernal flames, (for punch is served with the spirits ignited, I suppose, to answer for the strength and genuineness of the potation,) while the joke of making the constable drunk, who is brought in to join the aristocratic party of Lord Fingor, made the fun of a *finale.** It is singular, that while so many English fashions, habits, and comforts of life are stealing into France, all that concerns the manners of the country should be so utterly unknown to the French public. The theatrical notions of English society are still borrowed from the novels of Madame Riccoboni, and translations of the plays of Wycherley, Farquhar, and the writers

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* The Catholic Association also figures as a band of brigands in the piece.

VICTOR: Des nouvelles effrayantes, si elles sont vrai.

LORD FINGOR: Qu'est-ce donc ?

VICTOR: C'est l'association qui a encore fait des siennes. Il parait que ces brigands, formant un troupe assez nombreuse, ont osé attaquer le château de Dombur.

of their school. It would be difficult to persuade the pit of Paris that the gentlemen of England do not drink punch, though the French do; that the malt liquor of which the latter are so fond, lies under the proscription of English *bon-ton;* or that it would be quite as novel and *outré* to see a Lord Fingor, or a Sir Acton, drunk after dinner, (and much more so before it,) as to see a Duc Matthieu de Montmorency, or a Count Alfred de Noailles, drunk at any time. The French dramatic writers are, in this respect, almost as ignorant as we were of French usages, during our thirty years' exclusion from the continent; when a Frenchman figured on our boards as a feeder on frogs; and when to have asserted, in the teeth of the loyal audiences of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, that Frenchwomen are as virtuous, or Frenchmen as brave, as the men and women of England, would have condemned the piece,—if the preliminary scissors of the censor had not amputated the passage, as too jacobinical and atheistical for representation.

On such a story, so flat, colourless, and insignificant, it would have been difficult for Boieldieu, with all his well-known talent, to have produced music calculated to raise or even support his reputation. The great excellence of the music of the modern school, of which Rossini is the unquestioned chief, is, that it is dramatic, that it tells the story almost without the aid of words; and the authors of *Les deux Nuits* having unfortunately stumbled upon a theme, which had little story to tell, and no natural colours to reflect, the composer was inevitably thrown upon the resources of mere science, which, the more it is elaborate, the less it is calculated to charm. There can be no enthusiasm, where all is difficulty conquered, and *tours de force*. In the whole piece there was but one melody that arrested the ear and fixed itself in the memory.

For the two last months of our residence in Paris, nothing had been talked of in the world of musical fashion, but the expected opera of "William Tell," on which Rossini had been

more than usually occupied, and to which the anecdote of the *aria del Riso* could not be applicable. Having called one morning at his apartments, Madame Rossini conducted us into her bed-room, as Rossini was busy in the saloon, trying some of the different scenes of his new piece. He had been working till a late hour the night before, and when he joined us, he seemed weary and exhausted. What is called inspiration is very up-hill work; and all that is said of the indolence of Rossini, is not only untrue, but impossible. The temperament of the highest order of genius may indeed combine some *vis inertiæ* with its *vis animi*, and may mingle an occasional desire of repose with its ambition to excel; but labour is the great secret of real excellence, and no one has ever made for himself a reputation of durability and supremacy, who has not possessed, in a high degree, a capability for persevering exertion.

Having mentioned our apprehension that we should be obliged to leave Paris before the

first representation of "William Tell," Rossini had the kindness to promise us tickets for a night rehearsal. Such a rehearsal of such an opera, under the superintendence of such a composer, is just one of the most curious and amusing scenes that could be offered or conceived. Any body can go to a public performance by paying for it: but a "peep behind the curtain" is not to be purchased; and in its way, and once in a way, it is worth all the public performances in the world.

We left the garish glare of a bright July sunset, to enter the unilluminated palace of the sirens, by bye-ways and subterraneous passages, through a labyrinth of scenery and machinery, of tottering ruins, dilapidated castles, scattered forests, and overthrown mountains — and emerged in the vast desart of *la salle de l'opera*, to take our places in the judgment-seat of criticism, the amphitheatre. All around us was involved in a darkness, relieved only by the reflection of the foot-lights on the stage. The white drapery of several female amateurs of fashion, in the boxes,

showed the interest excited by the work of the *gran maestro* to be prevalent even over the laws of *ton*, which at such an hour permits its votarists to taste the enjoyments of fresh air in the *Champs Elysées*. A few of the first cognoscenti in Paris were scattered over the pit and balcon, and the vast stage was open to its utmost extremity. A distant prospect of the Alps, with the most refreshing and picturesque Swiss views, rocks, torrents, and Alpine bridges, curiously contrasted with the groups scattered over the stage, in their every-day costume, embracing nearly the whole *corps dramatique*, both of the opera and the ballet. The gods and goddesses of the magic scene, the zephyrs, the graces, and the loves, were metamorphosed and humanized into quiet, respectable, soberly dressed ladies and gentlemen. To the right of the stage, and near to the orchestra, sat the author of the piece, the well-known "*Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin.*"* The stage-manager, with his orderly book, sat beside him. The

* Monsieur Jouy.

head of the half-buried prompter seemed to hop about the stage in the agitation of his office; while Rossini, with a roll of paper in his hand, and leaning heavily on his stick, bent his anxious face over the orchestra, and, from time to time, in the gentlest voice, and most supplicating tone, "hinted a fault and hesitated dislike," as the *caro violoncello* was too piano, or the *signor mio flauto* was too forte,—as passages meant to be full of life were given full of languor, or the *con spirito* was substituted for the *largo pianissimo.*

When the word "attention" went forth, pleasant laughs were left unfinished, intimate conversations were broken off, the prima donna (the beautiful Cinti) retired to the side scene, the rear ranks fell into order, and the first composer in the world took his seat to the left of the stage, and gave direction for the commencement of the overture. During the performance, the interruptions were frequent; and the repetitions of defective passages were often renewed. The genius of Rossini and his inspired views, "beyond the reach of art," were

eminently conspicuous above the mechanical efforts even of the first artists of the age. The combination of genius and talents, the result of years of labour, study, and privation, in so many individuals, to attain the perfection thus displayed in its arduous and endless details, was almost affecting. The great composer, the eminent author, the distinguished vocalists, and masterly instrumentalists of the scene and orchestra, embraced such various excellencies, and united such powers, as are rarely called upon in scenes of far greater importance to the happiness of the species. What time, what industry, what sacrifice of ease, pleasure, enjoyment, (often of youth and health,) must have preceded their attainment! Compared with any one of these persons, who live by the cultivation of their superior abilities, what is the audience which comes to judge and to criticise? to stamp applause or condemnation? Were it to save their lives, how few could produce one note, prepare one passage, dance once step, or write one line of such an opera? Compare the diplomatic hackney (who represents the

dull despotism of some ungifted sovereign, or the dandy *attaché*, who takes his seat to ogle a ballerina, or talk aloud during the symphonies of Rossini) with Rossini himself; or compare some gentle *gentilhomme de la chambre*, with any of the corps dramatique whom he governs, and looks down upon as beings of an inferior creation; and where will the balance of merit be found? Yet these gifted creatures, to whom the greatest of the great fly as a resource against their own *ennui*, are not thought by some, and were not deemed by any in the old times—to be worthy of Christian burial. In common with Molière and Voltaire, they were ranked on a par with the brute animal, to whose remains the grant of a little consecrated dust would have been judged a sacrilege!

The character of the music of *William Tell*, if reliance can be placed on a judgment formed under all the disadvantages of frequent interruption, is vigour, freshness, force;—strange merits in the composer of forty operas. The French, (who have usually substituted learning for genius, and harmony for melody, in their

music,) for want of other faults to find with Rossini, accused him of being "*trop leger; pas assez savant,*" (of trusting more to the rich variety of his melodies, than to learned and abstruse counterpoint, after the manner of the French composers.) Rossini, it is said, had resolved on showing them how easy it is to be pedantic, or rather, on proving to them that he was as capable of producing effects by their own means, as by the lighter and more graceful charms which please the Italian ear. The general structure of this fine opera is more French than Italian; and its character grave, solemn, and church-like. There are no melodies in it that will be sung about the streets, like the "*Di tanti palpiti,*" or distorted into quadrilles like the "*Cara per te quest' anima,*" and the sublime and beautiful music of the "Semiramide." Had Rossini commenced his career with *William Tell*, it would never have brought him that quick and immediate return of popularity and vogue, which the "Barbiere" and "Tancredi" excited, wherever the language of music has been heard to vibrate.

But if the music of "William Tell" is grave, it is not cold. Like almost all that Rossini has produced, it has the tone and colour of its subject; and by those unappreciable and recondite analogies, which connect music with nature, under all its different aspects, physical and moral, it perpetually brings back the mind to the scene and subject of the story. It is alpine music, and breathes of the lofty region it celebrates; exactly as the music of "Massaniello" is wholly and peculiarly Neapolitan. It is also the music of liberty, if liberty ever had a strain worthy of her; and it is characterized by all the noble aspirations of its theme. It is not the music that would answer the purposes, or express the passions, of a pretty Italian coquette, in the Haram of Algiers; nor is it the vivacious, exhilarating strain, which reflects the buoyant, joyous, and inextinguishable gaiety of the versatile and indefatigable Figaro. It is just such music as William Tell might have listened to, or fancied, when, traversing the Lake of Lucerne, the prisoner of the stern companion of his voyage, he meditated the

liberation of his country and himself, amidst the brooding of that alpine storm which enabled him to effect both.* What it is that constitutes the local character of music, or its adaptation to express the various passions of the moral world, escapes the scrutiny of philosophy, and is not to be rendered in books of instruction, or the more learned treatises of the writers of systems. It is incapable of definition; but it exists deep in the innermost soul of genius, an instinctive perception—a feeling independent of reason. The mechanical composer knows it not; the imitator cannot repeat it; but when produced by the magic of

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* "Le gouverneur (Gesler) le fit arrêter sur le champ; mais craignant que ses amis ne vinssent l'enlever, il prit le parti de s'éloigner au mépris des priviléges du canton, et de lui faire traverser le lac de Lucerne, en s'embarquant avec lui pour plus de sureté. Pendant la traversé, un violent orage s'éleva, et Gesler, qui savait que Tell étoit un excellent marinier, fit détacher ses fers, pour lui confier la conduite de la barque. Tell, profitant de la circonstance la dirigea vers un rocher, sur le quel il s'élanca et reussit à se sauver."—*Vie de Guillaume Tell.*

native inspiration, it is felt and acknowledged in the applauses of multitudes, who are totally unable to explain the causes of their pleasure.

If "William Tell" be not the music on which Rossini's greatest claims to excellence will depend, it at least proves the versatility of his powers. Being written expressly for the French theatre, it is less likely to please in foreign countries, than those pieces which were composed for universal humanity: but as a *tour de force*, as an evidence of the author's knowledge of the principles of his art, and of the sources and peculiarities of the different schools of music, it places him at the very head of his profession,—as estimable for his acquirements and his industry, as he is for the gifts of nature, its inspiration, and its soul.

LITERARY FIRMS.

WHOEVER has not read "*Les Soirées de Neuilly,*" has still to read one of the pleasantest productions of the modern school of French literature; light, yet philosophical,—humorously, not sarcastically illustrative of living manners. *Les Soirées de Neuilly* are given in that dramatic form, so suited to the genius of the French: for what nation dialogues like the French? The common conversation of the country, with its brilliancy, brevity, and epigrammatic turns, requires but little arrangement, to be fit for the scene; and hence it is, that its lighter literature is so well supplied with what Monsieur Duval, in the elevation of classic genius, calls, "*les fabricants de Vaudevilles.*"

On the occasion of the first literary dinner, that was made for us at Paris,* for the purpose of bringing us acquainted with some of the many young and talented authors who have sprung into note since our last residence in Paris, I heard the names of Cavé and Dittemar (the authors of the *Soirées de Neuilly*) read from the list of the invited, with a sort of heart-bounding pleasure, which it is so natural to feel, when the opportunity occurs of know-

* At Monsieur Prosper Duvergier Hauranne's, the gifted son of one of the most upright Members of the Chamber of Deputies. I shall always number this delightful dinner party among the proudest recollections of my visit to Paris. In recalling this dinner, I may notice, also, another dinner, to which I had the honour of being invited—the monthly assemblage of the contributors to the *Revue Encyclopedique*. On this occasion, nearly one hundred individuals of almost every European country, with some Americans, (North and South,) met to exchange the courtesies of society, to communicate information, and to propagate sentiments of benevolence. Nothing could be more exciting than this assemblage of the talents and virtues of far distant countries; while the kindness and hospitality of our excellent host, (the Redacteur,) and the flattering attentions of his *convives*, added considerably to our gratification.

ing those personally, with whom one has previously enjoyed a pleasant intellectual acquaintance. The conversation of Monsieur Dittemar kept the promise which his works had made; but we had to regret the absence of Monsieur Cavé, his distinguished *collaborateur*, who could not attend.

This style of literary partnership, this incorporation of talent, is a thing I never could understand. As to the improvement of details by the superintendence of a superior judgment, I have benefited too largely by that advantage, to be ignorant of its possibility: but in the formation of a plan, and the distribution of parts, to be afterwards amalgamated into one whole, (excepting only in the case of purely scientific works,) all such cooperations, (from that of Beaumont and Fletcher, to that of the gentlemen above-named,) have offered to my imagination difficulties that it passed my comprehension to solve. When such men as Messieurs Barthélemi and Méry* talk of

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* "MM. Barthélemy et Méry, célèbres à leur adolescence par une rare fraternité de gloire et de talent, cé-

" being constantly together, to put the last finish to their work," and express a hope that " their constant efforts to obtain from the public the same encouragement which was bestowed on their former productions," the circumstance sounds so like the *affiche* of a trading or a mercantile partnership, that I know not what to make of it. Genius lies so much in the power of concentration, the summing up of all intellectual force into one individual idea, that this joint-stock community of mental effort seems at utter variance with the attainment of success. Shakspeare, Milton, Molière, and Voltaire, probably would not, or could not, have thus written: nor, truth to tell, are many of the clever *actionnaires* of modern speculation, worthy of being ranked amongst those super-eminent beings,

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lèbres aussi par le courage avec lequel ils avaient attaqué, au fort de leur puissance, des ministres qui se sont trop long-temps joués de la bonté du monarque, avaient publié *Napoléon en Egypte,* poème étincelant de sublimes beautés et de sentimens généreux: noble monument élevé à l'honneur d'une époque que les étrangers apprécient mieux que nous."

whom nature produces at such long intervals, to illustrate a nation. The light and minor talents may combine to place their little funds to advantage in the same adventure; and, with hope "at the prow, and pleasure at the helm," may pilot their little bark, as profit and amusement direct, without the ambition of that higher order of fame, which leads to immortality: and such, perhaps, are the adventurers whom Monsieur Duval contemns as the *fabricants de Vaudevilles*, and whom Monsieur Scribe has honoured with the title of "*mes collaborateurs*," in his dedication of the last edition of his "Theatre."

Apropos to this prolific and popular writer!—whoever would know the *mot d'ordre* for throwing a classicist into disorder, has only to pronounce the word *Scribe!* The fecundity, the popularity, the wealth of Scribe, his contempt for the laws of the old theatre, his supremacy in the new, and his wide-spreading, but unambitious fame, have excited a due proportion of rage and indignation in those who are still the devoted disciples and unrecompensed adherents of Aristotle and Boi-

leau. The chief of the dramatic classicists of the modern day, Monsieur Duval, has given so curious a view of the school of Scribe and its founder, that nothing can be added to it; though the estimate drawn by the European public is very different from that of Monsieur Duval.

" Among the grand speculators, (in dramatic literature,) there is one who has exhibited considerable talent. If, among the authors who have written for the great theatres, there are few who, by the unaided products of their works, have been able to procure for themselves an honourable existence,—the laborious *collaborateur* of so many little *chefs d'œuvre*, having acquired by his monopoly the admirable art of arranging other men's ideas, and adjusting their pieces for the stage, (and a due supply of them succeeding with rapidity,) has necessarily acquired a fortune commensurate with his industry.

" In these remarks on the theatre, I would willingly have abstained from thus openly designating a living author; but the influence which his talents have exerted on our literary youth, compels me to lean my reasonings on his single example, for the purpose of proving

that he alone is answerable for the changes which have taken place in the French theatre. What historian, in treating of the age of Louis the Fifteenth, could avoid naming Voltaire, who was then the patriarch of literature, just as the spiritual writer of whom I am now speaking, is, in these days, the father, creator, and founder, of the new school of literary commerce.

" What I am now about to say of this amiable author, who, in making his own fortune, has enriched many of our theatres, cannot be the effect of a malevolent recrimination on my part. . . . . But if the money, thus honourably acquired, has excited the cupidity of our young men of talent; if they have seen in success nothing beyond the pleasure of counting the money it produces; if, instead of meditating on a great idea, they have only chalked a rapid sketch; and if they have consented to surrender a part, or nearly the whole of their invention, to secure the production of their work, and a prompt payment of their labours;—these young men, who possess, perhaps, the germs of a brilliant imagination, and might one day do honour to their country

by great and beautiful works, being thus accustomed only to draw up outlines to be delicately retouched by a protecting hand, will remain the obscure authors of flimsy productions, played on secondary theatres, which will scarcely gain them an ephemeral reputation. And if, at length, yielding to a noble inspiration, they desire to appear on the national stage—being habituated in their early works to insignificant proportions, and a language of mannerisms, to little points, less true than brilliant, their feeble and pale pieces will not hold their ground on the scene, where the eloquence of Corneille thunders, and the frank gaiety and high philosophy of Molière still exist, as a model for his successors.

"Thus, in my opinion, this remarkable man, who counts his productions by hundreds, has caused the downfall of the great *théâtre français*."

The answer to this diatribe is, that, if there were now a Molière, or a Corneille, they would do as they did in their own times, they would write in the spirit of the times; and this is what Mons. Scribe and his company have done.

Did they act otherwise, the theatres which they have enriched, would have been left bankrupt, like that great theatre, where the "*Misanthrope*" is now played to empty benches, and where the "*Tartuffe*" only draws an audience, because it exposes an abuse by which society is still especially afflicted.

Whatever influence joint-stock authorship may have on the carelessness, haste, and cupidity of young authors, it has surely nothing to do with the fortunes of the great theatre. With such talents as now abound, if there were a market for the old style of plays, there would be no deficiency of the supply. Mons. Duval has made a similar denunciation against the editors of the "Globe," the actors of the Français, against Mr. Taylor, the *commissaire royal du Theâtre Français*, against the late minister of the interior, against the universality of politics, the journals, the "*maitres claqueurs*," and against "*l'odieuse, l'infame censure.*" But the true, the only conspiracy against the Français, is the public of 1829, which is not the public of 1789. Since that

time, society has been destroyed, and re-edified upon an entirely new principle: and the extremely amusing document which Mons. Duval has prefixed to his own successful effort in the new school of dramatic composition—for such, after all, is "Charles the Second,"—offers an interesting and curious picture of what the dramatic literature was before the revolution.*

Those great epic subjects in comedy, as in tragedy, which were once so admired, (when the public had nothing better to do than to listen to pieces which required a sustained attention for the comprehension of their moral developments, their numerous details, and monologue sermons,) would not now be tolerated; while the charming little *tableaux de genre*, presented by the school of Scribe, answer all the purposes of the public taste and wants.

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* "Il n'en était plus de même avant la revolution. La vie ordinaire du grande monde étoit bien différente de la notre. Les jeunes Français extravaguerent tout le jour; et le soir venaient penser au théâtre: maintenant ils pensent tout le jour, et ne demandent plus le soir, au spectacle, que de l'esprit et de déraison."

Of this class of productions, none pleased us more, even in perusal, than "*Les trois Quartiers,*" by Picard and Mazères—"*Le plus beau jour de ma Vie,*" by Scribe and Warner—"*Vatel, ou le petit fils d'un Grand Homme,*" by Scribe and Mazères—"*Tony,*" by Brazier, Mélesville, and Carmouche—"*La Demoiselle et la Dame,*" by Scribe, Dupin, and F. de Courcy—and "*Paris et Londres,*" by Doctors Brissot et Joly. Even "*La Contemporaine,*" a most contemporary subject, and "*Marino Faliero à Paris,*" (given at the Vaudeville,) were exquisitely amusing and laughable; and pleasant sets-off against "*Nostradamus*" and "*Le dernier Jour d'un condamné,*" the tragic farces of mistaken romanticism.

The success of these, and other pieces of the same school, is not confined to France; their translations have made the life of the English theatre, and they are played throughout all Europe; so that we can look for the *déchéance* of *Mons. Scribe et ses collaborateurs*, only through some great event, by which society shall again be disorganized,

and reconstructed on principles which will leave them, where recent changes have placed the older and more classic writers.

It is a common and just complaint, that the British theatre has fallen into the "sear and yellow leaf;" that it is sterile, and dependent on the French for nearly all its successful pieces. The causes are self-evident: the *désagréemens* of theatrical authorship, and the relatively small reward of this branch of literature. In France, authors are paid a per centage on the gross receipts of every Parisian theatre, on every night that their piece is represented at it. This per centage is calculated upon the number of acts of the piece played, and their proportion to the whole representation of the night. The same law subsists in the case of musical composers, and (at the Academie Royale) in that of the ballet-master. The provincial theatres have the right of performing all pieces brought out in the capital, and they pay the author for each representation, according to a tariff, which varies

with the population of each city. The author of a popular play will thus be receiving emoluments from ten or twenty different places on the same night. The comic operas and vaudevilles (being frequently played in the provinces) yield largely in this way. A comedy or tragedy that succeeds eminently, will, in the course of three or four years, produce for its author, from the Français alone, from ten to fifteen thousand francs (£400 to £600,) a large sum for France, and yet inferior to the return of many of Scribe's popular pieces.* Copyright remains with authors of every description, for life, and ten years after their decease. Yet so inadequate is this law to French notions of the sacredness of literary property, that efforts are making to increase the term from ten to forty years. The copyright of dramatic works is distinct from the right of representation.

* Scribe having written for the Opera Comique, the Academie, the Français, and several of the smaller theatres, remains in the enjoyment of 60,000 francs per annum.

DINNER GIVING.

If there is a nation in the world, where society, and all that makes its true charm, are thoroughly misunderstood, it is the British. Even Ireland, with its long-boasted virtue of hospitality, is a century behind the continent in the social cordiality of the science, as well as its superior graces. Long accounts of debtor and creditor are numerously opened in the dinner-giving houses of Ireland; and when the pay-day comes, the creditors are assembled, without regard for qualities and compatibility, to the utmost amount that dining-rooms and dining-tables will admit,—with a few places reserved for a stray lord, or a straggling

grandeur of the English government, or Irish castle, (deemed as necessary for a show-off dinner, as the pines and ices.) The pell-mell society are then drafted off by the red-book; title *tête-à-tête* with title, in dignified dulness; where young and old, lively and slow, serious and profane, are "paired, but not matched," and left to eat, prose, or look at their opposite neighbour's reflection in the plateau, as appetite, loquacity, or *ennui* may dictate. Thus the young chickens are duly paid back with young ducks; the costly asparagus, eaten in March, are returned with costlier peas in May; the turkey-poult releases the bond contracted for the green goose; and three hours consumed at a long table, in long courses, with a muttered conversation, as cold as the viands, and as little piquant as the salad, (for Irish salad is still in the middle ages,) constitutes a receipt in full for all mental demands. The hosts, thus released from a weight of culinary obligation, "thank the gods for all their labours past;" and the guests, escaping from the oppression, restraint, stateliness, hot rooms, and ill-assort-

ed association, recruit their strength for another repetition of the same courses, the same company, and the same conversation, on the following day.*

In France, these trading dinners, these domestic carnivals of display and remuneration, are unknown, except in the ministerial banquets, which are, in Paris, the same as in London, Vienna, and everywhere. Dinners, in France, have two objects; sociality and gastronomy,—the most perfect intellectual enjoyment, or a refined and elaborated sensuality. Dinners are there, still such as St. Evremont might have made for his beautiful epicurean, the Duchess of Mazarin; or such as Molière was wont to give, at his country-house, to Racine and Boileau. I was one week at two dinners, which, in their respective ways, were perfect, and which no country in the world could produce but France: for the one was

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* This state of society (it is fair to add) is now disappearing with the progress of liberal opinions.

given by Monsieur de Ségur; and the other was dressed by Carème.

As we wished good night to the most venerable of the peers of France, and most delightful of ex-ambassadors, on leaving his early *soirée*, he hurried after us, and begged that we would "eat a morsel" with him at five o'clock the next day.

"With pleasure," was our simultaneous reply; and, without more ceremony, we drove the following day to the Rue Duphot; where, in five minutes afterwards, with five more guests, and our host, making, in all, nine, we assembled at a round table, served as round tables are only served in Paris.

What names! what conversation! what piquant anecdotes! what traits for future history! We got upon the celebrated journey of Catherine of Russia to the Crimea, in which she was accompanied by Joseph the Second, the Prince de Ligne, the Prince de Nassau, and Monsieur de Ségur. The empress insisted on the most perfect equality among the parties; and "*La majesté tutoyante et tutoyée, avait*

malgré cela toujours l'air de l'autocratrice de toutes les Russies."*

All this was fresh in the memory of Monsieur de Ségur, as if he had just stepped from the imperial galley, or was still floating down the Boristhenes, attended by his twelve musicians, and accompanied by a train of three thousand soldiers; and his recollections, pleasantly called forth by Monsieur de Grammont, made us also parties in the voyage. He perfectly remembered the time and place in the Tauride, where the empress proposed to him the royal question of—"How do they make verses?" But he could not recollect the impromptu it produced from his own ready pen, which de Ligne pronounced to be so charming.† He spoke of the

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* "And majesty, thou-ing and thou-ed, had not the less the air of the autocratrix of all the Russias."

† "L'Emperatrice nous avoit dit un jour dans sa gallere 'Comment fait on des vers? Ecrivez moi cela Monsieur le Comte de Ségur.' Il en écrivit les régles avec des exemples charmans; et la voilà qui travaille."—*Lettres da Prince de Ligne,* vol. iii. p. 97.

prince as of a dear old friend, "whose faults were but the excess of his virtues."

I observed, in reply, "He said the same of you, count."*

"Yes," continued Monsieur de Ségur, "he was too favourable to all his friends. His happy temperament and happy position made him see all things through a medium *couleur de rose;* and he was so pleased with the world, and with society, that he ended in confounding qualities the least amalgamable. He praised every one; and if he was sincere, he must have occasionally been misjudging. He sometimes saw no difference between wit and pretension, worth and worthlessness; for it was his habit to admire, and his ambition to be admired. He was also, when I knew him in 1786, too young, perhaps, for his years; it gave him a restless flutter, that took from

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* "Si celui à coté de qui je suis logé s'égare jamais, ce sera par de bons motifs, et lui seul meritera de l'indulgence. Ce cher Ségur n'est separé de moi dans cette gallerie que par un cloisson."—*Ibid,* vol. iii. p. 76.

the respect his solid talents and wonderful experience of mankind naturally excited. Still he was charming. The empress played with him, as with a child; and the adoration he expressed for her was perfectly sincere. His manner of giving her conversations, and those of the emperor of Germany, during our interesting voyage, is perfect: it is often *verbatim;* and this is the charm of his letters. With all their wit, and affectation of wit, truth lies at the bottom; and without truth, there is no good writing."

It was apropos to these clever despots, that we got upon the chapter of another despot, who could be quite as agreeable in his way, when he chose. Monsieur de Ségur said, "there was at times a *naïveté*, a *bonhommie* in Napoleon's manner, which was very seducing; and it never was so apparent, as when he was surrounded by men of talent, artists, authors, &c. &c. His petulance, too, was often very amusing, though occasionally quite insupportable. One day, in a privy council, his brother Joseph seemed determined to contradict him

in every proposition. Bonaparte struggled for a time with his temper, with most imperial magnanimity; but at last he gave way to one of his plebeian fits of violent passion, which were any thing but amusing to its victims, though frequently irresistibly so to the bye standers. "*Vous vous croyez le Roi Pharamonde ici, Monsieur?*"* he said, turning furiously upon Joseph: and after all sorts of bitter reproaches, he added, "but your opposition to all my measures is easily accounted for; I am well aware, that you live with, and are governed by, the principles of the factious, disloyal, and intriguing Lafayette." The reply of Ségur himself on this remark, which he was drawn on by his friends to relate, was full of noble frankness; and it shows that Napoleon was neither so inaccessible to the language of freedom, as he has been represented, nor insensible to the value of men, who, at the proper

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* "Do you take yourself, sir, for king Pharamond?"

moment, had the courage to respect their own dignity, and to assert the truth.

On the utterance of this tirade against his friend, Ségur started on his legs, and in a voice as loud as Napoleon's, ejaculated, "Sire!" His emphatic exclamation arrested the emperor, who stopped short, and measuring the grand master from head to foot, said, with a coolness, more appalling than his rage,

"*Eh quoi, Monsieur?*"

"Sire," said Ségur, "your majesty is deceived. Lafayette is the honestest and most consistent man in the empire, the purest of patriots, and the most loyal of citizens. He is true to the principles with which he began life, and true he will remain till his death. But he is neither factious, nor intriguing: he is passive. He lives wholly retired from public affairs, and occupied in cultivating his extensive farms, and educating a family of three generations. Whoever represents Lafayette as an intriguer, deceives your majesty: *that*, he never was."

Napoleon fixed his scowling eye for a mo-

ment on the speaker who thus addressed him; and then with a sudden return on himself, he said, coldly, but calmly, "It it well, Monsieur le Comte, it is very well. Lafayette is your old friend; he is your nephew. You have done well, Monsieur de Ségur: *allons!*" and turning to the council-table, he took up the business of the day, upon another tone.

"Sometimes," continued our narrator, "Napoleon's temper was quite unmanageable; at others, he was as amenable as a docile child. The difficulty was to know how to treat him. One day he was speaking with great acrimony of a person for whom I was interceding. I saw his temper mounting into violence, and I suddenly cut short the conversation, by saying, 'I will renew the subject with your majesty another time. This is not a moment to weary you with reasons and arguments. I fear you are not well to-day. You look as if you were teazed with one of your bilious fits.' Bonaparte looked earnestly, smiled, and shaking his head good-humouredly, said, '*Eh, bien! oui, cette bile! Cependant, sans cette maudite bile,*

on ne gagne point les grandes battailles.'* I believe," added Mons. de S., " my son alludes to this little trait in his work on the Russian campaign."

We got upon style in writing, as upon many other desultory subjects, without knowing how. I believe it was my husband said, that literature, in its highest perfection, would have no style—that is, no model style of marked peculiarity. Such affectations pass rapidly away, whether it be Johnson's, Gibbons's, or Thomas's, (which Voltaire called his *gali-thomas.*) The remains of such a style, *à pretention,* are found in the early works of Madame de Stael, her Essay on the Genius and Writings of Rousseau, and her book on the Passions.

" Her style of conversation," said the count, was superior to that of any of her works. Her colloquial eloquence was marvellous. Of this she was herself aware ; and on it, as on all points

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* " Well, it is so. This bile is a terrible thing; but without it there is no winning great battles."

which concerned her reputation as a woman of genius, she loved to extort the suffrage of all the world. One day she said to me, in her frank, off-hand way, "Tell me, count, which do you admire the most, my writings or my conversation?" I replied, "Your conversation, madame; it does not leave you leisure to become obscure."

I think it was Monsieur D'Aguisseau, who said, laughingly, to his grandfather, (and it is no trifling inheritance to be, at the same time, great grandson to the illustrious chancellor d'Aguisseau, and grandson to the Count de Ségur,) *on dit que Madame de Stael vous fit des niches parceque, disait elle, vous suiviez le char de Napoleon.*"

"*Cependant c'étoit une femme dont la France doit s'honorer, et que ses amis regretteront à tout jamais.*"*

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* "Madame de Stael owed you a little spite, because (she said) you followed the car of Napoleon. She was, however, a woman of whom all France should be proud, and whom her friends will never cease to regret."

We were still in the midst of our coffee and anecdotes, when the *habitués* of the evening (for Monsieur de Ségur receives every evening) came dropping in; members from the two chambers, ex-generals of the old stock, authors of European celebrity, and persons of historical interest of all epochs. We got upon the various effects of time, on people who were never young, and people who can never be old. I instanced Lafayette, who is seventy-four, and whom I had met a few nights before, at the Chateau de Drancy, three leagues from Paris, the indulgent chaperon of his lively granddaughters. He put me into my carriage at two in the morning, and I asked him, "Are you not going to Paris?"

He answered, laughing, "I'll follow you soon; and will call on you to-morrow, or rather to-day, as early as I can."

To my surprise, I received a note from him, at ten o'clock, to say he would be with me at two. He came, with his usual punctuality, (after having received a crowd of people,) and remained till four; when he went to a public

dinner given to him by the young Vendeans, now among the most enthusiastic liberals of France.* During the two hours he remained with us, in answer to two or three leading questions, put to him by my husband, he gave us details of the deepest interest, with such clearness and precision, that they might have been printed from his words, as they fell; and this, too, in English, which he speaks by preference with the British and Americans, and which he speaks without a fault, even in accent. At night, we found him at a party at Monsieur de Tracy's, as fresh and as gay as if he had not been up till late in the morning at a ball,—a vigil which had completely worn my young companion and myself, though neither of us are bad rakes.

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* The countrymen of La Roche Jaquelin giving a dinner to Lafayette, is among the most extraordinary changes of modern France. The Vendean liberal party have an annual dinner: so, too, have the Bas Bretons. What a difference between the Bas Bretons of Madame de Sevigné, who mistook the gabelle for a religious ceremony, and the Bas Bretons of 1829!

"That is just like Lafayette," said Ségur: "he is the only person in France whose health and opinions are unchangeable. So, at least, they have been, since I remember him arriving from his paternal home, in Auvergne, to enter college at Paris, some sixty years ago."*

Some one remarked that the men of the south of France were a noble race, full of vitality, energetic and active. What they had done for royalty was well known; and what they had done for liberty was not less. Many of the most eminent chiefs of the revolution were from the south—Lafayette, Mirabeau, Siéyes, Barras, Barrère, and a number of others.

A doubt upon Lafayette's age being started, Ségur observed, "My nephew is just one year

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* In leaving Monsieur de Ségur, I repeated this observation to M. de Tracy, who said, "That is true as to his opinions; but Lafayette was so delicate a child, that it was thought he would never live to be a man." What a chain of all-important consequences, to both the worlds, hung on the frail thread of this sickly child's life!

younger than myself, and one year older than the king, Charles the Tenth, who spoke of him the other day in the handsomest manner. A deputation from the Chambers had waited on the king with some bill; and Lafayette's name coming into question, he said, '*Dans notre jeunesse, nous avous fait des parties ensemble: depuis, j'ai toujours été fort opposé à ses opinions; mais c'est un honnete homme, que le Marquis de Lafayette; et je n'oublierai jamais qu'il a sauvé la vie a Louis XVI.*'"*

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* "In our youth, Lafayette and I were occasionally together. Afterwards I was always strongly opposed to his political opinions; but he is an honest man, and I shall never forget that he saved the life of Louis the Sixteenth."

An equally honourable testimony to the virtues of Lafayette has been offered by one of the ex-privileged class, the Abbé Montgalliard, in his admirable History of France. "Combien citerait-on de ces hommes qui ont traversé la revolution sans dépasser les principes, sans avoir fléchi devant ce qu'on nomme la nécessité des circonstances,—nécessité qui se renouvelle chaque jour pour les lâches, et les ambitieux. On en découvre à peine quattre . . . . Lafayette, La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Lanjuinais, Boissy-

It is a fact, that the Count d'Artois and Lafayette went to the *manège* together; and their youth and gaiety associated them in many parties incidental to the court, in those gay days, in which the young nobility participated in the amusements of the members of the royal family.

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d'Anglas . . . . Il faut ajouter q'aucun de ces quatre personages, ci dessus, n'est reprochable aux yeux de la morale: on ne saurait leur attribuer une injustice préméditée, leur imputer un attentat voluntaire. En vain, des écrivains, qui ne mirent jamais plus d'équité dans leurs allégations, que le parti dont ils étaient les organes ne mit de prudence et de raison dans ces demarches, essayèrent ils de rendre Lafayette odieux, en l'accusant de plusieurs forfaits et de desseins régicides. Jamais ils n' établirent aucune preuve, jamais ils ne présentèrent même des indices vraisemblables, qui pussent le faire soupçonner d'actes criminels. Après la plus scrupuleuse récherche on ne trouve rien à sa charge. Il s'était fait un système de rénovation, qu'il croyait convenir à la France. Les paroles qu'il a prononcées à la tribune des députés, dans les dernièrs jours annoncent qu'il n' a point altéré les idées principales de ce système. Honneur aux quatre qui n'ont jamais menti à leur conscience."—*Montgalliard, Hist. de France,* t. ix. p. 262.

Other anecdotes were told of the good feeling and taste of the "finest gentleman in France:" for there is much less personal bitterness against the Bourbons, among the liberals, than is expressed by the disaffected ultras. The views of the liberal party are turned to institutions, and not to persons,—to measures, and not to men. But the resentments of the emigration are personal. Neither Louis the Eighteenth, nor Charles the Tenth, have wholly realized the hopes of the counter-revolutionary party, who have not recovered their feudal privileges, nor been suffered to plunder the people, to pay them for their desertion of the country: and there is no hostility so rancorous as that which is embittered by personal mortification. The worst enemies the Bourbons ever had, (from the League and the Fronde, to the revolution,) were the Nobles and the Jesuits; and Henry the Fourth was not the only victim of the intrigues of both: nor will Louis the Sixteenth probably be the last.—And now for our other dinner.

" Enfin, Manette, voilà ce que c' était que Madame de Sevigné et Vatel. Ce sont ces gens là, qui ont honoré le siècle de Louis XIV." *—Vatel, Vaudeville.

How strange that the names of Madame de Sévigne and Vatel, (*chef de cuisine* to the grand Condé,) should go down to posterity inseparably connected! How strange that their names should, in popular partiality, survive those of the most illustrious of their contemporaries! The death of Turenne and that of Vatel, in the same year, have had the same charming chronicler, which has rendered both events dramatic and historical.

It was after reading the learned work of Mons. de Carème, *chef de cuisine* of the Baron de Rothschild, in the morning, and eating a dinner of his confection in the evening, that I naturally observed, " Here is another Vatel worthy of another Mad. de Sevigné; for Carème must some day, like his great predeces-

* In short, Manette, such were Madame de Sevigné and Vatel; these were the persons who did honour to the age of Louis the Fourteenth."

sor, die *au champ d'honneur*. He may not fall upon his own sword, like Vatel, on the non-arrival of the sea-fish, (since fortunately for the *preux* of the kitchen, time and space are now very different things from what they were in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth,) but great mental anxiety, and great bodily fatigue, incidental to the practical philosophy of the kitchen, will extort that penalty, from which genius of higher callings cannot escape. The like causes made the mortal disease of Napoleon, hurried Richelieu to the grave, and armed the hand of more than one modern statesman with that "bare bodkin," which alone can end the host of evils, that an overworked existence renders intolerable.

No writer, no practitioner of the culinary science, has ever entered more deeply into the polemics of the kitchen, than Carème; or brought so much experience or so much deep philosophy to his subject. In his very learned and curious work, "*Le Maitre d'Hotel Français*,"* he observes,

* "Le maitre d'hotel Françaais, où parallèle de la cui-

" Dans le discours préliminaire de mon premier ouvrage, j'ai refuté fortement ces livres ridicules qui font la honte de notre grande cuisine nationale, j'ai prouvé incontestablement, que tous ces livres écrits jusqu'à present, sur notre cuisine, étaient médiocres et pleins d'erreur. J'ai voulu venger la science et je crois avoir réussi. Dans les trois parties que j'ai démontré aux Amphitryons Français et étrangers, j'ai donné une juste idée des difficultés qu'il faut vaincre, pour devenir praticien habile, et j'ai presenté au même tems, un ensemble raisonné de notre grande cuisine, réconnue universelle, oui, universelle; je considère l'ancienne cuisine comme appartenante à la fin du dix huitième siècle; tandis que la moderne prend sa source au commencement de la revolution. Chez l'ancienne noblesse de France, tout se montre avec de la grandeur. Les bouches des maisons royales de

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sine ancienne et moderne consideré sous le rapport de l'ordonnance des menus, selon les quatre saisons par Mons. Carême de Paris, auteur du Patissier Royal, et du Patissier pittoresque; contenant un traité des menus à servir à Paris et St. Petersburg, à Londres et Vienne."

la France, de Condé, d'Orleans, et de Soubise étaient renommées par la bonne chères que l'on y faisait. Les contrôleurs de ces nobles maisons étaient des hommes d'un véritable mérite, à la fois grands cuisiniers, et grands administrateurs. Les chefs, sous leurs ordres en recevoient d'utiles leçons; et doublement encouragés, par la bien viellance dont les grands seigneurs, les honnoraient, chaque fois la cuisine Française s'accroissait d'un nouvel éclat. Il n'était pas une de ces grandes maisons, qui ne fut grandement montée. Celles, où l'on servait quatre entrées de fondation, avaient un aid-patissier, un aid rotisseur, un garçon de cuisine, et de plus, un on deux apprentis," &c. &c.*

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* "In the preliminary discourse to my first work, I have vigorously refuted those ridiculous books, which are the disgrace of our great national kitchen. I have proved incontestibly, that all those books which have as yet been written on our kitchen, are mediocre, and full of errors. I desired to vindicate the science, and I believe that I have succeeded. In the three parts which I have already offered to the amphitryons of France and of Europe, I have given a just idea of the difficulties which a practitioner must van-

Monsieur Carème thus enters into the causes of the splendour of the ancient kitchen, in a spirit of philosophical inquiry, which equally illustrates his moral courage and deep erudition; and, bringing down his sketch to the end of the eighteenth century, he opens with the great event, which hurled into one com-

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quish, in order to become expert; and I have at the same time presented a well-ordered view of our entire kitchen, which is acknowledged universal---yes, universal!

"I consider the ancient kitchen as belonging to the latter end of the eighteenth century; while the modern dates only from the revolution. In the houses of the old noblesse, every thing appeared with grandeur. The royal establishments of France, those of Condé, Orleans, and Soubise, were famous for their good cheer; their controllers were men of true talent, and were at once excellent cooks and good administrators. The cooks who worked under their orders received useful lessons from them; and, encouraged by the kindness of their noble masters, French cookery continually received new splendour. There was not one of these houses that was not mounted on a large scale. Those in which four complete courses were served, had an assistant pastry-cook, an assistant roaster, a kitchen boy, and one or two apprentices," &c. &c.

mon ruin, crowns and casseroles, cooks and kings, when the majesty of the throne was no longer to be found where, said the Duc de ——, it is best seated, in the kitchen. "*La revolution arriva,*" he continues; "the nobles emigrated, and their faithful cooks followed their fortunes, or were dispersed." One house alone preserved the sacred fire of the French kitchen; and "*les Frères Robert*" (how preferable to the frères Ignorautins, since re-established!) founded, in 1789, that *Restaurant* which contributed more to the revival of the science than all that has since been done, even by the restoration. The art of cookery, however, profited largely by the violent shock given to all the old institutions of France, and to the wisdom of our ancestors, in and out of the kitchen. The liberty of the "*office,*" got the start of the liberty of the press; and contemning all censorship, risked innovations which no other science ventured to try. *Pièces de resistance* came in with the national convention, potatoes were dressed *au naturel* in the reign of terror; and it was under the direc-

tory, (says Carème) that tea-drinking commenced in France. A congress of foreign dukes were said to have met at the table of forty-eight *entrées* of Talleyrand, under the consulate; and the *ministère des relations interreures de la cuisine* was the house of Cambaceres, which still remained, through all the chances and changes of the times, the first dining-house in France, after that in which Monsieur Carème is himself *premier*.

Nothing of the works, nothing of the story of Carème, was unknown to me. I was aware that he was the descendant of that famous French *chef* of the infallible kitchen of the Vatican, who, under Leo the Tenth, received his brevet of immortality (it is well it was not his canonization) for a *soupe maigre*, which he invented for his holiness, during a black Lent, and from which he derived his name of *Jean de Carème*, or Jack of the Lent. I knew also, that, born to the splendid inheritance of the family organization, Carème had, at an early age, exhibited the genius of his great ancestor, which broke forth in a *sauce piquante*, still

bearing his name, and peculiarly applicable to fast dinners. After he had made his probation under one of the most celebrated *rotisseurs* of his time, he became the *élève* of the renowned Monsieur Richaut, "*fameux saucier de la maison de Condè*," with whom, to use his own words, he studied *le travail des sauces.* When perfected in this high branch of his art, he passed into the classes of Monsieur Asne, where he mastered "*les belles partis des froids*,"* the least known, perhaps, and the most exquisite of the results of scientific gastronomy. He is said, likewise, to have finished with *l' élégance moderne* in the *office* of the Bourbon Elysée, under Robert L'ainé.

The disciple of so many masters had scarcely received his diploma, and taken the professor's chair, when his reputation became European. The admirable Creighton of the kitchen was sought by all the sovereigns of the continent; and, like Titian, he refused some royal, and some imperial invitations, to preside in fo-

* "The finer department of cold services."

reign lands, over the art in which he excelled in his own. He declined, among other offers, those of the Emperor of Russia; and though repeated solicitations induced him to undertake the administration of the table of George the Fourth of England, (then Regent,) he remained but eight months in his service. It has been said that Carème gave as an excuse for this short residence at Carlton House, that it was a *ménage bourgeois.* This, however, was an epigram made for him; and he has explained, in his own works, the motives of his return to France, which were purely patriotic and national. *Mon ame tout Français* (he says) *ne peut vivre qu'en France.*"*

It was his peculiar good fortune to find in France a service which reconciled his interests with his patriotism, and which retained him in the only spot dear to his affections, and worthy of his genius. He became the *chef* of Mon-

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* "My truly French spirit could not be contented to live out of France."

sieur le Baron Rothschild, at a salary beyond what any sovereign in Europe might be able to pay, even though assisted by Monsieur Rothschild; without whose aid so many sovereigns would scarcely have been able to keep cooks at all.

We happened to have with us two noted Amphitryons, (English and French,) when a dinner invitation from Monsieur et Madame de Rothschild was brought in by the servant. "*Quel bonheur*," exclaimed my French friend, as I read aloud. "You are going to dine at the first table in France;—in Europe! You are going to judge, from your own personal experience, of the genius of Carème."

"In England," said my British Apicius, "I remember immense prices being given for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table."

Anecdotes beyond number were then given of the pomps and vanities of the life of Carème; the number of the aids attached to his staff; his box at the opera, and other proofs of sumptuosity and taste, which, whether true or

false, were very amusing; and increased my desire to make the acquaintance, through his "*œuvres complettes*," of a man who was at the head of his class.*

It was on a lovely July evening, that we set forth by the *Champs Elysées*, on our dinner visit to the *chateau de Boulogne*, the beautiful villa of Monsieur de Rothschild; and from the moment when the gates of the domain were thrown open for our admission, we found ourselves enclosed within a paradise, to which no one enjoyment, incidental to the first Eden, seemed wanting. Flowers of all regions, fruits of all climes, tropical birds, English verdure, French sunshine, living waters, sparkling on marble basins, and fresh

> "As the dews which deck the morning flowers,
> Or rain-drops twinkling in the sun-bright showers;"

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* Talking, since my return to Ireland, with a brother of that order of which Carème is the head, he assured me that Carème was a person of the simplest habits: "in short," he said, "to see him in private life, you would never suppose him to be the extraordinary and celebrated person of whom we hear so much."

delicious music self-played, with ready, not obtrusive services noiselessly performed, were the preludes to admission into that salon, where we found the lady of the enchanted palace (not as my heated imagination expected, another Armida, but) in all the simple, honest charm of motherhood, surrounded by her lovely children.

A large society of distinguished persons of all nations, induced a very desultory and amusing conversation, during that *mauvais quarte d'heur* (generally so dull)which precedes the dinner. A few of the finest productions of the ancient and modern Flemish school adorned the apartments. The most superb toys that ever filled a round table, and scarce editions and ornamental works, occupied those who were indisposed to join in discussions carried on in all languages. Still, while talking to Gerard, and expecting Rossini,—the immortal Carème was not the less uppermost in my mind. Gerard was my old friend, Rossini my old acquaintance: but I was already acquainted with

their works. They could not give me another sensation, like that I had experienced, when I first saw the picture of the entry of Henry the Fourth into Paris, or heard the *pregiera* in the Mosé at Naples. But of the works of Carème I had yet no experience. I had yet to judge (in his own words) of those ameliorations in his art, produced by the "intellectual faculties of a renowned practitioner." I did not hear the announce of "*Madame est servie*" without emotion. We proceeded to the dining-room, not, as in England, by the printed orders of the red book, but by the law of the courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favour of the greatest strangers.

The evening was extremely sultry; and in spite of Venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat. But on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart from the house, in the midst of orange

trees. It was an elegant oblong pavilion, of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that "shot in air through scintillating streams;" and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervour of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset; no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes. Porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals, by its beauty and its fragility—every plate a picture—consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had "consulted the genius of the place in all."

To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served, would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it. Its character, however, was, that it was in season, that it was up to its time, that it was in the spirit of the age, that there was no *perruque* in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish; no high-spiced

sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking, of the good old times, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in "silver dews," with chemical precision,

"On tepid clouds of rising steam,"

formed the *fond* of all. Every meat presented its own natural aroma; every vegetable its own shade of verdure. The *mayonese* was fried in ice, (like Ninon's description of Sevigné's heart,) and the tempered chill of the *plombière* (which held the place of the eternal *fondu* and *soufflets* of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense, and dissipated every coarser flavour.

With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to

cooks, as to actors, the wreath of Pasta or Sontag, (divine as *they* are,) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carème, for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization! On good cookery, depends good health; on good health, depends the permanence of a good organization; and on these, the whole excellence in the structure of human society. Cruelty, violence, and barbarism, were the characteristics of the men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-dressed oxen. Humanity, knowledge, and refinement belong to the living generation, whose tastes and temperance are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carème, and such amphitryons as his employers.

As I was seated next to Monsieur Rothschild, I took occasion to insinuate, after the soup, (for who would utter a word before?) that I was not wholly unworthy of a place at a table served by Carème; that I was already acquainted with the merits of the man who had first declared against "*la cuisine epicée et aromatisée*;" and that

though I had been accused of a tendency towards the *bonnet rouge*, my true vocation was the *bonnet blanc*. I had, I said, long *gouté les ouvrages de Monsieur Carème* theoretically; and that now a practical acquaintance with them, filled me with a still higher admiration for his unrivalled talents.

"*Eh! bien*," said Monsieur Rothschild, laughing, "he, on his side, has also relished your works; and here is a proof of it."

I really blush, like Sterne's accusing spirit, as I give in the fact: but he pointed to a column of the most ingenious confectionary architecture, on which my name was inscribed in spun sugar. *My* name written in sugar! Ye Quarterlies and Blackwoods, and *tu Brute*, false and faithless Westminster!—ye who have never traced my proscribed name but in gall,—think of "Lady Morgan" in sugar; and that, too, at a table surrounded by some of the great supporters of the holy alliance!—*je n'en revenais pas!*

All I could do, under my triumphant emotion, I did. I begged to be introduced to the celebrated and flattering artist, and promised,

should I ever again trouble the public with my idleness, to devote a tributary page to his genius, and to my sense of his merits, literary and culinary. Carème was sent for after coffee, and was presented to me, in the vestibule of the chateau, by his master. He was a well-bred gentleman, perfectly free from pedantry, and, when we had mutually complimented each other on our respective works, he bowed himself out, and got into his carriage, which was waiting to take him to Paris.

Shortly afterwards, *I* got into mine; and drove to Autuil,* to a *soirée* at Gerard's delicious champagne, where, seated in a corner of the drawing-room, while that delightful amateur, *Barberi,* was singing a *duo* with the fair little companion of all my enjoyments, I meditated on the superiority of Paris over all the cities of

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* An illuminated village fête, with the sober, but picturesque amusements of its frequenters, and a moonlight drive through the lovely Bois de Boulogne, afforded two exquisite additions to the pleasures of this most varied and amusing day.

the world; where, in the same evening, one dines with the most sumptuous entertainer of his age, on a dinner dressed by Carème, and finishes the night in listening to delicious music, played by Rossini, in the house of Gerard; the identical site where Boileau entertained Molière, and Racine listened to the strains of Rameau and Lulli!

There was, in all this, charming impressions to form the subject for a page in the "book of my boudoir, "*Rue de Rivoli;*" and for accomplishing my promise to Monsieur de Carème, *chef-de-cuisine* to one of the wealthiest subjects in Europe, and (as far as my observation went) one of the most tasteful: so I give it written, *à trait de plume*, and I call on the testimony of the guests of that enjoyable day,* in favour of the fidelity of the details, should they ever be disputed by "Weeklies," Monthlies," "Quarterlies," or "*Lettres addressées à Miladi Morgan.*"

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* Among whom was the gallant Admiral de Rigny.

SOIRÉE AT THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS DE SALM'S.*

At a *soirée* at the Princess of Salm's, things pleasant, good, and curious, were saying on all sides. We got to talk of the romanticists, a

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* " Un mot de la douce hospitalité que j'ai reçue sur les bords du Rhin à *Salm Dick* dans un pays que l'on a ravi à la France, qu'il touche, pour le donner à la Prusse qui en est si eloignée. Le Prince de Salm et son illustre épouse ont placès leur bonheur dans la simplicité de leurs goûts, dans ces jouissances paisibles que procure une douce philosophie, presque toujours le partage des savants, et des gens de lettres. M. de Salm réunit à des talents dans plus d'un genre, de vastes connaissances en botanique : ses serres sont vraiment remarquables. Quante à Madame la Princesse de Salm

never-failing subject in the literary circles of Paris. "A chapter of incoherencies might be written," said the clever little Mademoiselle de S—bry,* "on the literary and political doctrines of the extreme romanticists. They crowd to the *petits spectacles*, to see represented the horrors of the plague, of a massacre, or an execution; yet they are perpetually lamenting over the miseries of human nature, and crying out against the legal murders committed by the tribunals."

As I never join in any philippic, even against the exaggeration of my friends and children, the romanticists, I turned, by way of distrac-

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tout le monde connait ses poésies, dans lequelles on est toujours sur de rencontrer la raison, et la philosophie, embellies de tous les charmes du style."—*Voyage dans les Pay's bas, &c. &c. &c. par M. Alexandre Duval, Membre de l'Institut* (*Acadamie Française.*)

* The best translator that I know in France, of English literature, and one to whom the author of "The Philosophy of Life" stands deeply indebted for her faithful version, which has assisted so largely to obtain for that work a favourable reception on the continent.

tion, to a young disciple of *Cousin*, and asked him, "What is the principle of your master's philosophy?"

He replied, that "the last age was the age of destruction; the present is occupied in re-construction."

I answered, "that I had seen his principle pleasantly and materially illustrated to-day, at the Louvre. In one of the great *salons*, I saw a fine old ceiling of Henry the Fourth, which had been torn down in the fury of the revolution, and had lain ever since on the ground, among heaps of historical rubbish. To-day, it was putting up again, over the simply painted ceiling of modern structure."

"Yes," he said, "but we must not re-construct with old materials: that is by no means a part of our philosophy."

"Yours, however, are not new. Is it not from the old fragments of Plato, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, that you are re-constructing your *plafond philosophique?*"

My interlocutor was about to reply, when somebody brought up an elderly gentleman,

who was presented to me as Monsieur le Baron de Prony, Inspector-General of the *Ponts de Chaussées*, whose clever notice of Jean-Rodolphe Perronet* we had listened to with great pleasure at a public sitting of the Institut, some days before. Monsieur de Prony is one of the most learned men of France, in his own department, and at the same time the least pedantic. I told him that I had heard his notice at the Academy read, with as much pleasure as my ignorance of all scientific subjects would admit; and he had the gallantry to reply, that "he was glad to have paid me a part of the debt he had long owed

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* "Notice Historique sur Jean-Rodolphe Perronet, premier ingénieur du corps royal des Ponts et Chaussées de France, et Directeur de l'Ecole de ce Corps, &c. &c. Par Monsieur le Baron de Prony, Chevalier de l'Ordre du Roi, officer de l'Ordre Royal de la Légion d'Honneur, Membre de l'Institut Royal de France (Académie des Sciences), de la Societé Royale de Londres, &c. Inspecteur-Général de corps royal des Ponts et Chaussée's, et Directeur de l'Ecole de ce Corps. A Paris: De l'imprimerie de Fumire Didot, 1829.

me; for that he had read my account of a sitting of the Institut, in my work on France in 1816, with a pleasure which was still fresh in his memory.* Since then, (he added,) how many excellent, how many celebrated men we have lost! Denon, Choiseul-Gouffier, Suard, Morellet, La Place, Lángles; and other links between the past and the present centuries."

"You have, however, many such still remaining," I observed; "De Tracy, Ségur, Cuvier, are great names."

Monsieur de Prony did us the honour to ask our address: we inquired for his; and he replied, "Hotel de Carnavalet au Marais."

"You lodge then, with Madame de Sevigné?"

"Yes, madam, in her very house."

"*Bonheur suprème,*" I muttered; and resolved to avail myself of the French etiquette, which obliges the stranger to pay the first visit,

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* This "he was be-Roscius'd, and you were bepraised," sort of intercourse is a mighty agreeable kind of thing.—It is inevitable in the itinerary of travelling writers.

and not to lose another day without visiting the shrine of my too-long-delayed, and often projected pilgrimage to *nôtre dame des Rochers.*

We were now joined by David, the son of the great painter,—by the ex-Madame Talma,* —by my Protestant Pope,—by Monsieur Jullien de Paris, &c. There is something very delightful, and very characteristic in the society of the Princess de Salm. It recalls all that one has read and heard of the literary coteries of Paris, before the revolution. Every one comes labelled for something—a work, a talent, a gift, or a celebrity.

It is a long journey from " the capital of Paris," (the *quartier du Louvre,)* to the fine old gloomy, but magnificent hotel in the Faubourg Poissonière, for which the Prince and Princess had exchanged their feudal castle on the Rhine; where, as the latter

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* So esteemed and praised by Madame de Staël, in her letters addressed to Talma. This lady is now the wife of a military officer of rank.

observed, in pressing her invitation to us, to visit it, "there are materials for romance writing, as much as you desire."* It is impossible to light the vast and lofty *salons* of these old hotels, to the brilliancy of the casinos in the Chaussée d' Antin. Still they are admirable; and their fine *Rococo* tracery, and gilt cornices, with their ponderous ornaments of the reign of Louis the Four-

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* Paul Courier, in a letter to the Princess de Salm, thus alludes to this castle :—

"J'ai depuis long-temps, Madame, votre château dans la tête, mais d'une construction toute romanesque. Il serait plaisant, qu'il n y eût à ce château, ni tournelles, ni donjon, ni pont levis, et que ce fût un maison comme aux environs de Paris. J'en serais fort déconcerté, car je veux absolument que vous soyez logée comme la Princesse de Clèves, ou la dame des Belles Cousines, et je tiens à cette fantasie. Sur vos environs, je crains moins d' être démenti par le fait je vois vos prairies, vos bois, votre Rhin, votre Roër, qui ne se fâcheront pas si je les compare au Tibre et a l' Anio, a moins qu'ils ne soient fiers de couler à vos pieds. Mais, en bonne foi, rien ne peut se comparer a ce pays-ci où partout les grands souvenirs se joignent aux beautés naturelles."—*Lettre écrite de Tivoli*, 1810.

teenth, give them an air of the times, which it is always so much more amusing than edifying to call to mind. Such apartments are particularly suited to such circles as the talents and literary celebrity of Madame de Salm collect about her. For people do not go to waltz and gallope in the *salon* of a female philosopher, though she be still a fine woman and an ex-beauty.

This lady has long been known in the literary world as the author of "*Pensées*,"* "*Poësies Diverses*," "*Sappho*" a lyric tragedy, "*Vingt quatre heurs d'une femme sensible*," and other works distinguished for their grace of style, and originality of thinking. The very idea of a female philosopher was once formidable; but these generic terms are fast passing away; and there is nothing either fearful or ludicrous in a woman thinking, and feeling, and telling what she thinks and feels with grace and spirit. The Princess de Salm has

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* This little volume is a breviary of feminine feeling and acute observation.

made her own excuse for the supposed presumption of her philosophy in an *avant-propos* to her epistle on philosophy.*

With respect to what is generally called poetry, having very early in life left my P.P.C. with the Muses, and never having since renewed my acquaintance with those antiquated ladies, I am but an indifferent judge, and am, I allow, a prejudiced one, on all French poetry, from the "*Henriade*" to the "*Orientales;*" still there is something in the careless gaiety of the following lines (in the poetical works of Mad. de Salm) which pleases me; and I here transcribe it.

BOUTADE.

Qu'une femme auteur est à plaindre!
Au diable soit le sot metier;

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* "Quoique son titre puisse faire présumer, on ne doit pas s'attendre à y trouver des discussions que l'on appelle *philosophiques*. Je n'ai voulu y considérer la *philosophie* que sous un seul de ses rapports; sous celui de cette indulgence réciproque si nécessaire à la paix et au bonheur de la vie, et j'ai évité autant qu'il m'a été possible tout ce que m'a paru ne pas atténdre directement à ce but."

Qu'elle se fasse aimer, ou craindre,
Chacun veut la déprécier.
Est-elle simple et solitaire ?
On crie à *l'affectation.*
Veut-elle un instant se distraire ?
" *Elle veut se montrer,*" dit-on :
Tout ce qu'elle ose se permettre,
En mal on sait l'interpreter.
Elle ne peut parler, chanter,
Sourire, sans se compromettre ;
Son silence blesse les sots,
Ses propos ne les touchent guere ;
Elle doit parler par bons mots,
Ou ne rien dire, avec mystère.
Comme un animal curieux
Tantôt chacun la considère,
Tantôt une bégueule altière,
Lui jette un regard dédaigneux :
Un raisonneur, qui chez lui brille,
L'accable de ses lourds propos,
Et la renvoie à son aguille,
Après quinze ans d'heureux travaux.
Une mégère la provoque,
Et lui fait, d'un ton radouci,
Tout haut un éloge équivoque,
Tout bas, un affront réfléchi.
Un piètre auteur entre chez elle,
Malgré son ordre trés-exprès,

Pour aller partout dire après,
" *Je viens de chez madame telle ;*
Nous avons (*je le dis tout bas*)
Parlé de sa pièce nouvelle,
Et mes conseils n'y nuiront pas."
Un poëte blame sa prose,
Un prosateur blame ses vers ;
On lui suppose cent travers,
On imprime ce qu'on suppose ;
Sur elle, on ment, on rit, on glose,
Aux yeux trompés de l'univers.
Joignez à ces tourmens divers,
Les gentillesses de la chose ;
Chansons, epigramme, pamphlet,
Menus propos des bon apôtres,
Et vous connaîtrez ce que c'est
Que d'être un peu moins sot que d'autres.
Au diable soit le sot metier !
Oui, j'y renonce pour la vie :
Fuyez encre, plumes, papier,
Amour des vers, rage, ou folie.
Mais non, revenez m'aveugler,
Bravez ces clameurs indiscrètes,
Ah ! vous savez me consoler,
De tous les maux que vous me faites."

Of these lines, the following free transla-

tion may give the English reader a faint idea.

TRANSLATION.

Hard is her lot who's doom'd by Heaven, in spite,
To wear a petticoat, yet dares to write;
Who leaves the quiet of domestic life,
And in the noted author sinks the wife!
Sick of a trade replete with every evil,
I cut, and give it to the (printer's) devil.
The female scribbler, let her praise or blame,
Of friends and foes alike is made the game.
If she retire, and shun the public eye,
"'Tis affectation!" is the general cry.
If in the throng she mix, she's still run down—
"She's never easy but before the town."
Sing, dance, or talk, she's equally committed;
She's scarce to call her soul her own permitted.
Her words drop lifeless, or misunderstood;
Her silence is a proud contemptuous mood.
She's public property, condemn'd to please,
And shocks her hearers, if she talk with ease.
Mounted on stilts, she's ever on the stage,
Her conversation a mere printed page.
An epigram at every turn's expected;
Or if she's grave, some mystery's suspected.

Now, like a strange outlandish beast pursued;
Now, with disdain by haughty bigots viewed;
By reverend blockheads greeted with a sneer,
(Who female wits above all monsters fear;)
And with a frown might grace a parish beadle,
Is told, "The fool had better mind her needle;"
While rivals loudly praise, in equivoque,
And *friendship* whispers low her pungent joke.
In vain her head at home she seeks to hide;
In vain to all the world she is denied;
Intruding coxcombs force the porter's pass---
The would-be author, the pedantic ass---
Who boast th' acquaintance, and to all declare,
In the best works she writes, how large their share;
"Their's is the jest, and their's the lucky hit:
That chapter they dictated every bit."
Then, they who never turn'd a line, must blame
Her verse, and swear the halting measure's lame;
While every wretched poetaster shows
His wit, in gibing at her feeble prose.
A thousand errors they imagine in't,
And all that they imagine, "faith, they print."
If their crude judgment no defect supplies,
They boldly eke the matter out with lies;
While the gull'd town the ready lie receive,
And all they see in black and white believe;
Squibs, pamphlets, epigrams, and puns assail,
And bitter malice points the slanderous tale.

Such is the sad reward of all *her* labours,
Who dares appear less foolish than her neighbours.
Then farewell, ink and paper: to the Muse
Here let me offer up my last adieus.
No more 'gainst ease and happiness I'll sin,
But keep each anxious thought that springs, within.
Yet, no:—whate'er betide, I scorn to yield;
"Come what, come may," the unwearied pen I'll wield;
And though of female authorship I'm sick,
And wish the idle business at old Nick,
Yet shall the Muses blind me to the fate
Which on my wretched calling still must wait;
Their blandishments the ills they cause repay;
So, critics, fools, and twaddlers, take your way.

MODERN HISTORIES.

"History," says an acute and ingenious Italian philosopher, "is a branch of human knowledge which daily increases without ever improving. Divested of method, without any certain principles, it produces no general truths applicable to the bettering of the social condition."* Mr. Godwin, in his last clever novel, has advanced a proposition still

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* "Si può considerare quindi la storia come quella parte dell' umano sàpere, la quale progredisce sempre, e non si migliora mai. . . . . E infine un ammasso di notizie, e non d' idee et di verità; incapace di procedere per metodi

more apparently paradoxical—that human nature is better studied in fictitious than in real narrative. If, however, the blind credulity and superstition, the want of sound criticism, the ignorance, the carelessness, and the wilful misrepresentation, to which historians, in common with the rest of mankind, are liable, be taken into account, it will scarcely be too much to say, that history and romance—the credited truth and the credited probable—stand pretty nearly in the same relation to certitude.

To the ordinary sources of historic doubt, the Machiavelism of statesmen has added the institution of historiographers, bribed and pensioned for distorting fact, and giving to their narratives the colour which best suited the political views of their masters and employers. Even Mezerai, who is considered

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sicuri come le scienze; senza principj di certezza, e senza poter aspirare alla demonstrazione delle verità generali, applicabili al sociale miglioramento."—*Delfico Pensieri sulla Storia.*

as the most impartial historian of modern times, offered Colbert to pass a sponge over whatever might displease that minister, in his History of France.* Richelieu was the first great corruptor of literary probity; and his system was ably followed by Mazarin and his successors. In the semi-civilized ages which preceded him, the chroniclers at least wrote according to the dictates of their judgment, such as it was; and they

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* In a letter to Colbert, who was dissatisfied with the first edition of Mezerai's book, are the following passages: —" Ce que m'a dit Mons. Perrault de votre part, a été un terrible coup de fondre, qui m'a rendu tout a fait immobile, et qui m'a ôté tout sentiment hormis celui d'une extrême douleur de vous avoir déplu. . . . . Je ne prétends point, Monsigneur, justifier mes manquemens (*his ungracious truths*) autrement qu'en les réparant, et en justifiant mes intentions par une prompte et sincère obéissance. . . . . C'est dans cette disposition, Monseigneur, que j'ai prié Mons. Perrault, de vous assurer, que je suis prêt à passer l'éponge sur tous les endroits, que vous jugerez dignes de censure dans mon livre," &c. &c.—*Dulaure Environs de Paris, tom. prem. p.* 18.

never dreamed of altering facts, which neither struck them as barbarous, nor shocked them as criminal. In the general relaxation of morals, and absence of principles, of those times, the writers were naked, but not ashamed; and the *naïveté* with which they related the most atrocious traits and proofs of ignorance in admired heroes and venerated sovereigns, is ill supplied by the polished style and alembicated reasonings of more modern historians. Voltaire himself, who was so deeply sensible of the degraded state of history, that he is eternally repeating his *banal* phrase of, "*C'est ainsi que l'histoire est écrite,*" wrote his Age of Louis the Fourteenth to flatter the nation, and to conciliate the good will of the court.* Even in those of his his-

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* Another motive has been attributed to the exaggerated praise which Voltaire had bestowed on the reign of Louis the Fourteenth—a desire, namely, to mortify his feeble successor, Louis the Fifteenth. But the writer was too anxious to return to Paris; and, above all, to fortify himself against the enmity of the clergy, to quarrel, *de gaité de cœur,* with

torical productions, which were written without this corrupt motive, he seems to have been little anxious about his specific facts; and to have been more intent upon building a philosophic system of society, than on narrating the truth in all its pureness and integrity. Raynal's "History of the Indies" labours under the same fault; and an opinion has generally prevailed, that the French language, with all its multitude of memoirs, had no work that could properly lay claim to the style and title of a history.

Since the restoration, numerous efforts have been made to supply this deficiency; and no branch of literature has been cultivated with more zeal, or is, in the present day, more justly popular, than historical composition. In looking over a list of historical works, which we have already purchased, or propose to bespeak,

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Louis the Fifteenth, whose mistress he courted and flattered without stint or mercy. In either case, however, the interests of truth were alike sacrificed.

on the recommendation of literary friends, it is curious to observe, that the writers, whether royalists or liberals, are noted for the independence of their conduct, and incorruptible honesty. This is one of the grandest characteristics of the age, and the surest mark of a real progress in civilization. Honesty, after all, is the highest result of the highest order of science; as falseness and finesse are the offspring of ignorance and feebleness. The "*finoterie de Conclave*" of Cardinal de Retz, was the system of all Europe, when men neither understood their own interests, nor possessed the knowledge necessary for giving them effect.

It is in the department of history, that the spirit of romanticism has worked the most actively, and with the most beneficial result. Rejecting the wisdom of their ancestors, the modern historians neither make history a school of rhetoric nor of political cunning; nor do they, after the example of their immediate predecessors, convert it into a philosophical reverie. But the chief trait of their romanticism, is their

contempt for what is called "the gravity of history;" which, in the classic school of writing, leaves it but a catalogue of the crimes of kings. In the hands of the new men, history endeavours to tell the story of the people, as well as of their rulers; and nothing of contemporary manners, however rude or barbarous, is passed over. A popular song, or a street-ballad, will often supply a link, or authenticate a fact, on which the dry annalist can throw no light; and a trivial anecdote, illustrative of popular notions, will often overthrow the most pompous scaffolding of subtle reasoning on the presumed motives of a public event. The influence of the English school of historic novel writing has, perhaps, contributed something to the formation of this new style; which abounds in vivid pictures, and highly-coloured scenes, drawn from the abundant sources of contemporary memoir. The images thus presented are at once more veracious, and more striking, than the arid generalities, in which the writers of classical history for the most part rejoice; and while they render

a perusal more attractive and facile, they give much more positive and defined notions of the past generations, whose deeds it is their business to display.

What honest names, what delightful works are to be found in the list of modern French historians!* Among them the following are conspicuous for talent and fidelity:—

Mignet—A new edition of his admirable History of the French Revolution.

Thierry—A learned and impartial history of his native country.

Thiers—History of the Revolution; a work marked by impartiality and ability.

Gautier d'Arc—History of the Conquests of the Normans.

Bignon—History of France, from the 18 Brumaire 1799, to the Treaty of Tilsit.†

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* In the lists of historical works given me, were included some that had not yet appeared, but that were expected in the course of the season.

† Four volumes of this work have already appeared. Monsieur Bignon was minister plenipotentiary at Warsaw;

Monteil—History of the different States of France in the last five ages.

Dulaure—History, Physical, Civil, and Moral, of Paris. Ditto of the Environs of Paris.

Norvins (Gen.)—History of Napoleon.

Montlosier—On the Revolution, Consulate, Empire, and Restoration.

Capefigue—History of Philip-Augustus.

Barrante—History of the Dukes of Burgundy.

Toulotte and Riva—History of the Barbarism and Laws of the Middle Age.

Guizot—Memoirs concerning the History of France, from the Foundation of the Monarchy to the Third Century, &c. &c.

Le Comte de Ségur—is publishing successive volumes of a History of France, with which he is hastening to a conclusion.

Pigault le Brun—is likewise engaged in a similar work.

Abbé de Montgaillard—Histoire de France depuis la fin du Régne de Louis XVI. jusqu' a

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and was said by the Emperor to be the only man capable of giving the history of his diplomacy.

l'année 1825. A fourth edition of this able and impartial work has been already published, although it runs to nine volumes.

"L'Histoire de la Chute de l'Empire Grec." By the author of the "Duc de Guise à Naples," has just made its appearance.

In addition to these, and other original works of history, the French press teems with new editions of ancient memoirs, personal and historic;* besides an infinity of publications of the memoirs of the leading personages who have figured in the revolution. So general, indeed, is the rage for works of this description, that books of a spurious or doubtful authenti-

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* See *Memoires sur Radul de Coucy,* by La Borde. *L'Histoire du Chatelain de Coucy et de la Dame Fayel,"* published from the manuscript in the king's library; and "*mise en Français,*" by Arabert the printer, and an endless catalogue of similar, curious, and delightful works. These literary *fouilles* of the middle ages are well worth those of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and bear much more upon our own times and institutions.

city are daily appearing, and are read with an avidity that but too well repays the mercenary speculation.

In this multiplicity of writers, a rigid uniformity of style or method cannot be expected; nor are the general characteristics of the modern school equally applicable to all. Barrente is of the historico-descriptive cast: he is read with all the deserving eagerness which is brought to a new romance. Guizot is said to be the chief of the *école rationelle*, which strives to extract a principle or a moral from its narrations, and takes Robertson for its model. Capefigue adopts the manner of both, and is a middle term between the two. Between the descriptive and the natural schools controversy runs high; but such controversies lead to no good result. Every historian must write as he can, and follow the bent of his own peculiar mind. In this, as in other departments of literature, all styles are good, except the tiresome. Mignet, Thierry, Thiers, have each given to their own system the force of their fresh and vigorous talents, without

burthening their pages by the reiteration of their own peculiar doctrines; while Cagefigue is distinguished by that local colouring and that *vraisemblance*, which carry with them such deep conviction.

This *nisus*, (if I may be allowed the phrase) towards history, is but a natural consequence of the great discussion of political principles, incidental to the existing war of castes and principles, which arose out of a restoration, that has restored little or nothing, and has left the nation and the aristocrats to settle with each other as they may. Still, however, it indicates a growing solidity in the national character; and it is among the most striking and important changes of modern times. It is a sure guarantee of the earnestness with which the nation is pursuing the acknowledgment of their political rights; and a pledge that they deserve, and will therefore obtain, a better form of government, than that under which they now linger.

There are doubtless numerous publications of a more trifling and ephemeral character, to

meet the wants of a public so varied as that of Paris. But the great majority of the productions of the Parisian press are marked by a seriousness, which looks only to practical utility. Works of disgraceful bigotry and narrow sectarian religion are few, and of a very limited sale;* and the illumination of the nineteenth

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* It is not that efforts are not daily making to replunge the French population into bigotry; but that they are made with so little judgment or knowledge of the feelings of the public, that their circulation is merely co-extensive with their gratuitous distribution. How is it possible that such a work as is criticised in the following passage, could take with any one above the intellectual calibre of an ideot?

"Quoi qu'il en soit, il nous est tombé entre les mains un petit journal obscur qui peut donner lieu à de singuliers rapprochemens: il est intitulé: *Chronique édifiante ouvrage utile aux personnes pieuses qui veulent avancer dans la perfection.* Les auteurs, sous le prétexte de défendre la religion, que l'on n'attaque point, l'outragent en effet de la manière la plus monstrueuse, insultent, en outre, à tout ce qu'il y a de plus sacré. Il est dit, dans la *Chronique èdifiante,* que la mort de M. de la Chalotais, fils du célèbre procureur-général, sur l'échafaud révolutionnaire, est l'œuvre directe de Jésus-Christ qui frappe les pères dans leurs enfans, et dont la colère s'étend sur toute une généra-

century is rarely insulted with insane illustrations of the Apocalypse, and virulent denunciations of divine wrath, such as daily figure in the literary advertisements of the London Journals. Neither does there exist in Paris a public requiring a daily supply of personal scandal, and of frippery delineations of fashionable vices, and modish inanity. The fashionable novel fell, in France, with the Crebillons and the Duclos; and if there are still a few individuals who occupy their leisure in pursuits as trifling, or as criminal, as those which

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tion. Il y est dit encore que le fils de Buffon a justement expié par le même supplice *l'athéisme* de son père, auteur de *l'Epoques de la nature?* L'auteur ose insinuer que c'est en punition de sa présence à l'Opéra, qu'un prince de la famille des Bourbons a été assassiné, enfin, on lit, dans la *Chronique édifiante,* cette phrase, qu'aucune épithète ne peut qualifier, parce qu'elle réunit tous les genres d'insulte et de profanation: "Marat serait-il donc encore au Panthéon?.....Non; mais malgré les règles de la sainte église, qui défendent de rien placer de profane dans les églises, on aperçoit dans celle de Sainte-Géneviève Louis XVIII. tenant à la main.... quoi? l'Evangile?.... non. La charte!..." —*French Paper.*

dissipated the *ennui* of the noblesse of Louis the Fourteenth's day, there are none so debased and degraded as to find amusement in their literary repetition. In England, this class of novel-writing was commenced for the purposes of a just and legitimate satire: but a spirit of toadyism and trifling finds account in its delineations; and the mercantile activity of publishers has overflowed the market with imitations and *réchauffées*, which have no object but the gratification of a vitiated taste.

LA CLASSE INDUSTRIELLE.

VISIT TO ST. OUEN.

One of the greatest losses which France has sustained, since we last visited it, has been the death of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt. No plebeian pride, no democratic prejudice, no principle of equality, can guard the imagination from the magic of such a name, coming as it does on the memory, with all its splendid associations "thick about it,"—wit, worth, valour, the dreams of chivalry, the facts of history, and the evidence of contemporary merit. Still a name is but a name; there are de la Rochefoucaulds, and de la Roche-

foucaulds. There was the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who refused for his wife the place of *dame d' honneur* to the queen of France,* an honour of which the nobility of France were then so emulous; and there was a Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld, to whom the loss of the *cordon blue* was a source of the deepest affliction. It was of the late duke, that Horace Walpole said, " there is a man who will never put up with the society of fools;" and it was the present Vicomte who said of himself, when Louis the Eighteenth compared his eloquence to that of Demosthenes, " Sire, if I do not equal Demosthenes in eloquence, I surpass him in his devotion to his king."

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* In a letter to his daughter-in-law, he thus explains his conduct on this occasion: " Une femme n'a aucune ambition personelle à satisfaire; elle ne put donc y être (à la cour) que dans une sorte d'état de domesticité qui la rend purement passive,—état dont elle ne peut pas sortir, que par l' intrigue. Notre famille a toujours eu un égal éloignement, et pour l' état de domesticité, et pour celui d' intrigue. Tels sont les principes de notre famille; je les ai sucé avec le lait, je les approuve, je les partage."

It is impossible to take into consideration the new and influential class which has recently sprung up in French society, without a reference to one, who, to a certain extent, may be considered as its founder; and it is curious to observe that this founder should have arisen from a class, which has been almost uniformly inimical to the rights and happiness of every other.

Francis Alexander Frederick, Duc de Liancourt, and afterwards of Rochefoucauld, was born in the year 1747. The revolution consequently found him in the maturity of his faculties, and placed in a station which would naturally have allied him with the most determined enemies of that event. But a heart vibrating with the purest benevolence, and an intellect at once cultivated and expanded, alike forbad his confining his views to the prejudices of a court, or the interests of a jealous and arrogant aristocracy. The mild character of his virtues, however, and the peculiar bent of his mind towards the details of economical and statistical improvements, combining with

the station which his birth had assigned him, prevented him, in adopting the principles of the early revolutionists, from falling into the errors and exaggerations which the misfortunes of the times subsequently called into play. He was, therefore, of the number of those, who have been the victims of each succeeding change; and who have partaken of the sacrifices of all parties, without sharing in the triumph of any. In times of crisis and difficulty, it has been said, that men only of exaggerated principle, and reckless will, are fitted to work the machine of state, and to conduct a nation to the attainment of its objects: but the life of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld is a running commentary on the falsehood of this text; and a proof that minds of every calibre, provided they be moved by an active benevolence and a genuine patriotism, have their place in great revolutions, and that there is a sphere of useful activity and honourable service for all. Placed between conflicting parties, the public energies of this excellent man were principally exerted

in moderating the violence and opposing the injustice of each. His name will not go to posterity as having imprinted any decided character upon the times in which he lived: but if he had left to succeeding ages no other legacy than the memory of his virtues, and the example of their eminent utility, he would have conferred more lasting benefit to his country, than many, whose temporary successes will assign them a larger space in the pages of history.

It is a common prejudice, that men of moderation are necessarily weak; and that force of character is alone to be found in connexion with that passionate view of things, which produces the adoption of principles in all the rigour of their consequences, and without reference to the mixed nature of every thing that concerns human society. The reverse of this opinion is, however, the truth. No class of men have shown more imperturbable strength of mind than they whose career has been most marked by moderation; and the firmness with which they have maintained their

own views, and sustained the persecutions of their enemies, is the more estimable, inasmuch as it was derived from calm reflection, and not from the excitements of vanity or ambition.*

At the early age of twenty-three, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld was called on for the exercise of this virtue; having been the friend of the minister Choiseul, he did not hesitate to involve himself in his disgrace, but accompanied him voluntarily in his honourable exile: refusing to swell the triumph of Madame Du Barry by his presence at court, he had to sustain the then supreme misfortune of royal disfavour. With Louis the Sixteenth he had more congeniality of character; and under this monarch, he occupied the station, not of a courtier, but a friend. The reign of Louis the Sixteenth, up to 1789, was, to a certain extent, directed towards the pursuit of utility, and, at least, to the partial adoption of prac-

* For the verification of this position, it is sufficient to mention the name of Lafayette.

tical improvements; and the friendship of the unfortunate monarch for the Duc de Rochefaucauld is a common testimony to the virtues of both.

At the commencement of the revolution, a change in the principles and forms of the government was inevitable; and the king had to decide between adopting the new order of things, or, by opposing, to end them. Unluckily for him, he did neither, and both; and, by embracing both plans by halves, he effected his own ruin. The desire of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld was, that his master should have adopted frankly the revolution; and that this event, conducted by him, and through him, should have been prevented from being carried against him. The only moment in which Louis the Sixteenth had a glimpse of hope and consolation, was when he acted in compliance with this advice. Attached to the monarchy by principle, to the king by personal affection, and to the new constitution by the benevolence and patriotism inherent in his nature, the duke, as a member of the National

Assembly, exhibited a decision tempered by prudence and honesty; and while his loyalty to the nation won for him the honour of election to the presidency of the Assembly, he combatted firmly for the inviolability of the king's person, for the necessity of the royal sanction, and for the liberty of conscience of the persecuted clergy. In proportion to his attachment to the principles of freedom, was his opposition to whatever appeared to him to pass their bounds; and he was the only one who, in the sitting of the 14th July 1791, dared defend, from the tribune, the ill-considered journey to Varennes, and the declaration which the king left behind him at his departure.

On the breaking up of the Constituent Assembly, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld had the military command of Normandy and Picardy; and while all France was covered with disorder and massacre, he preserved, by his prudence, these provinces in absolute tranquillity. A little before the 10th of August, he sent 150,000 livres of his own

private property to the king, who was at that time in the greatest want of pecuniary means for providing even for his own personal safety; and after that unfortunate day, he did all he could to preserve the fidelity of the troops under his command: but his own arrest being shortly after decreed, nothing was left for him except an immediate flight; and he escaped in an open boat to England.

In this country he arrived, almost without a shilling, and settled himself at Bury, where his character immediately conciliated a general esteem. During his residence in this town, an old lady was so far won upon by his virtues, that, dying without immediate relations, she left him all her property. Notwithstanding, however, his extreme poverty, he sought out this lady's natural heirs, and divided among them his legacy, retaining for himself only a shilling, as a remembrance of her good will.

After an honourable, but useless effort to serve the king, at the epoch of his trial, the

duke undertook his journey to the United States of America; which country he accurately examined, both as to its public institutions and its domestic economy. The voyage, which he published on this occasion, is acknowledged to be one of the most faithful pictures of the United States that any traveller has offered.

When Napoleon permitted the return of the emigrants, the duke was among the first to avail himself of the licence; but the characters of these men forbade the existence of a mutual good understanding between them; and when the former re-established an aristocratic order, he abstained from restoring to Mons. de la Rochefoucauld his ancient dukedom, because he had embarked in enterprizes of manufacturing utility, which were too *roturier* for the views of the *parvenu* emperor. There was, however, between them a sort of tacit agreement. M. de la Rochefoucauld availed himself of the emperor's enlightened ideas of national aggrandizement, to forward all sorts of internal improvement; and the emperor

employed the active benevolence of La Rochefoucauld, to add to the glories of his reign.

On the return of Louis the Eighteenth, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld presented himself at court. He had been *grand maitre de la garde robe*, under Louis the Sixteenth; for which place his father had paid 400,000 francs to the Treasury; but he was neither restored to his charge, nor reimbursed its price; and he retained only his rank of *Duc et Pair*. The honest part he had taken in the early times of the revolution was not to be forgiven; and this sin was subsequently aggravated by his having been elected a member of the Representative Chamber, during the hundred days.

From the year 1815 to the period of his death, the duke, as a member of the Chamber of Peers, sustained all the great principles of rational liberty and constitutional loyalty; but the chief sphere of his utility was in the conduct and direction of whatever tended to the improvement of domestic institutions, both of economy and benevolence. He had

made for himself a sort of ministerial department, of which the public good was the special object; and he occupied, at this time, eight administrative places, which were all gratuitously exercised. In 1823, however, he was suddenly deprived of all public functions, by the (so called) deplorable ministry. In his answer to Corbière's letter, who, as minister of police, announced this destitution, he observed: "I know not how the functions of president of the committee for the propagation of the vaccine, which I introduced into France, escaped your excellency's good will. I think it my duty to recall them to your recollection." The committee was forthwith abolished, in order to get rid of him.

Such was the public career of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld; but it is in his relations with the commerce and industry of his country, that he belongs more especially to the present subject. From his earliest years, a natural taste seems to have led him to enterprizes of agricultural and manufacturing utility. When

self-banished from the vicious court of Louis the Fifteenth, he employed his leisure in establishing at Liancourt an English farm. He was the first person in France who introduced artificial meadows, who abolished the fallowing system, by the culture of turnips, and the feeding of sheep. He likewise established, in a farm on this estate, a school for the children of poor soldiers, in which they were each instructed in some mechanic art. When walking among these children, he was wont to say to them, " Remember that when you have a trade, your fortune is made."

In the midst of the revolutionary explosion, when others were solely occupied with abstract principles, he did not overlook those reforms which seemed to belong to a more peaceable epoch. He was, at this time, president of the committee of mendicity, and he wrote several reports on the subject, marked by clearness and wisdom. He made others likewise on the hospitals, and on societies for charitable purposes.

In the year 1790, he established at Lian-

court* a cotton manufactory, in which he introduced the machinery used in England. On

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* Liancourt, the patrimonial estate of the duke, is alike interesting for its beautiful position and historical associations. It lies in a lovely valley, which, for its luxuriancy, is called "*la vallée dorée.*" The chateau, even in its present state, (in which much of its feudal grandeur has been sacrificed to utility,) attests its former magnificence. The seigneurie of Liancourt belonged to Nicholas d'Amerval; and its chateau was the residence, for a time, of his too celebrated wife, "la belle Gabrielle," who, on becoming the state mistress of Henry the Fourth, ceased to be qualified as la dame de Liancourt, and took the less honourable title of Duchesse de Beaufort. The marriage of Gabrielle de Plessis-Liancourt with Francis Duc de la Rochefoucauld, in 1611, brought the seigneurie and its chateau into the family of the latter; and it is now the property of the Count Gaeton de la Rochefoucauld, inherited with the worth and patriotism of his illustrious father.

Among the many changes which we have witnessed in France, we found none in this distinguished, and almost old friend, and his excellent consort. The grace which time could not alter, and the worth which vicissitudes could not shake, were still as we had left them; and it was with deep regret we found ourselves obliged to forego the pleasures of a visit to Liancourt, upon which we had calculated, from the mo-

his return to France, he found this establishment still in existence, but in a languishing condition. Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld resumed its management, introduced the improvements which had subsequently been made in England, and established within its walls a tannery and a manufactory of cards for carding the cotton, which he carried to great perfection.

While yet unrelieved from the consequences of emigration, and holding his life by the connivance of the state, he conferred on France the unspeakable advantages of the vaccine inoculation; for which purpose he borrowed the necessary money, to commence a subscription. To him, also, his country is indebted for the institution of dispensaries.

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ment of our invitation, as among the most happy and gracious results of our visit to France.

The Life of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, by his son the Count Gaeton, (from which many of the particulars of this sketch are abstracted,) is a monument of filial piety, of good taste, of forbearance, and of dignified assertion of truth and right.

The school of arts and trades, which he had erected at Liancourt, had become a national object; and when Napoleon transferred it to Châlons, he appointed Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld inspector-general, an office which he discharged till he was deprived of it, with the rest, by the deplorable ministry. During the whole of this time, the absence of the slightest disorder in the school, and the gratitude of the scholars, are proofs of the intelligence and goodness he brought to the discharge of his functions.

As a member of the council-general of agriculture, and of the council of manufactures, he introduced many valuable novelties; having first tried their efficacy at his own private expense. The process of transplanting corn (particularly suited to the small farms which have been created in France by the revolution) is among the number.

As member of the council of prisons, he introduced also vast improvement in that important department. The establishment of youth-

ful penitentiaries was especially due to his zeal and activity.

Immediately upon his disgrace, in 1823, he was elected member of the Academy of Sciences; and the Royal Academy of Medicine, with an independence, equally rare and honourable to the parties, named him on the vaccine commission, which had replaced the committee that had been broken up solely for the purpose of depriving him of its presidency. The whole power of the state was not equal to its proposed task of diminishing his utility and his popularity. Preserving his personal influence in the various departments from which he had been removed, he continued to take a part in all these establishments. He was the first also, in 1815, to introduce the Lancasterian schools, for the education of the people. On this subject he published a work, while he established the first school, for the children of his own workmen at Liancourt; and he took an active part in forming similar establishments throughout the provinces.

These beneficent views he afterwards followed up, by the encouragement of mechanics' institutions, and saving banks. In the year 1826, 81,199 deposits, amounting to 3,625,985 fr. were received in these last establishments.

The advantage which Mons. de la Rochefoucauld procured for France, in introducing the cotton-spinning machinery, is incalculable. Whether it be considered in itself as a source of industry and riches, or, according to old-fashioned notions of national rivalry, as a conquest gained over an enemy, it is a germ, whose future development may be of paramount importance. His own establishment at Liancourt consisted of thirty-two carding machines, and seven thousand spinners. Two hundred and fifty pounds of cotton were spun at it *per diem ;* giving employment to 119 workmen, at an average rate of fifteen pence *per diem* for wages. Four thousand skins were consumed in the manufacture of carding tools, employing 446 workmen, and producing an annual return of about 200,000 fr.

On the 17th of March 1827, after a short

illness, this excellent man and active citizen ceased to live. The restored government of France has endured a regicide in its ministry, it has committed its armies to the creatures of Napoleon, it has received into its confidence the traitors of every regime; but it could not pardon the honesty, the patriotism, and *roturier* utility of an *ancien duc et Pair:* and the ceremonial of his interment afforded an opportunity for insulting his remains, which was eagerly seized on. The youth of the school of arts and manufactures at Châlons had obtained permission from the family of the deceased to bear his coffin to the grave. To prevent this act of piety and gratitude, the subaltern agents of authority, without warrant, and without the insignia of office, interrupted the procession; and in the tumult, the coffin was cast to the ground and broken. All France re-echoed the cry elicited by so wanton and indecent an outrage; and, in place of the mean and paltry triumph which was anticipated, the contrivers of the scene have only reaped a new harvest of scorn and indignation

against the party in whose name and behalf they plotted. The public opinion of Frenchmen is not to be thus turned aside in its career; and every imbecile attempt to dam the current, serves but to add new weight and impetus to a torrent, which will eventually sweep away every trace of the ancient despotism.

These petty overt acts of malevolence,—proofs of the feebleness and not of the strength of the government,—however intrinsically insignificant,—are important as signs of the times; and if they do not induce every good man to abandon a cause so supported, they should teach every wise man in the cabinets of Europe, to abstain from risking its tranquillity, by upholding a system of mis-rule thus evidently marked out for destruction by its own suicidal acts.

The funeral of the duke was attended by the leading characters of Paris, and by a number of artists of all professions. An oration was pronounced over the body by Baron Charles Dupin, (of scientific celebrity;) and when the orator stated, among other character-

istic traits of benevolence, that "whenever the deceased discovered young men of talents, he hastened to open for them a career of honourable industry, and to furnish them with the means of commencing their labours,"—many individuals in the train laid their hands on their hearts, to designate themselves as an example; and their friends exclaimed, "It is true: they owe their existence and station to the Duc de la Rochefoucauld."

The "*classe industrielle*," thus powerfully reinforced by the active patriotism of a member of the *haute noblesse*, is, at the present moment, an order, to which the first in France are proud to belong. It is the object of popular esteem; it is the source of national opulence, and the channel of a widely-diffused prosperity. It is what chivalry once was in the darker ages,—a feature in the times, and an object of contemporary enthusiasm. "*Nous autre de la classe industrielle*" has become a sort of boast; like "*non braves militaires*," "*nous autres gentilhommes de France*,"—a rank to which the first of the Bourbons was proud to belong. Men of

the greatest wealth, of the highest character, of the purest patriotism, of the most tried consistency, of the boldest enterprise, and of the greatest political influence with the nation, are now to be found in this class,—once so despised, so trodden upon, and so ridiculed.

First among the first of this inestimable and truly noble body, is the "manufacturer and proprietor of St. Ouen;" for it is thus that Monsieur Ternaux simply styles himself. He is, however, a most efficient member of the Chamber of Deputies; he is of the committee of arts; of the society for the encouragement of national industry; of the royal societies for the encouragement of agriculture of Paris, Lyons, Boulogne, Dunkirk, &c. &c., of the council general of manufactures; he is president of the society of Christian morals; an officer of the legion of honour, and of the Belgic lion,---with many other appropriate distinctions, arising out of his great and useful vocation. He mingles, in his great mercantile speculations, the philosophy of his age with the enterprise of bolder times, and something

of the colouring of the great Arabian merchants, with the tastes that presided over the counters of the Medici, and the sober, persevering industry which distinguishes the British manufacturer. It is to the spirit, probity, and the wealth of such men as Ternaux, that France may trust the ark of her liberty at home, while she sends forth her young citizen legions to defend it against the foreign invasion of allied despots, should such an alliance for such objects ever again be arrayed against her.

To judge of the worth, the philosophy, and the felicitous existence of this *classe industrielle*, there is no better point of view than that offered by a visit to the "*manufacturier et proprietaire de St. Ouen.*" Among those whose notice on our last residence in Paris most pleased and flattered us, was this venerable and patriotic gentleman. He had anticipated our desire, by an invitation to see his remarkable Silos, his Thibet flocks, and his Cashmerian paradise opened on the shores of the Seine. Unable, however, from previous engagements, to attend his annual fête, which includes a sort of European

congress, we were more than indemnified for the privation, by the delightful day we passed at St. Ouen *en petit comité:* for General Lafayette, and his family of three generations, were the only additions to our own and Monsieur Ternaux' family party.

Every one has heard of St. Ouen. It is one of the most historical, as it is, beyond all doubt, one of the most beautiful, sites in France. It is a rich, luxuriant plain, on the right side of the Seine, a league from Paris; and was early selected by the royalty of France, "*pour son esbattement.*"* "Here stood the house of Dagobert," was the inscription, in Gothic letters, on a square stone, dug up in 1750, near the foundations of Monsieur Ternaux' house. Here, too, stood the chateau, or "*manoir*" of the "Noble House;" a royal edifice of King John, who, in 1351, placed in it his chivalrous, military order of the knights of the Star. The lovely region of St. Ouen was the Malta of this brilliant band of five hundred of the *élite* of the

* "For its recreation."

nation; and here they held their annual meeting, on the feast of "our Lady of August," in the great hall of *La Noble Maison*, which took its name not more from its high destination, than from the splendour of its architecture.*

In 1374, this edifice was given to the grandson of King John, (then Dauphin, and afterwards Charles the Sixth,) *pour son esbattement*, as the formula ran. It became his favourite abode, and the object of much embellishment and expense. A letter of Louis the Eleventh announces his intention of holding a chapter of the knights of the Star at St. Ouen; on which occasion, he proposed bringing with him "divers princes and seigneurs." The knights of St. Michel, however, superseded those of the Star in the royal favour; and the latter were released from their vows, and stripped of their collars. In 1582, the "Noble House" was given by Louis to the monks of St. Denis, "*à*

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* King John frequently himself resided at St. Ouen, and many of his edicts are dated from "*la Noble Maison.*"

*fin qu'ils priassent Dieu pour la conservation de sa personne.**

Louis the Thirteenth presented the seigneurie of St. Ouen to the Count d'Evereux, who erected the chateau immediately opposite to the pavilion, which is still called by the villagers, "*la pavillon de la Reine Blanche.*" Louis the Fourteenth was advised by many persons of taste to raise a royal palace on this site; but after turning his thoughts for a moment both on St. Ouen and St. Germaine's, he declined both,—because they commanded a view of St. Denis, and of the spires which surmounted his final resting-place; and he fixed on the arid deserts of Versailles. St. Ouen afterwards fell to Monsieur de la Siéglière de Boissance, chancellor to the Duc d'Orleans, the brother to Louis the Fourteenth. It was in this chateau, and among the lovely scenes of St. Ouen, that the chancellor gave those brilliant fêtes, which were compared, without dis-

* "To the end that they might pray to God for the preservation of his person."

paragement, to the celebrated festivities of Chantilly. The son-in-law of this sumptuous domestic of the house of Orleans, the Duc de Gésore, sold St. Ouen to Madame de Pompadour, and the house and gardens alike benefited by the extravagance and taste of the royal concubine. But a still further distinction awaited the chateau: it was here that Louis the Eighteenth took up his sojourn, in May 1814, on his return to France; and St. Ouen was the first residence graced by the presence of a constitutional king.* Here the senators presented him with their *charte*, by which it was announced that Louis Stanislas Xavier should be proclaimed "*Roi des Français;*" and the king replied by a declaration, (his first error,) styling himself "King of France and Navarre."

Shortly afterwards the old chateau was sold and demolished; but only to rise from its ruins, like a fairy structure of royal magnifi-

* The first, at least, who voluntarily and without prevarication, assumed that title.

cence, and to leave the sumptuous residence of Madame de Pompadour far behind. It was here that its present fair possessor gave that splendid entertainment, which brought back the recollections of the good old times of the de Boissances and the Pompadours, and at which, when addressing her royal and noble guests, the Comtesse de Cayla exclaimed with an eloquence that belonged to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, "*St. Ouen, le 2 Mai, appartient à toute la France; et ce jour là, je n'en suis le proprietaire; je n'en suis que le concierge.*"*

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* "On the second of May, St. Ouen belongs to all France; on that day I am not proprietor, but only the housekeeper." France is now something more than an assemblage of courtiers and parasites. On this occasion was celebrated the inauguration of Louis the Eighteenth's picture by Gérard, which produced from the *flagonerie* of Monsieur Désangiers, the following rather equivocal verses, addressed to the painter:—

"Du roi qui sat *aimer, boire et combattre*
Ton art divin aux Français réjouis
A rappelé les traits épanouis . . . .
Cétoit au peintre d'Henri quatre
A nous offrir l'image de Louis."

Meanwhile, another chateau arose in the neighbourhood, of a far different destiny. It was the elegant villa of the Prince de Rohan, which afterwards became the residence of Mons. de la Borde, valet-de-chambre of Louis the Sixteenth;* from whom it was purchased by Mons. de Necker. Here Madame Necker "gave her little senate laws," and held her court of *beaux-esprits*—the Thomas, Marmontels, St. Lamberts, Suards, and Morillets—the *Dii minores* of the French Parnassus. Here her husband meditated those *décrets* which covered him with glory; and here, he enjoyed the triumphs of his first exile, with all France for his *cortege*. Here, their still more celebrated daughter, at the early age of twelve, gave the first indications of that genius which was afterwards to place her at the head of the female literature of France, and produced

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* Monsieur de la Borde was an author of some fashion in his time. He composed several operas, an essay on the history of music, and above all, a "Recueil de pièces intéressantes pour servir à l'Histoire des Regnes de Louis XIII. et XIV."

her comedy of "*Les Inconveniens de la vie de Paris;*"* and here now resides Mons. Ternaux, whose seignorial rights are founded on the intimate union of the interests of his countrymen with his own.

We arrived at St. Ouen in the full meridian of a beautiful summer's day. As we stood on the terrace, a prospect presented itself, which more resembled the sylvan scenery found in the great pictures of Poussin, than any reality we had ever witnessed. There is a something in the grounds of St. Ouen, that recalls the scenery of the *Val d'Arno*, in that direction which Boccacio has chosen for the site of his "Decameron"—the broad, blue bending of the river through an undulating valley, where clusters of the noblest trees, dark and umbrageous, are relieved by a wilderness of flowering shrubs, among which the rose and orange trees are conspicuous.

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* "Marmontel, qui l'a vu representée dans le salon de St. Ouen par l'auteur et sa petite société, en a été touché jusqu' aux larmes."—*Memoires de Grimm.*

Beds of blossoms distributed through the green sward, are redundant with the brightest hues and sweetest scents. The flocks of Thibet feed actually in an oriental pasture. The imagery of the river,—a mill, a bridge, a tower, a cascade, and the gothic outline of the abbey of St. Denis, give the last touch of the picturesque to the whole living, moving scene.

Notwithstanding the interest of the chateau, itself so replete with recollections,—and notwithstanding (what is not always easy to resist) a most luxurious entertainment, we found it extremely difficult to quit a prospect, in which every charm of pastoral landscape was combined, with such felicity, that it was impossible to detect how much art and wealth had done, in producing an effect, which seemed the wanton bounty of nature in her happiest mood. The most delightful circumstance in all this was, that whatever seemed conjured up to charm the senses merely, and to delight the imagination, was the reproductive, useful source of substantial independence to thousands. It is among these beds of flowers that

the vast silos of corn are disposed, the subterranean galleries of modern agriculture, where experience has proved that grain may be kept for years in perfect preservation. The picturesque flocks of cashmerian goats (that seemed to have been brought merely for decoration) supply the material that has become so valuable a commodity in trade, and so great a desideratum at the toilet of beauty.

While partaking of a sumptuous collation, the conversation naturally turned on the splendid views which the windows commanded, and on the subjects connected with their existence. The flocks which were grazing before us had furnished the beautiful shawls which hung on the backs of the chairs occupied by our fair companions, and which might compete with the turbans of the grand Signor. It would be difficult now to persuade a Parisian *petite maitresse* that there was a time, when Frenchwomen of fashion could exist without a cashemir, or that such an indispensable article of the toilet and *sultan*, was unknown even to the most elegant. "The first cashemir that appeared in

France," said Madame D' Aubespine,* (for an educated Frenchwomen has something worth hearing, to say on all subjects,) "was sent over by Baron de Tott, then in the service of the Porte, to Madame de Tessé. When they were produced in her society, every body thought them very fine, but nobody knew what use to make of them. It was determined that they would make pretty *couvre-pieds*, and veils for the cradle: but the fashion wore out with the shawls; and ladies returned to their eider down quilts."

Mons. Ternaux observed, that, "though the duce of the cashemerian looms had long been known in Europe, they did not become a vogue, until after Napoleon's expedition to Egypt; and that even then, they took, in the first instance, but slowly." The shawl was still a novelty in France, when Josephine, as yet but the wife of the first consul, knew not how to drape its elegant folds; and stood indebted

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* The accomplished sister of Mad. G. Lafayette, and daughter of the Comte de Tracy.

to the *brusque* Rapp for the grace with which she afterwards wore it. "*Permettez que je vous fasse l' observation,*" said Rapp, as they were setting off for the opera; "*que votre schall n'est pas mis avec cette grace qui vous est habituelle.*" * Josephine, laughingly, let him arrange it in the manner of the Egyptian women. This impromptu toilet caused a little delay, and the infernal machine exploded in vain! What destinies waited upon the arrangement of this cashemir. A moment sooner or later, and the shawl might have given another course to events, which would have changed the whole face of Europe!

"From this epoch," continued Mons. Ternaux, "*point de salut* for the belle who wanted a cashemir shawl." Every one had their pleasant anecdote of the immortal cashemir; and while still talking of the produce, we arose from table, and sallied forth to the interesting manufactory established by Mons. Ternaux at St. Ouen, and called the

* "Permit me to observe, that your shawl is not put on with your accustomed grace."

"*fabrique d'échantillon,*" because there are exhibited in it specimens of his various manufactures, which are spread over all France, and supply employment to the families of eleven thousand workmen. In passing by the "*Pavillon de la Reine Blanche,*" what a contrast was afforded between that monument of old times, and the neat and commodious habitations of the manufacturers of the present! After beholding the ingenuity, industry, and prosperity of this establishment, I found myself much more inclined to converse with Monsieur Ternaux, than even to revisit the lovely scenery which was spread before us. The feeling he inspired was similar to that experienced by Prince Henry of Prussia,* when having visited the gallant and gifted Duc de Nivernois, at his villa of St. Ouen, he was asked what he thought of the beauty of the site, and replied, "I have not paid attention to it; I have seen nothing here but the Duc de Nivernois."

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* Brother of the great Frederick. This visit was commemorated in a poem by the duke, which Grimm has preserved.

To the perseverance and enterprize of Monsieur Ternaux, the French are indebted for the immense improvement they have made in the manufacture of shawls, to which his attention was drawn by the growing rage of the Parisians for the products of the Indian loom. At the period when the Egyptian expedition had brought this article into vogue, the species of animal which produces the raw material was absolutely unknown in France; and the first effort of Monsieur Ternaux was directed to smuggling from a town, some hundred werstes beyond Moscow, a specimen of the wool. This was executed by one of his riders, who brought the precious bale, to the amount only of sixty pounds, concealed in a courier's cushion. The first attempts at imitation were made with this scanty supply; and it was not till after the peace of Tilsit, that he was enabled to obtain a second quantity.

A perfect fac-simile of the shawl itself was then soon effected; but the borders afforded a permanent obstacle, in the high price of French labour; this article being entirely manufac-

tured by needle-work. Monsieur Ternaux' next attempt was, therefore, to work the border by the process used in Lyons for the figured silks. The excessive price was, however, still an obstacle to their sale; and an inferior article, made partly of silk, by another house, obtained possession of the market. Unsubdued by this impediment, Monsieur Ternaux still persevered; and ultimately succeeded in producing shawls, which, both for the tissue itself, and the beauty of the borders, were not inferior to those of India.

The next object with the manufacturer, was to obtain a sufficient supply of the wool; and Monsieur Ternaux having remarked that the Russians, from whom he had purchased it, knew the article by the name of Persian wool, he directed his researches in that quarter; and learnt that Thomas Koulikan, in his Asiatic expeditions, had brought three hundred of the goats, which produce it, from Thibet; and that these animals had multipled greatly in Bukaria, and as far as the province of Kerman. Having thus determined that these ani-

mals throve in forty-two degrees of latitude, and in a climate, from its elevation, much colder than France, and that they also resisted the heat of Kerman, which is in the thirtieth degree of latitude, he resolved to attempt their naturalization in his own country.

To ascertain the identity of the animals, and that their products in Thibet were precisely the same as those in Persia, personal inspection was necessary. For this purpose, Captain Baudin, who sailed for Calcutta in 1814, was charged to obtain the true Thibet wool. An examination of this product cleared up all doubt; but the greater work remained of obtaining the animals themselves. To this enterprize many difficulties presented themselves, in the distance, the dangers of the journey, and the jealousies of foreign governments. To succeed, required the services of a man of great courage and ingenuity, acquainted with the Oriental languages, and accustomed to perilous and long journeys. It required also the direct intervention of the French ministry, to dispose the Russian government in its favour.

Fortunately the Duc de Richelieu, whose relations with that country gave him immense facilities, took up the matter with warmth; and a Mons. Amadée Jaubert, (who was sent out express,) after having been compelled to abandon two hundred goats in the steppes of the Oural, and having encountered the greatest difficulties, from the sickness of the animals, from wolves, from the barbarous hordes inhabiting the country through which he passed, and from hunger and thirst, succeeded in embarking from the Crimea five hundred and sixty-eight animals, two hundred and forty of the pure breed, and three hundred of a mixed race; six Bukarian sheep, eight kids, seven young mothers and seven males.

By the success of this well-combined and fortunate enterprize, a single manufacturer has bestowed on his country a new and profitable object of agricultural industry, and has enriched its manufactures with a product, which will be a source of labour and profit as long as wealth and taste shall remain in Europe.

But perhaps a greater benefit still was confer-

red on France, by the efforts made by Mons. Ternaux, to improve the breed of sheep, and obtain the finer qualities of wool, from indigenous sources. Having made his first attempts at imitating the Indian shawls with merino wool, his attention was early fixed on this product, and the animal from which it is obtained. The improvement of the breed of sheep had been a favourite object with the minister Colbert; and when a certain Mons. Cudot, a cloth manufacturer, was nearly sinking under the expenses of his attempts to make fine cloths in opposition to the Leyden looms, he succeeded in saving his *protégé*, by a trick, which perfectly answered his intention. By his persuasion, Louis the Fourteenth was induced to wear a coat of this manufacture; and, when on a *parti de chasse*, to praise very much its texture and colours: the result was, that his courtiers (and their courtiers in turn) all made a point of procuring a similar dress. The cloth sold rapidly, and at a high price; the manutory at Sedan was saved, and became the parent of that of Rheims, which, for a long time,

remained famous for this stuff, which was afterwards known by the name of *silerie*.

To the improvement of the French breed of sheep, Monsieur Ternaux has contributed, by the importation of various approved races, from Spain, from England, and from Egypt; and he has published several pamphlets to diffuse a knowledge of the points to be attended to in the conduct of this important branch of agriculture. To the manufactures of Monsieur Ternaux, dispersed through different parts of France, commerce is indebted for a vast variety of new products; more especially for that beautiful, light, and durable texture, now so perfectly imitated in England, which is known by the name of merinos. He also, I believe it was, that invented the process for stamping patterns in relief, on cloth;—for the covers of tables, and other ornamental purposes.

As the popular representative of Paris in the Chamber of Deputies, this gentleman's name is well known to English politicians. He is said to possess immense wealth; and, if industry, ingenuity, an enlightened and com-

prehensive mind, and a patriotism that sees the prosperity of his country in the comfort and happiness of its people, and pursues that object with incorruptible honesty and unwearied perseverance, be just titles to eminence,—

"Well has he won it, may he wear it long!"

It was with great regret we absented ourselves from the fête to which we were invited on the opening of his *silos*. I should have been glad to speak of them on personal inspection: but the most that I can now say is, that they are excavations made at a certain depth in the earth, and guarded from the access of damp; in which it has been shown that corn can be preserved for years, without sprouting, and safe from the attacks of weevils and other destructive animals. Their usage is, I understand, rapidly adopting in France; and is a source of considerable economy in the agriculture of the country.

Of the actual condition of the industrial classes in France, neither my habits nor my

opportunities enable me to say a great deal. Ten years of peace and tranquillity, it is allowed on all hands, have extensively developed the commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural resources of the country; and the fact ought to be decisive of a corresponding amelioration of the condition of the people. The division of landed property, produced by the abolition of the right of primogeniture, has diffused comfort not only immediately, by the erection of so many petty landholdings, but indirectly also, by the vast development of industry it has occasioned upon estates of more considerable extent. There is certainly much less waste, much less non-productive and half-productive property, than before the revolution; and the number of resident proprietors (looking personally to the management of their estates, and farming for themselves) is immeasurably increased. The direct tendency of these changes must be to elevate the condition of the working classes; and there can be no manner of doubt concerning the superiority of the average comfort

of these classes in France, over that of the corresponding ranks of England and Ireland. Still, however, the restricted number of electors, paying twelve pounds a year of direct taxes, in a country where land and houses are heavily taxed, (a number not much exceeding 80,000,) gives a sure indication, that France is not what it ought, and very easily might be; and where the middle classes are not sufficiently at their ease, the condition of the labourers dependent on them cannot be perfectly satisfactory.

At the epoch of our last arrival in Paris, two subjects occupied a large share of public attention—the starving condition of the silk-weavers of Lyons, and the distress of the wine-growers—who crowded the table of the Chamber of Deputies with their petitions. The state of the silk trade excited our curiosity more especially, in consequence of our having witnessed a procession of the Spitalfields weavers, a few days before our departure from London for France, who were petitioning government against the admission of French goods, which they believed had pa-

ralyzed this branch of manufacture in our own country. Inquiry did not, however, lead us to any more satisfactory explanation of this distress of the Lyonese, than that it was more or less common to every branch of manufacturing industry, and that it arose from the unsettled state of trade throughout all Europe.

The distresses of the wine growers were more satisfactorily accounted for, by the absurd restraints imposed upon internal circulation, by the fiscal laws, which were then particularly felt, in consequence of successive seasons of plenty.* The supply was greater than the demand within the vine districts; and none but the higher priced wines would bear the expense of a transport, thus impeded.

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* The *octroi,* or internal custom-house duty, was abolished at the revolution. But (so rooted do abuses in goverment become, when once permitted to exist) this abominable mode of taxation, in spite of common sense, and the clearest evidence of the mischief it produces, was soon renewed, as a provision for municipal expenses.

An opinion is current in France, among a certain class of reasoners, that the avarice of large capitalists diminishes the rate of labour, by inducing them to enter upon hazardous and unremunerating enterprizes. But the profits of capital are not higher in France than in other countries; and the condition of the poor would certainly not be benefited by the locking up of capital, which, at present, makes an insufficient return.

The weight of taxation (light as it is, when compared with that of England) is matter of grievous complaint, as operating to restrict the industry of the country. Judging, however, from the superficial view a traveller obtains in a cursory visit, there are few indications of want, or of difficulty in finding employment. Long habits of mistaken policy have taught the populace of Paris to lean upon the government for support, in all emergencies; and the proportion of citizens who die in the hospitals of the capital, would lead to inferences of a diffused poverty, which are not borne out, either by the clothing or diet of the lower orders. The sudden cessation of that influx of money,

which, under the empire, poured into Paris from all quarters of Europe, may likewise have disturbed the operations of the industrious: and latterly, the abrupt suspension of unprofitable building speculations in Paris, may have produced a similar result. Mendicity, however, is not a troublesome vice in the streets, nor does the spectacle of sunken countenances and ragged labourers occur, as in England, to excite at once compassion and alarm.*

Over a country so widely extended as France, and of which the circumstances differ so extremely from province to province, it is difficult

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* Comparisons thus unfavourable to our own country are painful to report; but a frequent recurrence to them may not be without its use, while it is necessary to the purposes of truth. If there be any who would take offence at such confessions, as being anti-national, I reply, that the evil is not in the statements, but in their veracity; and patriotism will be better shown in attempts to remove the causes of misfortune, and to re-establish the British empire in its former prosperous career, than in an ill-placed indignation at what may be falsely thought a scandalous exposure.

to speak in generals. For the most part the northern provinces are more flourishing than those of the south, and the condition of the peasantry consequently superior. Education, likewise, is more widely diffused, and the habits of industry more active throughout the north. It may, however, safely be said of the whole country, that its resources are extending, and that the people everywhere are rising in comfort and in importance; insomuch that were they not disturbed in their consciences by the priests, or alarmed for the permanence of their institutions, and for the tenure of their properties, by the pretensions of the ultra-royal party, they would be contented with the government, imperfect as it is, and would not lend themselves to any schemes of abstract and theoretical amendment. The revolution, in relieving France from the burthen of tithes, and from the necessity of supporting the younger children of an overgrown aristocracy, has given a spring to the national industry in all its departments; and it requires only time for the formation of capital, to render France the first com-

mercial nation of the continent. It has already ceased to be a purely agricultural country; and, therefore, to be condemned to diffusive poverty and an overbearing landed proprietary. Manufacturing and commercial fortunes are daily arising, and taking their place beside the aristocracies of birth and of office. Their influence is felt in society, in the elections, and in public opinion: and hitherto, with a decided advantage to the interests of the nation. If the governments of Europe act wisely, and that of France more particularly pursues a liberal and enlightened policy, in the relations it establishes with foreign nations, this increasing prosperity of twenty-eight millions of consumers will be a common benefit to all Europe. But if the old system of jealousy, exclusion, and rivalry be continued, it will only tend to alter the balance of trade, to carry industry and capital to new scenes of operation, and to provoke new wars, in which the interests of the people of all countries will be alike sacrificed.

FÊTE DIEU IN 1829.

For the last week, the streets have exhibited frequent religious processions, preparatory to the Fête Dieu. These consist of young females, dressed in white from their shoes to the flowing veils, thrown back from their heads, (or, as one of them told me, in their *toilette de sacrement*;) and the boys, with white ribbons tied in bunches round their arms, as if for a dancing-master's ball. The female processions are by much the more numerous. Every parish has its own young flock, composed indiscriminately of girls of all ranks. They walk, two by two, along the rough

paved streets, and under a broiling sun or sudden shower, as the case may be, led by a young priest, who conducts them to the church, turning back occasionally, to see that all is right. Many of the young persons thus exposed to the garish eye of the street public, were, I was told, to walk in the great procession of the Fête Dieu—a most arduous undertaking. I saw among them Mademoiselle de B——, who is educated in all the domestic privacy of an English girl of fashion, and whose mother is among the most precise "*grandes dames de par le monde*" who frequent the Château.

I observed the circumstance, with amazement, to Madame de T——. She replied, with the usual "*Que voulez vous?* (What would you have?) She must go to the Duchesse de Berri's balls."

I stared. "But what have the balls in the Pavillon Marsan to do with religious processions?"

Madame de T—— answered, "I was remonstrating to a friend of mine, the other

day, (who secretly laughs at the *cagoterie* of the court,) on her thus exposing her daughters; and she replied as I have now done to you, adding, that Mad. d' Angoulême would not allow the merry little duchess to ask any girls to her balls, who did not observe all the exterior forms of religion, *à la rigeur.*"

"So then," I said, "a *billet de confession* has become a necessary preliminary to a billet of invitation; and the road to the court fêtes is *par l'eglise Sire.*"

"*A peu près,*" was the laughing reply.

Returning at a late hour from a party at the Baron Cuvier's, at the Jardin des Plantes, we found the whole neighbourhood of the Pont Neuf, Quai d'Orfevres, &c., occupied by artisans, working by the light of lamps, to erect triumphal arches, to decorate costly *reposoires*, and to place images of the Virgin, and busts of the king, in every direction. Between these preparations for the Fête Dieu and the society we had left at the Jardin des Plantes, there was

the interval of many centuries. The latter exhibited (to use the words of Voltaire) "*l'esprit des hommes dans le siècle le plus éclairé qui fut jamais*:"* the former was an attempt to revive times, when "the practices of religion (and those, too, often of Pagan origin) were alone observed, to the utter neglect of the morals it teaches."

On the following morning, at an early hour, tickets were brought us of admission to the colonnade of the Louvre, whence the royal procession of the Fête Dieu was to be seen to the greatest advantage.

The whole way, from the iron gate of the Tuileries, through the court of the Louvre to the church of *St. Germaine l'Auxerrois*, was strewed with flowers, lined on either side with tapestry, and flanked with soldiers. Spectators of all classes were crowded behind; and none but such as were provided with tickets were permitted to pass.

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* "The intelligence of the most enlightened age that has yet appeared."

When we took our places in that noble and unrivalled colonnade, a scene the most splendidly picturesque and magnificent presented itself. It is necessary to know the site, to judge of its singular effect. The colonnade itself, occupying the whole eastern *façade* of the Louvre, is the tri umph of French architecture over the genius of Italy; for where Bernini failed, Perault succeeded.* The view from this colonnade is one of the finest that any capital in Europe can produce: to the right, the Seine, with towers and turrets and edifices of all epochs, and of all styles of architecture, with the *Pont*

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* This colonnade was erected at the order of Louis the Fourteenth. To hurry forward the work, he invaded equally the rights of proprietors and the privileges of the church. To obviate all obstacles, he published a decree to prevent the erection of buildings, without his express permission, under a penalty of ten thousand livres; and to prohibit workmen from employing themselves otherwise than on his palace, upon pain of imprisonment—and, for a second offence, of the gallies. He ordered, likewise, the Archbishop of Paris to suspend several religious festivals, to give more time for his workmen to proceed with the edifice.

Neuf, and the *Pont des Arts*, (equally illustrative of the times they represent :)—opposite and separated by a vast and open space, the church of St. Germaine l'Auxerrois, one of the most graphic samples of Gothic architecture, and one of the most speaking monuments of the power of the church in France. Founded in the earliest and most barbarous times, and re-constructed in its present form during the dominion of the English, in 1423, its antiquity finely accorded with the ceremonies which were then celebrating within its walls. The statues of Childebert and of Ultrogoth still guard the porch, by which Charles the Tenth and the dauphiness had entered an hour before. Above this porch, on a balcony decked with tapestry, were seated a number of ladies in full dress : an open and guarded space in front was surrounded by the multitude. The whole had the appearance of some great gothic festivity of tilt or tournament.

At last, the service within the church finished ; and a movement was communicated to the people without, by the rushing forth of the underlings

of the court and church, huissiers, officers of the guard, priests, and other *dramatis personæ*, all in striking costumes. The church bell tolled, (as it tolled for the massacre of St. Bartholomew,) the banners of the church were raised, hymns and "loud hosannahs" gradually swelled on the air. Confraternities and other religious societies issued in long files from the gates, escorted by troops. Then came the young catechists, the officers of the court, bishops, priests, and deacons. Then passed the *dais*, or canopy, with the host beneath,—a splendid object, and supported by such individuals of rank and official distinction as were not ashamed of exposing themselves to their fellow citizens in this act of mock-humility and real time-serving. Immediately after the canopy, followed the king, accompanied by the dauphin, his son, and surrounded by the great officers of the household. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, in a full court dress, and covered with diamonds, came next,—her train held up by two ladies; and the Duchesse de Berri succeeded, with her

cortège, equally splendid in attire, but with difficulty, picking her steps, in shoes but little calculated for the damp pavement.

To see this splendid sight more closely, I left the colonnade, and hurrying across the court of the Louvre, walked beside the king with only a file of soldiers between us. Exhaustion, lassitude, and *ennui*, were depicted on all the royal faces; indifference and ridicule on that of the spectators. The actors in this religious pageant had been *en evidence* since eight in the morning. They had been shut up with their multitudinous attendants, and a crowd of sight seers, in the interior of the church, amidst the smoke of blazing tapers and suffocating incense; and they were now walking under occasional showers of rain and flashes of a hot July sun. We left them proceeding along the Quais, to exhibit this droll specimen of the march of *their* intellect to the French of the nineteenth century; and, no doubt, fancying that the show was as infallible a method of captivating the favour of

the nation,* as they esteem it an acceptable propitiation of the divine benevolence.

The same ceremony is performed in every parish of the kingdom;—with this difference, that maires, préfets, and subaltern authorities and grandeurs are substituted for the king and court. All the public offices, in the line of any of these processions through the capital, were decorated with hangings; and most sumptuous *reposoirs* were erected in various parts of the city. That in the hotel of the minister of finance, next door to our apartments, was peculiarly splendid;—the whole arcade, of the Rue de Rivoli in front

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* I was much amused by the observations of some of the common people, as we passed among them during the royal procession: the toilet of the princesses particularly engaged the attention of the young women. The Duchesse de Berri was commented on with great admiration, and the diamonds of the Duchesse d'Angoulême were much more subjects of interest than the piety which thus led her to parade so much worldly pomp through the streets on such an occasion. "*Eh bien oui,*" (said a dowager of *Les Halles,* listening with impatience to a group of which she was the centre,) "*on fait grand ças de tout cet embárrás,*" *mais Dame, c'est nous, qui payons le frais—allez !*"

of this extensive edifice, being beautifully draped.

The ceremony of the Fête Dieu is a solemn festival in all Catholic countries; and if such pageants can avail any thing in awakening the religion of the heart, there is not a word to be said against them. But as a state engine for winning back the French people to ultra loyalty, and for rendering them satisfied with despotic government, it is worse than useless. Setting on one side the national coolness towards all religious pageants, and the tendency even of the pious towards church reform,—the personal appearance of the king in the train of a priesthood at once despised and feared, can have no other consequence than to involve him personally in these dislikes. Splendid as the procession really was, and much as the populace in all countries love a holiday and a show, the attendance was far from multitudinous; and the few men that were mingled with the female and infantine spectators, seemed ashamed of their position; while not the slightest symptom of enthusiasm, either

for the ceremony itself or for the royal performers, was betrayed by voice or gesture. If there be any wisdom in the court, they will take the hint, and lay better-founded claims to popularity, by conferring on the nation the more substantial benefits of good government, and security for the rights which the charter of Louis the Eighteenth, as now administered, has not confirmed.

THE OSAGES OF PARIS.

The sort of fame which General Lafayette enjoys is, I believe, unparalleled in the annals of human virtue. It flourishes in the very centre of European civilization; it resounds amidst the thunders of the Niagara, and has an echo along the shores of the Ohio. A few days back, I went to the Rue D'Anjou to sit with the General, while he sat for his picture to an eminent British artist of the Roman school.*

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* At the desire and expense of a high-minded and spirited Englishwoman, Mrs. Trafford Southwell, of Norwich. I was commissioned to make the request, which was instantly acceded to, though at some personal inconvenience

It was extremely apropos to a ludicrous anecdote I was relating, relative to a recent fashionable exhibition, the *Osage Chiefs*, that Monsieur de Lafayette's *valet de chambre* entered the room, as the bearer of a prayer on the behalf of these poor savages, that he would liberate them from a distressing difficulty into which they had fallen. Their Parisian landlord had seized their Indian wardrobe for rent, which they were unable to pay. It appeared that they were otherwise in a most embarrassing condition. They had come to "*Lafayette's country*," (as they themselves expressed it,) under the singular delusion, that they were travelling for their *own* amusement, and not for the entertainment of the idle and curious European public; and they imagined that the number of visitors which they attracted was an homage paid to their consequence and character.

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to one whose time belongs to mankind. Mr. Davis's success has been complete. His admirable painting of General Lafayette is now in the possession of the liberal lady at whose order he came to Paris to paint it.

If report is to be credited, their *cicorone* did not undeceive them until the rival attractions of "*The Royal Whale*," and the total diminution of their funds, induced an explanation which discovered to them the full extent of their helpless situation, and of their inability to subsist where they were, or to return to the sublime region, which the laudable curiosity to visit a country that had produced such men as Lafayette, had induced them to abandon.

It is unnecessary to add, that their confidence in the prompt sympathy of the object of their veneration, was well placed, and their application perfectly successful.

OUR LAST NIGHT AT PARIS.

" Adieu! plaisant pays de France,
Adieu, France, adieu mes beaux jours,
La nef qui desjoint nos amours
N'aura de moi que la moitié:
Une parti te reste, elle est tienne,
Je la fie à ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne."

Thus sung Mary Stuart, as she quitted the land of her election for the land of her birth — as she left the capital of European civilization for a rude region, peopled with ruder men; and quitted a society refined by the works and converse of Montaigne, L'Hopital, Du Bellay, Marot, and Ronsard, for the children of feudality, gloomed by sectarian sourness, and barbarized by factious dissension.

If ever there was a moment in which, beyond all others, France is to be visited with pleasure, and quitted with regret, it is now when every thing conspires to evince that she has discovered the great secret of all human science, its object and its end—the secret of good government, in the interest, and for the happiness, of the greatest number. To attain to this glorious knowledge, and to its practical application, she has laboured long and suffered much; and her efforts, like her sufferings, have been without parallel or example. She has purchased her dearly (but not too dearly) acquired wisdom, with her treasures and her blood, and by the temporary suspension of her fair and ancient fame for humanity. She has endured ignominy, and suffered calumny; she has sustained an universal persecution, and resisted an universal opposition. The world has risen in arms against her; and nations habitually hostile to each other, have allied for her destruction. Force without—division and treachery within; prejudices consecrated by time, and interests for-

tified by prescription, have been arrayed in hostility to her efforts, and in opposition to her progress. But she has triumphed over all! She has triumphed over feudal and fiscal barbarity, ignorance, and cruelty. She has laid privilege in the dust, and called forth rights from its ruins. She has proved that this beautiful world was not made for one, but for all; not for Cæsar, but for man: and that human laws, like those of the Divinity, should acknowledge no inequality of persons. She has shown that the opinions and institutions of dark ages, when society was in it helpless infancy, are wholly inapplicable to times when civilization is in its prime and manhood. She has demonstrated that the dogma of the superiority of the past over the present, is false and unnatural; that it implies a progression in evil which must long ago have arrived at the last term of anarchy and destruction.*

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* "Si celà était vrai les hommes seraient à présent pires que des ours."—*Montesquieu, Pensées Diverses.*

Having acquired this knowledge, she is prepared to apply the glorious discovery to a practical consequence; and to maintain and defend her liberties by the unvanquishable arm of national unity: for, upon the great and vital principles of government, France has but one interest, one feeling, and one will. The force of three millions of bayonets stunned, but could not paralyze her; the frauds of courtiers and jesuitical churchmen can neither blind nor deceive her. Upon the petty intrigues and underground-activity of the ultra-montain and ultra-royal faction, she looks with the calmness of contempt. Conscious of strength, she awaits the moment for self-assertion, in perfect security. But should the enemies of their species count too confidently on the patience and the forbearance, whose sources they do not understand; should their vanity and arrogance betray them into overt acts of direct and dangerous violence against the charter of the national rights;—then so surely will again be re-opened the great abyss of the revolution; and the Bourbons be once more expelled from

a land they know not how to govern. This consequence already exists in its antecedents: to predict it, is not prophecy, but observation. If, in the great struggle which will then ensue between right and wrong, between French illumination and the allied despotism of Europe, it should be found feasible physically to exterminate the population, and to blot out France from the map of nations, it will still first be proved morally impossible to corrupt or to enslave her, and to drag back her sons into the darkness of bigotry, and the helplessness of mental prostration.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

"Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin, vous l'avez voulu."

Molière.

August 10, 1830.

The foregoing work had been some time forwarded to the London publishers, and was rapidly printing for immediate publication, when the news of the revolution of France reached us, a short distance from Dublin. We returned to town in the certainty of receiving letters from Paris, which would throw a further light upon the details collected by the public press; and we were not disappointed.

In the work, however, which had gone to press, there was no time to change a line; no opportunity to interpolate a word. But unexpected as was the immediate advent of the

great explosion, it was gratifying to discover that no such change was necessary. Had time allowed, there was much indeed to add, but there was nothing to alter.

The revolution of 1830 is a justification of the opinions, and a corollary on the facts, disclosed in the preceding volumes; as it is an authority and a sanction for the spirit and the sentiments which my former work on "France" advanced in 1816. This is no place to enlarge upon the force and nature of private feelings, nor to indulge in the most pardonable species of egotism, an expression of individual sympathy with the triumph of the great cause of nations and of humanity. If the friends of freedom all over the world rejoice in the event, on the abstract principle of right, even when personally unacquainted with the great people who have effected it, well may they, who, almost naturalized in France by a community of feelings and opinions, are united in bonds of long intimacy and friendship with some of the brightest, and the greatest, of her children; and who have lived to behold in the

founder of the National Guard of 1789, the Général Commandant of that sublime army in 1830:—for the word "sublime" is not here misplaced. Moral sublimity can go no further than in the combination of the highest reason with the most ardent passion.

In the interval, however, what struggles, what trials, what calumnies, what sufferings, what a triumph of folly and crime, what oppression of wisdom and of virtue! But the past is passed; or, if ever again to be quoted, it must be as a warning for the future, as a ground of happiness for the present, as an excuse for a revolution without vengeance, and a victory without a crime.

When I finished the last note for the foregoing work, in 1829, France was at rest, at peace with herself, and with the world; resigned to the obvious progress of events, bearing with the present, and full of hope for the future. The ministry was not popular, but it was not obnoxious. It was not level with the "*hauteur des circonstances*," but it was far above that of the Villèle administration,

whom it was a revolution to have displaced.* The Jesuit faction, abhorred as the agents of national retrogradation, had been suppressed by the force of public opinion. National prosperity was once more in progress; and the virtues of the splendid youth of France were the anchor of reliance for the future. The wisdom of experience watched over the sober interests of the nation, Liberty kept her vigils with an unwearied spirit, and Hope reposed in the inevitable nature of things, and the uncontrollable march of events.

Such was France in the summer of 1829, under the administration of Martignac and his colleagues; when, by an act of royal volition, (or rather of royal insanity,) the Prince Polignac was brought into power. As a man insignificant, he was hated as a sign: the very name was cabalistic. Loaded with associations the most abhorred in France, it recalled corruption in manners, despotism in politics, the favour-

* This was the opinion expressed to us by General Lafayette, the day before we left Paris.

itism of the *œil de bœuf*, and the conspiracy of the infernal machine. It roused the prejudices connected with a long-continued emigration, and a foreign dependence, with all that was false, feeble, and anti-national in bye-gone generations.

The signal of counter-revolution thus given, the nation turned out to oppose it. The guard of resistance was simultaneously mounted; and the press, the free press, took the initiative, and formed the videttes of the great force of public opinion. The moral strength of France was under arms; and well and wisely was the nation on the alert to repel the threatened attack in its infancy, and to avert, if it was yet possible, the evils which impended. Cold-blooded and malignant observers, both in France and in England, accused the French people of an "ignorant impatience," in opposing the royal pleasure respecting this nomination of a ministry, before an overt act of criminality had authorized their rejection of the men. But if the future conduct of Polignac and his colleagues was undeclared, their antecedents were notorious; the past was a clear

indication of the future: was the nation, then, to repose in indolent security, till the moment for resistance should be passed, and its liberties for ever annihilated, because the meditated blow was not yet struck, and the conspiracy, already combined, was not ripe for execution? Events have justified the vigilance of the nation, and have proved the wisdom, no less than the virtue of its representatives, in protesting against the traitors.

The ordonnances of the 26th of July were the watchword for battle; and in three days the greatest revolution that was ever effected was begun and ended. For the revolution of 1830 is ended in spirit and in fact; and nothing now remains to be done, but the mere matters of form. The brief unity of its epic action was unstained by one crime, unblemished by one fault. All that was great, all that was good, all that was sublime in humanity, came forth in deeds, that leave the poetry of virtue far behind, and the fictions of genius far below what history will now record. Rome produced no such men, Sparta no such boys, as the citizens of Paris, and the pupils of her

scientific schools. The stoical heroism of antiquity, and the sturdy resistance of the modern revolutionary times of England and America, have been more than equalled, more than surpassed, by the self-devotion, the valour, the unity of purpose and of feeling, of the luxurious inhabitants of the most polished, refined, and luxurious capital of the world. It is not thus that slaves regain their liberty; it is thus that freemen protect it. It was the subjects of the king of the *parc aux cerfs* that supplied the reign of terror with its actors and its chiefs: it is the subjects of the *Charte* who have effected the revolution of 1830!*

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* "Those who gave the revolution its sanguinary character were no miraculous progeny, no spontaneous product of the new order of things; but the homebred children of despotism, who, like the "yelling monsters" of Milton's Sin, turned against their mother; and

'Howl'd and gnaw'd her bowels, their repast.'

Familiar with sights of blood, to which the public executions had inured them, their own wild deeds were governed by their horrible experience. Sympathy long deadened, and sensibility long blunted, by the very nature of their institutions, they had none now left to exercise, or to be-

To those who stand aloof, and look upon this grand spectacle in the security of distance, it may be supposed that an universal conspiracy and organization must have preceded the rising *en masse;* and they are right in point of fact, though wrong as to their conception of its means and character. That, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, there was no conspiracy, is evinced by the absence of any chiefs to direct the revolt of the people, and of any contemporaneous movements in the provinces—by the unforeseen nature of

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stow on those who had thus degraded them. It was these long passive and thoroughly debased subjects of abused authority, who creeping from their dens shadowed by the Bastile, followed the train of their tiger leaders ; who, glutted with blood, yet thirsting for carnage, taught the dreadful lesson, that those only who are educated in liberty are capable of forwarding her cause; who evinced that many revolutions must occur, and many systems of government arise and fall, ere the stain of vassalage can be effaced, ere the mark of the chain can be worn from the neck of the captive, and the freeman forget that he had once been a slave."—*France,* vol. i. p. 91, 4to. edit. 1817.

the first causes of the rising, and by the unprepared and unarmed condition, and the mixed character of the insurgents: but there was a conspiracy of common interests, and of national unity —the conspiracy of minds all educated upon the same principle of equality before the law, and actuated by the one great lever, knowledge!---knowledge, undisturbed by priestcraft, by teachers paid to misdirect the youthful intellect, and to hurry it from the pursuit of that truth which is the sole basis of happiness. It was not at the Port Royal, nor at St. Acheul, nor at the monastic seminaries of Rome or Austria, that the present generation have imbibed their love of liberty. It was in the great national schools of a free people, paid by the people, open to the people, founded by the people, and presided over by the most enlightened laymen, and the greatest scientific geniuses of the age. The knowledge thus disseminated had long been fruitful in practical results. The true basis of liberty was fully understood to be self-reliance; and it was universally known, that, to be free, a

nation must merit freedom. An uncontrollable patriotism, an incorruptible honesty, and a total abnegation of self, in the great cause, governed all classes; and as long back as when we were yet in France, a society under the name of "*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera,*" was in full activity, to organize the elections, to defeat ministerial influence, to propagate information, and to correspond with the liberal party, in all the provinces of the kingdom. The sentiments of every individual of any mark were thus known; the numerical strength of parties in the electoral colleges was reckoned; contingent events foreseen; their probabilities calculated; and the requisite opposition predetermined and prepared. A system of passive resistance to illegal ordonnances was agreed to, by common consent, of which the Association of Bretagne was the fruit. All premature overt acts of impatient indignation were prevented. The inherent strength of the public will, when once decidedly expressed, was felt and acknowledged; and, in one word, the entire nation was ready

for the meeting of the new Chamber, to regulate their conduct according to the emergencies this occasion should present, and to abide the issue of royal prudence, or ministerial desperation.

In glancing over the journal* which furnished these volumes, I was struck by the lightness---in some instances by the frivolity---of its records. Still it was a faithful transcript of the tone of society, and of the state of things as they existed. The public mind was made up on the great question of politics;

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* Particularly my note on the Fête Dieu. What a contrast between the scene I have there transcribed, and the following extract from the *Journal des Débats* of the 13th instant!

"Opposite the Louvre and the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, there is an unoccupied space, surrounded by a wooden barricade. In a corner of this space, and on the side nearest to the Seine, were to-day buried the remains of the heroic citizens who fell in the actions of the 28th and 29th. What a war! what a history! what a people! Already there is erected in this place of sepulture a wooden cross, bearing for its sole funereal inscription,

'To the men of France, who died for her liberty.'"

and it might well amuse itself with discussions on less important subjects; but when the tocsin of constitutional resistance sounded, where then were the distinctions of classicist and romanticist — of liberal and constitutional royalist — of the disciples of De Tracy and of Broussais, the followers of Cousin and of Kant—of the readers of the *Globe* and the *Nationel*, of the *Débats* and the *Constitutionnel?* All these shades and dissonances of opinion disappeared, like the vapours of a vernal sky, and every colour and tint blended in the great rainbow of liberty, which extended over the horizon of thought in a single spectrum of light and glory.

The press of England has given so faithful and so prompt an echo to the liberated and long-insulted journals of France, that to enter upon the details which have accompanied the downfall of Charles the Tenth would be superfluous, if not presuming; and in the rapid summing up here attempted, of the "*grande semaine*," I offer no more than a few minutes communicated by private letters

from actors in the scene, and authenticated by the public press.

If the designs of the weak and wicked men who composed the ministry of Polignac were well understood in France, the means by which they were to be carried into effect were somewhat less evident; for the calculations of folly, being founded on no fixed basis, and governed by no fixed rule, are in their essence inscrutable. The direction which these men had taken, led, it is true, to no practicable issue. The dissolution of the Chamber threw them into the arms of the electors; the electors transmitted them to the new deputies; and if these, in their turn, rejected them also, on what could they retreat? Resignation, or an illegal act of authority, (a *coup d'état*,) were the only alternatives that presented themselves. With this course so plainly before them, the ministry had hitherto pursued their career, blindly, and without hesitation; but few persons imagined that they possessed the desperate courage to unsettle all that the

restoration had gained for the royal family, by overturning the laws. The general opinion was, that they would browbeat and threaten, till the Chambers should again pronounce against them, and then reluctantly give way to new men, a shade less violent than themselves. It would not have been the first time that the court had adopted such tactics; and experience was in favour of the correctness of the belief.

Up to the 24th of July, this was the state of opinion; but the public were prepared for the worst, and, in the event of a second dissolution of the Chambers, were determined to refuse payment of taxes that could no longer be legally exacted; and thus to force the administration into the impossibility of continuing its functions.

On the 24th, reports of a sinister nature were glanced at in the ultra papers, and circulated in the *salons* and coffee-houses: a *coup d'état* was announced; but the most experienced (not calculating on the obstinate volition which may accompany the most egregious in-

efficiency, as well as the most comprehensive genius) refused to credit the assertion; and every mind was intent on the coming struggle on the arena of the Chambers, against the agents of despotism and treason.

On the 26th, (Monday,) this delusion was dissipated by the promulgation of the ordonnances, which (Cromwell-like) destroyed the representation, which silenced the press, and annihilated the charter. The first public emotions were, incredulity and amazement; the next, indignation: but emotions merely passive, were of short duration. The press—(and it is with a deep feeling of pride and satisfaction I record the fact)—the press took the initiative in resistance. A protest, signed by the editors of the principal liberal journals,*

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* A deliberative assembly, representing the electors of Paris, met in the office of the *National,* to draw up this document: it was attended by the editors of that paper, the *Globe,* the *Courier Français,* the *Journal de Commerce, le Tems, le Journal de Paris,* the *Tribune,* and the *Figaro.* In the protest which they signed, they called on the people to

was speedily put into circulation, announcing their determination to yield obedience only to a superior force; and the armed entry of the military into the printing-houses, and the destruction of the machinery and types, were the first acts of ministerial despotism. The process gave a visible and tangible image to the words of the ordonnance, which rendered them intelligible to the most ignorant of the populace. A silent, simultaneous spirit of resistance was awakened in all hearts, and united the whole population in one common determination, even before personal communication had given it utterance. Friends sought their friends, acquaintance sought their acquaintance, and strangers congregated with strangers, as if long linked in amicable intercourse. There was nothing to communicate, there was much to resolve: and *foci* of union were established through the capital with a telegraphic speed, that is best imaged by the sudden kindling of the mountain fires of antiquated rites.

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revolt against a despotism which had thrown off even the show of a legal right to their obedience.

On the morning of the 27th,* the noble protest of the journalists was published, with its signatures, in the *Globe* and *National*, and distributed gratis to the people. Other journals followed the example, and contributed to the universal exaltation. Towards mid-day, the printing-offices were invaded by an army of *gendarmerie;* and the violence and illegality of the proceeding communicated its shock to the immense multitude assembled. At this first breach into the great citadel of the charter, the cries of "*Vive la charte!*" "*Vive la liberté!*" at first faint and few, gradually swelled into deepening shouts. Workmen, tradespeople, the pupils of the *Lycée*, boys, and children, congregated and scoured the streets. The shops closed. Arts, science, commerce, trade, were all suspended. The Change shut its

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* "The universal feeling of Paris, on the evening of the 26th, was, that restisance was far distant. The liberals, (many of whom I saw that day,) talked of organizing, and preparing, and endeavouring to stimulate a general refusal to pay taxes, after the 1st of January." -*Private Letter.*

doors, the National Bank refused to discount; and thousands of citizens, deprived of employment, with want staring them in the face, were let loose to swell the great tide of discontent. Troops of armed police, and detachments of military, pursued the bands of congregated citizens, as yet unarmed, and incapable of resistance. The voice, the terrible voice of proscription, had gone forth from the authorities, and recalled the worst times of the reign of terror. Towards night, it was ascertained that many of the magistrates and most popular representatives of the people were noted on its black lists. A discharge of musketry, in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal (the heart and centre of the capital) announced the alternative offered by the government—submission or extermination. The people flew to arms. Wherever implements of destruction could be found, they were seized. The contents of the armourers' shops, the cabinets of military curiosities were invaded; the warlike implements of chivalry were taken from the *simulacres* of kings and the effigies of heroes—

the jewelled spear of Francis the First, the rusty sabre of Henry the Fourth. The very theatres were ransacked; and when these reservoirs were exhausted, pikes, forks, implements of husbandry and of domestic use, sticks, stones, the branch of a tree, the bar of a window, supplied the deficiency. Hearts so free, and hands so daring, were promptly and easily armed. Engagements multiplied: the people were not always victorious; but they were always indomitable. They rallied under the fire of a regular military; here, they threw up a barricade (the old practice of the Parisians)—and there, they repelled the enemy by showers of stones. So much bravery, so much determination disarmed their paid opponents, more than their strength. A detachment of the line (the brave Fifth) refused to fire on the people; and these military citizens became a part of the insurrection.

On the night of the 27th, none slept, save those who slept for ever; and on the following morning the people were again prepared for battle. They wanted guns, they wanted ammunition, they wanted even leaders; but they wanted

not resolution. The tri-coloured flag, the flag which had waved over the ruins of the Bastile, and had floated triumphantly over almost every capital of Europe, was hoisted.* It surely must have been a sight too fine, too affecting, to behold whole families of citizens (peaceable and laborious but two days before) issuing in the mild light of early day from homes, to which they might never again return—of all ages and of all conditions—some lonely, or accompanied scantily by friends and brothers, others in little groups,—uniting in confidence, proceeding side by side with cheerfulness,—the women following with their hearts and eyes the objects of their affections, anxious and agitated: but uttering no word, no gesture calculated to check the glorious impulsion. If, perchance, a mother turned from the threshold to weep for sons, with whom she had parted, perhaps for ever, she hid her tears, till it was no longer dangerous to her country to expose them. While all thus pre-

* The first tri-coloured flag is said to have been *improvised* of the shirt and habiliments of a dead soldier.

pared for the conflict, an universal silence attested their concentrated purpose: not a vaunt, not a cry of insult. The faces of the men were grave and sorrowful; but they became animated in the presence of the bayonets, and under the fire of the military.

By nine o'clock, the National Guard appeared in considerable force, congregated by individual devotion, and without command: they marched at the head of the artizans of Paris against the Hôtel de Ville, which was in the possession of the *gens d'armes.* In this attack the people triumphed, and speedily became masters of the place; but in their turn they were attacked by a reinforcement of the Swiss and Garde Royale. Immovable before this superior force, the insurgents were slaughtered on their post, and the soldiers regained possession of the Hôtel, only by marching over the bodies of their opponents. A third attack was then commenced by the people, directed, in this instance, by the young men of the Polytechnic school; and the Hôtel de Ville, after immense slaughter, remained definitively in the power of the populace.

During these onsets, the great bell of Nôtre Dame tolled unceasingly the tocsin of alarm; a sound terribly appalling at such a moment. The students of law and of physic, more emulous of feats of courage, than of stations of command, followed in the train of the pupils of the Polytechnic schools, and assisted in taking possession of the magazine of Ivry, and of the *Musée d'Artillerie* of St. Thomas Aquinas. It was thus, in the midst of popular revolt, that these young sons of science and novices in war, established military order, and brought into practical activity the lessons of theoretical tactics.

Meantime, the barracks of the Rue St. Denis were burned; and a furious engagement took place in the Rue St. Martin and St. Denis, (in some places the narrowest, and in all the most populous of Paris.) Here the first barricades were erected; here the people—thinned by discharges of grape—maintained the most obstinate resistance. Sometimes firing from behind wooden fences hastily thrown up, sometimes from the highest windows of the houses, or from the tops of the gates of St. Denis and

St. Martin, they kept the military at bay, exhausted their strength, and diminished their numbers. Showers of stones, tiles, and rubbish, were poured upon the heads of the soldiers from the roofs; the beautiful trees of the Boulevards were levelled by the axe to obstruct their passage; and carriages, carts, and even household furniture, were applied to complete the barriers.

When daylight closed on this civil slaughter, thus basely excited by the stroke of a despot's pen, the sleepless vigilance of the brave and excited citizens displayed itself in all its sagacious intelligence. Pavements torn up, posts flung down, tuns and hogsheads rolled from the cellars, every article capable of forming obstruction, were piled into firm walls, at every fifty yards, to oppose the progress of the troops and artillery. An ardour so unquenchable, an intelligence so acute, a determination so fixed, wore out the patience, and baffled the courage even of the most experienced officers. Many, touched with admiration or moved by pity, are said to have abandoned the horrible task

assigned them, and to have left those posts which it was no longer honourable to defend. Still, even till the approach of midnight, the roaring of cannon, and the sharper reports of musketry, were heard, in different quarters of the city, while the awful tocsin, more awful as it peeled in darkness, tolled on,—the *reveil* of the drooping, and the hope of the ardent,—till morning again broke—the morning of the third day's fight.

With the first dawning of light, the combat of the 29th began, by a remote and scattered firing, which gradually became loud and general. But the troops of the line soon ceased to fire. The Garde Royale, harassed and dispirited, fell back on the Louvre, on the Tuileries, on the lower extremity of the Boulevards. New troops had been ordered to march on Paris, by Marmont, who had previously declared the town in a state of blockade. But the inhabitants of the neighbouring communes of Passy, Chaillot, and Boulogne, had already risen, to impede the passage of the military; and the regiments

retired in disorder upon St. Cloud, where the king had gone on the issuing of the ordonnances, to while away the interval which should decide between the murder or the subjugation of his people,—in the pleasures of the chase!

The Louvre, where the Swiss were entrenched, was taken; the Tuileries surrendered in two hours afterwards; the people, every where victorious, drove the last soldier beyond the barriers; and the tri-coloured flag floated once more in triumph on Notre Dame and the Tuileries. An army, organized by a sentiment, and armed at hazard, had fought, ungeneralled, for three days, without intermission, under every sacrifice and every privation, against the bravest, the best disciplined, and best paid troops of Europe,—and had conquered them; winning liberty for their country, and placing on unperishable record the superiority of civil over military force, when the people are united, and are determined to be free!

And where were they, who did not fight? where were the women of Paris?—where

patriot women ought to be under such glorious, but heart-rending circumstances,—by the couch of the wounded and the dying. They were receiving brothers, husbands, children, friends, and strangers, with equal humanity, if not with equal interest. Their courts and apartments were filled with the suffering, or they were themselves hurrying to the hospitals to distribute comforts and attentions to their champions. An universal elevation of sentiment prevailed. The prisoners were not treated as domestic enemies, but as unfortunate friends. No outrage, no violence, no plunder, not one instance of sordid pillage. Civil war, the corrupter of other times and countries, here purified and ennobled all who plunged into it.

Three glorious days of struggle,* the most glo-

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* The following letter from an extremely clever and sensible female friend presents a lively portrait of these three days, and I give it entire :—

Paris, 3 *Aout,* 1830.

Quels évènemens, Madame, se sont passés depuis 8 jours ! j' étais loin d' espèrer un si grand et si prompt résultat de

rious that France had ever seen, terminated the contest between despotism and constitutional

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tant d' inconcevables folies. Nous avons vû pendant trois jours des ouvriers, des jeunes gens de tous rangs, des enfans presque sans armes, longtemps sans chefs, déployer une énergie au delà de toute idée, une habileté d' attaque et de défense à la sauvage et l' on peut dire d' instinct ; et en même temps une générosité une modération admirables Pas une marque de ferocité, même de brutalité ; point de vol, point de désordres d' aucun genre aprés tant d' heures de combat presque continu, par une chaleur de 28 dégrés. On conçoit qu'ún danger commun pour une cause juste élève les âmes, purifie les sentimens ; mais le dégrè auquel cet effet a été produit est inimaginable. Si l' avenir nous apporte les malheurs toujours inévitables dans les grandes commotions politiques, nous aurons du moins, le souvenir de quelques jours vivement glorieux pour notre pays. Rien n' a souillé encore cette révolution, que l' on peut justement nommer légale ; nous avons à déplorer des pertes bien sensibles, mais point de crimes. Maintenant, nous en sommes à la partie la plus difficile : des passions d' une espèce peut-être moins noble vont se montrer, il faut faire des vœux pour que l' amour de l' ordre et de la patrie contienne, pour quelque temps, au moins, les discordances d' opinions, les fasse céder à l' interêt prèsent. La voix publique en Angleterre est telle qu'on pouvait l' espèrer d' un peuple

rights—three days of carnage and confusion, in which order was annihilated, and the coun-

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éclairé, vivement ami de la liberté ; pourquoi n' étiez vous pas ici ? Quel beau spectacle vous auraient offert les prémiers instans de cette révolution de défense. Nous en avons vû le dernier acte, la prise du Louvre et des Tuileries, le 29 entre 1 et 2 heures : il y avait alors, 38 heures que *nous* * entendions de divers points, des fusillades, des coups de canon, des cris suivis d' affreux silences, le tocsin qui s' y mêlait, je ne sais pourquoi. La nuit, presque aussi claire que le jour, permettait de continuer les attaques jusqu' à minuit : on les recommençait à 4 heures du matin. Le moment le plus calme que nous ayons eu, a été celui oú d' une des fenêtres élevées de la maison, nous avons vû le dernier combat, et le Drapeau tricolore flottant sur les Tuileries. Entendre des Français se tuer entre eux, et rester dans l' attente des évènemens, est une situation si cruelle, que je ne crois pas qu' il soit possible trouver une pareille. L' agitation qu'elle nous a causée a peine à se calmer ! L'ordre public qui s' est retabli si vite, ou plutôt qui n'a pas été troublé pour les noncombattans, (puisque l' on pouvait en toute sûreté cir-

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* The "*nous*" here alluded to, were three females, a widowed lady and her two daughters, by the eldest of whom this graphic letter was written to me.

try without a government. Another day succeeded,—the breathing time of suffering and

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culer dans les endroits où l'on ne se battait pas, sous la protection de la garde nationale improviseé, et à travers des barricades aussi improvisées, construites de 50 en 50 pas ;) les ouvriers rendus à leurs travaux habituels ; le calme extraordinaire après de si violentes excitations, tout cela nous donne de la satisfaction : mais on sera longtemps avant de pouvoir sentir de la joie. A combien de malheurs probables n'avons-nous pas échappé cependant, grâce à la vertu de pauvres gens inconnus qui n'obtiendront jamais qu'une gloire collective, et qui ont exposé ou sacrifié leur vie pour un sentiment si complétement desintéressé. Ils mériteraient bien que les riches industriels, les grands philantropes daignassent s'occuper efficacement de leurs interets, oubliant en leur faveur, s'il le faut, leurs avantages propres. Dites-en quelque chose, Madame, je vous prie dans les chapitres que vous allez, sans doute, ajouter à votre ouvrage. Le même esprit qui vous a dicté le chapitre des bazars de bienfaisance, vous inspirera ce qu'il faut dire aux chefs de manufactures, à ceux que le monopole enrichit aux dépens de l'existence de tant d'autres. Disposez de moi pour vous envoyer des journaux ou écrits dont vous aurez besoin en ce moment. J'ai toujours l'espoir de vous traduire, et j'attends de vos nouvelles avec impatience. Je

exhaustion, — and all again was peace. Arms of destruction were laid down, instruments of labour were resumed; offices were opened, the great machine of state worked

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voulais vous citer quelques traits de notre révolution, mais l' un efface l' autre, et le plus remarquable est leur généralité. La classe vulgairement appeleé *Gaméns* a été vriament, superbe ; tous ces garçons combattaient comme des héros; un petit garçon de 14 ans a gardé, pendant 24 heures le chateau des Tuileries à la tête de 150 ouvriers, qui lui obéissaient fort bien. Nous l' avons vû se promenant gravement à son poste : nous avons vû aussi, le soir du 29, des hommes déguénillés, noirs de poudre, la bayonette en main, à demi-ivres, s' approcher de nous, et nous adresser, non des bravades, ni des imprécations, mais des bons mots, point grossiers, point politiques, et que l' on n' aurait guère attendus de ces visages vraiment de toute laideur, et dans un tel moment. Ils étaient bien aises de montrer leurs sangs-froids et leur bel esprit aux dames qui les regardaient passer, non sans un fond de frayeur. Je voulais vous donner simplement de nos nouvelles, mais il m' a été impossible de parler d' autre chose que de ce qui occupe toutes nos facultés. Pardonnez mon bavardage, aimez-nous et recevez nos amitiés et nos respects,

ADRIENNE S——.

on, and a provisional government was established for the general security, composed of men, who united all suffrages, and reconciled all predilections. Every member of it had proved himself worthy of the admiration and respect of the country, by talent, knowledge, honesty, or intrepidity. The Duke of Orleans, called by the assembled deputies to the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom, had fought in the republican armies of France under the tri-coloured flag; and though a Bourbon, he was of known and avowed attachment to popular rights. And who was the commandant-in-chief chosen by acclamation? How the name of Lafayette stands forth upon record—"the best and greatest citizen that the world ever saw; whose experience is profound, whose zeal is indefatigable, and whose love of the people is as touching as it is sincere!" What names follow! each representing some peculiar quality useful to mankind. Gérard, the loyal and the brave; Dupont de l'Eure, the synonyme for incorruptible probity; De Rigny,

the hero of Navarin; and others, the learned and the eloquent—their teachers or their friends,—all devoted to the rights of the people! Such are the guarantees which the nation had chosen in the moment of necessity, and on whom they relied for a government, which (by whatever name it should be designated, and whatever its external form,) will be worthy of the great nation for whose service it will be organized, and adapted to the wants and illumination of the nineteenth century, the best epoch recorded in the history of time.

It cannot, and it ought not to be concealed, that the contest of the three days was not the most trying epoch of French constancy and forbearance. It is in the moment of victory, that the destinies of France run the greatest risk. The principles of the mass of the people are republican; but their habits are not so: and the choice of a government is surrounded with difficulties and with conflicting evils, that require all the good sense and moderation of a highly civilized people to avert.

The enemies of liberty are numerous, and already on the alert to foment into open hostility any shades of disagreement which may, and must subsist among the various classes of liberals. Already the Jesuit party wear the largest tri-coloured cockades, and, with an inconceivable impudence, are the most exaggerated in their praise of democracy. But the election of the Duke of Orleans to a constitutional throne, while it will reconcile the European powers, or sooth their self-love, will eventually circumscribe at home the arena of angry passion. A bitter experience of the inefficiency of mere forms of government to ensure liberty, will fortunately tend to avert fanaticism; and assuredly the better classes of Parisian society are more intent on securing the substance, than on disputing about the externals and emblems of a free government. Without a landed aristocracy, a king must be but the first citizen of the state,—a crowned president: and despotism being wholly out of the question, France, however named, will remain essentially a republic in its institutions and its spirit. But the greatest

security for the re-establishment of peace lies in the virtues which the late combat has called into evidence: the good sense, the promptitude, the instinct of order, the quick apprehension, and above all, the self-denial of all classes, present a very different aspect of society, from that which preceded the reign of terror.

Among the many sources of delight and congratulation which this wonderful event has opened, the reception which it has met in England is not the least gratifying. The press of England has nobly done its duty; and it is consoling to reflect that amidst our domestic political dissensions, no slavish voice has been heard to raise a cry in favour of despotism. The great principle of the revolution of 1688 has thus received a second and a solemn sanction; and that principle is as availing against the tyranny of an oligarchy, as against the despotism of a monarch. The shout of encouragement and triumph which has echoed through our island at the victory of the French people, is a signal and an augury of coming reform at home. The old and tottering edifice of abuse

vibrates to its centre at the sound; and like the walls of Jericho, at the seventh blast of the Jewish trumpets, it will topple down before the reiterated expression of opinion, so generous, so enlightened, and so free. "Let us hope," says General Lafayette, in a letter, which is not an hour in my possession, "that this revolution without a stain, may effect the liberty of Europe."*

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* This letter is an historical document, and should not remain a private deposit. I give it to the public, without waiting for the permission of its illustrious writer, as being well worth all that precedes it.

To Sir Charles and Lady Morgan—Dublin.

Paris, 21 *Aout,* 1830.

Au milieu du tourbillon où je vis, mes chers amis, je vous demande la permission de dicter ma réponse à vos deux bonnes lettres, en reconnaissant l'envoi de dix livres sterling. Nous avons fait une belle et rapide revolution. Toute la gloire en est au peuple de Paris; c'est à dire à la portion la moins aisée de ce peuple, aux élèves des écoles de droit et de médicine, &c. mêlés à la population et

particulièrement à l'admirable école polytechnique, dont l'uniforme étoit partout un signal de confiance. Le peuple s'est montré aussi grand par sa générosité après la victoire, qu'il a été terrible et habile dans les combats. Je vois avec plaisir que vous approuvez la resolution prise par nous autres républicains, de concourir à l'erection d'un trone populaire, en l'amalgamant à des institutions républicaines. Le choix du prince et de la famille est excellent.

Vous me demandez des nouvelles personelles de votre vieux ami. J'étais à la Grange* à dejeûner le mardi lorsque nous avons reçu le Moniteur et les ordonnances: huit heures après j'étais à Paris. On s'est battu le mardi soir, la journée du mercredi, et du jeudi. Le jeudi matin, l'hôtel de Ville, pris et repris, était devenu mon quartier général; et le drapeau tricolore, que j'y avais planté, il y a quarante un ans y flottait de nouveau. Le Vendredi on se battait encore dans les faubourgs; mais la plus grande partie de l'armée Royale couvrait, St. Cloud. La cour a fait mine de résistance à Rambouillet. Elle avoit encore dix mille hommes des meilleures troupes reglées. J'ai fait marcher vingt mille citoyens, ce qui a déterminé le mouvement de retraite. La famille royale a ensuite traversé la France sous l'escort de nos commissaires à écharpe tricolore. Elle a partout trouvé la silence, sans la moindre insulte. La

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* The seat of General Lafayette, between thirty and forty miles from Paris.

France s'organize en Garde Nationale, dont on a voulu que je restasse provisoirement le commandant en chef.

Toute la famille en est en bonne santé; et vous dit mille amitiés. Nous sommes profondément touchés des temoignages d'approbation et de sympathie, que nous ont eté donnés par le peuple de la Grande Bretagne et de l'Irelande. Il faut esperer que cette revolution, sans tache, amenera la liberté de l'Europe.

Recevez, mes chers amis, tous mes remercimens et amitiés.

LAFAYETTE.

I must send you our new national song, by Casimir la Vigne, although mingled with other kindnesses to me; but I have not time to copy it.

TRANSLATION.

Living as I am, in a vortex of affairs, I beg your permission, my dear friends, to dictate my answer to your kind letters, with an acknowledgment of the receipt of ten pounds, inclosed. We have made a noble and rapid revolution. The glory belongs to the people of Paris; that is, to the portion the least affluent of its population; to the pupils of the schools of medicine and of law, &c., mingled with the populace, and more particularly, with the pupils of the admirable Polytechnic School, whose uniform was everywhere the signal of confidence.

The people shewed themselves as great, by their genero-

sity after the victory, as they were terrible and expert in the hour of combat.

I observe, with pleasure, that you approve of the resolution which we republicans have taken, of concurring in the erection of a popular throne, by amalgamating it with republican institutions. The choice made of the prince and family are excellent.

You ask for some personal news of your old friend. I was at La Grange at breakfast on the Tuesday, when I received the *Moniteur* and ordinances. Eight hours afterwards, I was at Paris. The fighting began on the Tuesday evening, and was continued through Wednesday and Thursday. On Thursday morning, the Hotel de Ville, after having been taken and re-taken, became my head quarters; and the tri-coloured flag, which I had planted there forty-one years ago, again floated from its roof. On Friday there was still some skirmishing in the faubourgs; but the greater part of the royal army had retreated to cover St. Cloud. The Court made a show of resistance at Rambouillet: it had still ten thousand of the best disciplined troops; but I ordered twenty thousand citizens to march against them, which determined a retreat. The royal family have since traversed France under the protection of our commissioners with the tri-coloured scarf. A profound silence, undisturbed by a single insult, reigned wherever they passed. France is now organizing itself into a national guard, of which it is desired that I should remain provisionally the commander-in-chief.

All my family are in good health, and express towards you a thousand friendly sentiments. We are all deeply sensible of the testimonies of approbation and sympathy which have been offered us by the people of Great Britain and Ireland. Be it hoped that this revolution, without a stain, may effect the liberty of Europe.

Accept, my dear friends, the expression of my thanks and friendship.

(Signed) LAFAYETTE.

[The following autograph is in English:]

I must send you our new national song, by Casimir la Vigne, although mingled with other kindnesses to me; but I have not time to copy it.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

"Les révolutions qui arrivent dans les grands états ne sont point un effêt du hazard, ni du caprice des peuples."—SULLY.

THE characteristic of modern civilization is rapidity. The machine of society, disengaged from the clumsy incumbrances with which ignorance and error had long clogged its wheels, and paralyzed its springs, is acting with an accelerated velocity, that bears down all before it. Events are superseded, ere they are observed; and changes, under the bugbear name of revolutions, are almost too evanescent for the recording page of the Gazette, or the mystic cipher of the short-hand reporter. The slow-footed diplomacy of times that are no more, is left far behind in the unequal race; and philosophy itself, dazzled by the meteor-flight of the pageant, doubts whether it urges its course along the rail-tract of improvement, or is hurrying, pathless and unguided, into the abyss of destruction.

A few fleeting months have scarcely elapsed since the memorable week which gave liberty to France, and taught the people of all nations (be it for good or for evil) the secret of their own strength: yet within this petty space of time,

how vast and various have been the political consequences! The Holy Alliance, that masterpiece of short-sighted policy, has fallen to pieces and crumbled beneath its own weight. Its elaborate arrangements calculated on "*ames*" and "*demi ames*," but without consideration of that all-important and master-soul, the spirit which animates society, have been overthrown; and the Babel (which it had erected to "endure for ever,") like the scientific toy of Prince Rupert, destroyed by a scratch, has become a heap of sand. Belgium independent, Switzerland and Italy revolutionized, Poland in revolt, Germany agitated and indignant, and the oligarchy of England driven by opinion to self-reform, are the precocious first-fruits of this greatest of all modern revolutions: but the changes which it is still destined to effect, may not improbably embrace the entire European family, and extend over every established institution, from the cross on St. Peter's to the crescent on St. Sophia.

The heroic courage and prompt success of the Parisians in the three days' fight, were not more admirable and astounding, than the spontaneous re-knitting of the unchained elements of revolt into a new order, and the unanimous concurrence of every will in the great work of conservation. The constitutional government arose amidst the chaos of contention, like the Monte Nuovo of Naples from the volcanic eruption of a single night; but it arose disengaged from its fiery ingredients, with its soil fitted for the immediate use of man, and ready to receive the olive of peace and the vine of

plenty. Never had the world beheld an enthusiasm so enlightened, never had it witnessed a patriotism so self-denying! It seemed as if humanity had forgotten its inherent egoism, and thrown off the innate infirmity of its nature. But philosophy had long learned, from bitter experience, that this can never be; and philanthropy, ere the first thrill of delight at the glorious spectacle had subsided, acknowledged with sadness, that the vision must inevitably be transient, as it was brilliant.

The warmest friends of the revolution could not conceal from themselves that the hour of trial for France was not confined to the crisis of resistance, nor to the intoxication of victory. They could not but feel certain, that the nobly fanatic devotion of all classes to the public cause, must eventually subside; and that the moment could not long be delayed, when the great passions, as they cooled to the level temperature of ordinary events, would leave "ample room and verge enough," for all that is little and inglorious in the human heart; when self-love would once more creep forth, and glean, for its own peculiar harvest, the fruits for which a nation had toiled and suffered; and when intrigue and venality, ministering to vanity and ambition, would mar the work of regeneration, and would endanger that liberty which open force had in vain assailed. To this moment, the true friends of freedom looked forward with apprehension, if not with dismay; while the allies of despotism anticipated its arrival, as the signal for their renewed activity, and the precursor of their expected triumph.

The universal agreement of all France, in expelling the restored dynasty and in overthrowing a government imposed by victorious enemies, and alike foreign to the feelings and unsuited to the wants of the people, was by no means extended to the forms and details of those constitutions, by which it was to be succeeded. All classes, indeed, (save a small fraction, as insignificant for its numbers, as contemptible for its resources,) desired substantial and plenary freedom; but many shades of difference subsisted concerning the means by which this end could be best sought, and most securely attained. The splendid moderation, and unequalled self-denial of Lafayette, who in the moment of exigency consented to forego the realization of the long dream of his political existence, in order to purchase leisure for the consolidation of liberty, had for the instant silenced the voice of faction; and under the sanction of his justly influential example, Philip was elected King of the French, almost by acclamation: but the discussion of the various items which were to constitute that undefined entity "a monarchy with republican institutions,"* afforded an ample field for the combats of

* The precise definition of republican institutions must vary with each individual. In general, it may be taken as meaning, the total abolition of all aristocratic privilege, the complete equality of all men, before the law, and the strict confinement of the royal power, to the agency of a really responsible ministry. More particularly it may be defined, a Chamber of Deputies, founded on the broadest elective basis,—no hereditary peerage,—an armed national guard,—and municipal, departmental, and parochial functionaries elected by the people.

prejudice, of passion, of malevolence, and of vague theoretical speculation.

The principles of the great majority of the active and intelligent classes of France are purely republican; but their habits, the progressive results of fourteen centuries, are not in accordance with their ideas. The same national temperament, whose jealous irritability is so intolerant of aristocratic and hereditary rank, begets an intense desire for personal distinctions, and a leaning towards such institutions, as open a wide career of place and decoration to successful talent. The splendors and the fascinations of Napoleon's military court are not, perhaps, yet quite forgotten; and the great body of the Parisians have been too much accustomed to derive pleasure, and to imagine profit, from the expenses of an imposing executive. The more timid portion of society also look back with a just horror to the atrocities of the reign of terror, and to the calamities of the "occupation;" and they prefer a constitutional monarchy to a republic, as a surer guarantee alike against domestic anarchy, and foreign aggression.

The example of America, on the other hand, and the notion that monarchy, under all its forms, is a worn-out institution, influence a portion of the most enlightened, ardent, and enterprising, more especially among the youthful part of the community; who believe their countrymen to be sufficiently advanced in moral and political wisdom, for self-government, without the risk of mob-tyranny. If the number of these politicians, relatively to the mass, be small, which may be doubted, they are by their energy, their en-

terprise, and their concentration, at once powerful and confident.

Of the Carlists it is scarcely necessary to speak. In the speculations of the English journals they figure largely ;* but in number and in influence they are so utterly inconsiderable, that however troublesome to a nascent government they may prove, they enter almost for nothing in the great problem of the nation's destinies. In the provinces of the south, indeed, religious bigotry still successfully labours to keep alive a remnant of the royalist party, which forms the pivot of the intrigues of Holyrood House. Through this instrumentality, commotions may be got up from time to time, to be immediately suppressed by the national guard; and parties of Chouan plunderers may be sent forth to alarm the timid at home, to flatter the hopes of the exiled family, and to serve as a foundation for their speculations upon the absolute cabinets of the continent. But for any effective purpose, the Carlists are utterly null. The Bourbon name is detested, even in those parts where the ultra-royalists most abound: and there is not a single large town, without a competent number of defenders of the newly-established order. In the capital, it fares still worse with the cause of legitimacy. There, the Carlists have no direct field for exertion, and their whole action is confined

* It is in England, chiefly, that the strength of this party is to be sought; where despotism finds an echo in the hearts of the borough-mongers; and where the Bourbons' throne is regarded by the Tories, as the work of their own hands.

to an unnatural union with the Napoleonists, to stimulate the republicans to attempt the overthrow of whatever exists; in the hope of profiting by anarchy, and of availing themselves of any chance that may turn up in their favour, amidst a general confusion.

Of the Napoleonists the number is, perhaps, not much greater than that of the Carlists; but they have the support of some of the surviving generals of Napoleon; and there is nothing anti-national in their views. In the event of war, and of a consequent overthrow of the existing government, this party, by its energy and concentration, might be equal to attempt a *coup de main;* but its essential weakness is the want of a member of the Napoleon dynasty to place at its head; for it can hardly be imagined that the nation, or even the party itself, would accept of Napoleon the Second for a King, brought up, as he has been, under the direction of Austria, and incapacitated for the duties of the kingly office by all his *environage.* Whether any of the Imperial generals speculate upon this party, and hope, in the event of war, to avail themselves of its agency for stepping into the vacant throne, time will discover; the supposition is far from improbable.

The overthrow of the ex-dynasty was so sudden and unexpected, that not the slightest preparation had been made for the change; every thing was to be created *improviso,* and a government to be constituted on the instant, under pain of anarchy. Necessity, much more than deliberate choice, determined the march of events. The

Chamber of Deputies, all imperfect as it was, had the inappreciable merit of being at hand, and of forming a centre of movement round which the people could rally. Louis Philip, also, was precisely the person adapted by circumstances to represent the state abroad, and to conciliate parties at home. Even the old *charte* was a piece of machinery which, with a little alteration, supplied one of the wants of the moment, and forced itself, as it were, on the public acceptance. The new government seemed to coalesce as by a spontaneous crystallization; and the rapidity with which it was called into effectiveness and action, contributed powerfully to decide the obedience of the provinces, and to cut off all chance of Carlist re-actions. Apropos, however, as was this provisional order of things, it was not precisely such a one as the people required. A Chamber of Deputies, chosen by eighty thousand electors, could not in any sense be said to represent the people; and having, moreover, been called together under the influence of the Polignac administration, it could not, with all its epuration, be depended on as a constituent assembly. For this purpose, it was also deficient in authority; and though such a defect might be supplied by the tacit consent of the people, yet it could not but become dangerous, in any case in which the Chambers should not satisfy the public wish. The existence of the Chamber of Peers was obnoxious under a double aspect; first, as based on the aristocratical principle; and secondly, as recruited by successive ministries, with all that was subservient, venal, or prejudiced in France. If there is any point upon which

Frenchmen are agreed, it is in hostility to feudal privileges; and though two opinions may exist respecting the necessity of a second legislative body as a wheel in the state machine, all are decided that its constitution should not be hereditary. The division of property had already, indeed, settled this question. Even despotism itself could not erect an hereditary peerage capable of performing its supposed functions in a constitutional regime; and notwithstanding all that had been done to royalize the Chamber of Peers, its members have acquired no *esprit de corps,* and are as merely citizens as those of the Chamber of Deputies.

Besides these defects, the new government inherited from its predecessor a vicious municipal system, and an hierarchy which, as long as it exists unchecked and unrebuked, will keep the peace, if not the liberty of the country, in perpetual jeopardy: to this is added an army of public functionaries, reared in the lap of despotism, ready to serve any or every government, and to betray all;—the acknowledged enemies to reform,—sworn partizans of abuse,—and drags upon the great movement of regeneration. A government thus constituted was quite unfitted to the state of public opinion; it was accepted merely as provisional, and with a plain understanding, that the whole should be immediately remodelled, so as to give the nation a "monarchy with republican institutions."

Under these circumstances, the passing of a new election law on a broad basis, and an early appeal to the people, became a paramount duty with the new government. A

precipitate dissolution, it is true, while the government was yet unconsolidated, would have been attended with danger; but the risk was considerably greater of protracting such a measure, until jealousy should arise between the assembly and the people. This jealousy but too soon broke out. A part of the ministry who had belonged to the obsolete sect of Doctrinaires, still maintained their old leanings towards aristocratic institutes, such as are seen in the English constitution; and the Chamber was, perhaps, still more aristocratical in its colour than the ministry. Distrusting the republican tendencies of the people, the ministers were afraid to run the hazard of an election, least they should not find in the new Chamber the same security for the nascent throne as in the last; and, like Cromwell, they preferred ruling with a rump parliament, to the chances of a more republican assembly. In this proceeding, the people beheld a desire of the upper classes to appropriate to themselves all the advantages of a victory, to which the aristocracy had contributed nothing, and they very naturally, though perhaps somewhat prematurely, carried their suspicions into the consideration of every question. Thus placed in a false position, the legislature has been disabled from acting with firmness and consistency; and every measure has been marked by hesitation, and a compromise of principles. It named a new king, without daring formally to decree the overthrow of the old dynasty. Instead of at once declaring the ex-ministers traitors, and voting them into perpetual exile, it suffered itself to be involved in a criminal process, which, while it consumed much precious

time, raised a most embarrassing and nearly fatal cause of dissension between its own body and the public. A scandalous avidity for place among the members of the Chambers, tended still further to alienate the affections of the people; and thus, almost from the starting post, the elements of faction were stirred up, and the stability of the new government brought into question.

The first cause of conflict between the government and the people, or rather, between the constitutionalists and the republicans, arose out of the trial of Polignac and his brother conspirators. Justice, law, and the usages of mankind, alike demanded the punishment of traitors; and necessity required that ministerial responsibility should be rendered something more than a name. The spectacle of seven thousand citizens offered up to the Moloch of despotism in the streets of the capital, and the outraged feelings of a population, whose every member nearly had to deplore the loss of some dear relative or friend, called loudly for the judaical award of blood for blood; while a discovery of the horrible proscription directed against the noblest and the most beloved of the patriots, which had been destined to follow the successful issue of royal treason, roused the fury of the few who had no personal losses to revenge.

But a better and more philosophical principle than blind vengeance, operated to direct the public mind. The inutility and the wickedness of capital punishments was among the earliest of the principles sanctioned by the revolution of 1789; and if the voice of truth and of nature was

silenced during the proscriptions of Robespierre, the horrors of that dreadful epoch eventually served to confirm and to sanctify its oracular dictates. The present was therefore thought a fit opportunity for recurring to an amendment of the old law in this particular. Among the wiser and more considerate, also, a salutary dread prevailed of accustoming the people to the spectacle of political executions; and of commencing that career of judicial proscription, which, once opened, would present no definable termination. The enthusiastic were eager that the glorious victory, so nobly and so happily achieved, should be unsullied by a stain; and the more calculating were anxious to deprive the surrounding governments of every pretext for interfering in the domestic concerns of the nation. It was thought that the people had taught a lesson to kings and their instruments, sufficiently appalling to remove all necessity for vindictive punishment; and that the people were sufficiently enlightened to maintain order and the authority of the laws, without the brutifying spectacle of a cold-blooded destruction of human life. The event has proved, that this party formed a safe opinion of the civilization of their countrymen. But there were circumstances that made the experiment hazardous, and covered the philanthropic attempt with manifold suspicions. The close family connexion of the king with the exiled monarch, the anomalous constitution of the Chamber of Deputies, and the aristocratical character of the Chamber of Peers, (the tribunal to which the criminals were committed,) were viewed with alarm. The people, who had

sustained the brunt of the combat of the three days, unsupported by the great majority of the legislative body, were jealous of its influence, and mistook the philosophic and humane desire to save an useless effusion of blood, for a dishonest leaning towards "rogues in ruffles," and official delinquents. The exaggerated and inflamed passions of the ultra-republicans, led them, therefore, to desire the heads of the ex-ministers, not less as a pledge of fidelity in the new government, than as a just sacrifice to the offended nation. The continent was still under the control of those families, whose implacable hostility to liberty had covered France with calamity, and had threatened to adjourn indefinitely the establishment of a constitution; and the example of a stern and severe punishment was by many deemed essential to prove the intensity of the national will, and to strike the enemies of their country with a salutary awe, whom no sense of right and fitness could bind in moral obligation. The position was awful, but it was met by a courage as admirable in itself, as for the humanity by which it was inspired. The national guard justified all that had been expected of the people, from whose mass it was taken; faction was repressed, the national character was saved, and the cause of public order, and the established government, was, for the moment, strengthened by the result.

The first use the Chamber made of this victory, was at once a crime and a fault. The vote on the command of the national guard, however, decorated by an outward show of deference and esteem for Lafayette, was intended as a blow

at his power. The species of dictatorship which the command of two millions of armed citizens gives, would, in ordinary times, or in the hands of a younger and more ambitious man, have been an object of just alarm—but from Lafayette liberty had nothing to fear. To an honest administration, his countenance and support would have been of inestimable value; and considering the provisional state of things, and the imperfect condition of the legislature, his sanction of measures was a letter of credit with the people, most favourable to the stability of a new-born order. But Lafayette is on principle a republican, and in practice an uncompromising follower of justice and right; and the aristocratic part of the Chamber were anxious to deprive him of his fairly acquired influence. Where the people are armed and regimented, they must be consulted in the management of affairs; and as the national guard could not be disbanded, nothing remained for the timid or the designing, but to deprive them of a chief, whose very name was a rallying point that would give unanimity and direction to any popular movement. To effect this object, was doubtless esteemed an excellent stroke of policy; but, like all other acts of cunning, it was inevitably injurious to those who hoped to profit by its finesse. There is now a link the less to bind the people to the government, and a new cause of jealousy to induce premature and prejudiced hostility to all its acts.

To give a minute detail of all the particulars, in which the ministry or the Chambers have disappointed the expectations,

or awakened the fears, of the more ardent liberals, and provoked seditious movements in the capital, would draw too largely on the patience of the English reader, and exceed by far the scope of the present sketch. Suffice it to say, that on one side, want of decision, and of a directing mind fully equal to the occasion, and, on the other, impatience, exaggeration, and the clash of inordinate hopes and ambitions, have impeded the march of the constitutional monarchy, and surrounded the newly-established order with daily increasing difficulties.

In an overthrow of government so complete as that which expelled the divine-righted family of France, the re-organization of internal affairs affords sufficient matter of anxiety and of delicacy, to occupy the whole attention and ability of those called to power. Unfortunately, foreign politics superadded a terrible complication to the duties of the new ministry. Among the various causes which determined the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, and the call of a member of the Bourbon family to the throne, the desire of conciliating the good-will of the European governments was not the least influential. The waste and extravagance of the preceding government, its apprehensions, and its expensive addiction to priestcraft, had reduced the military establishment of France to a low ebb of inefficiency. No preparations existed for resisting foreign aggression; and it was feared that an immediate invasion, aided by intrigue, would have been fatal to liberty, if not by immediate success, at least by the after evoking of a military despotism. The erection of a republic in form, would, it was thought, have

been the pretext for such an invasion; and it is probable that notwithstanding the poverty of the British exchequer, (the great *primum mobile* of European confederacies,) a new coalition of the allied despots might have ensued. The wisdom and moderation, which ruled the hour, averted this evil. Louis Philip was recognized by the principal European governments; and France (thus left at liberty to reform at leisure) might, perhaps, have waited the gradual perfecting of its institutions, with patience and tranquillity. But the spirit which had produced the revolution, was not confined to the French territory. It had gone abroad through the continent, inflaming men's minds, and animating their courage; and the movement of electricity was less rapid than that of the shock produced from the Tagus to the Borysthenes, by the exile of Charles X. The throne of the restored Bourbons had been the keystone of the monstrous and discordant edifice of the Holy Alliance; and so inartificially was the whole put together, that no one part of the entire mass rested upon its proper basis. All was suspended, propped, and counter-propped; and the displacement of a single piece carried with it destruction to the whole. It would have been well, perhaps, for France, that the downfall of this colossal monstrosity could have been averted for a short time, till she had become more equal to meet the contingency. But the revolution of Bruxelles burst forth with inconceivable rapidity, not only to embarrass the foreign relations of the French government, but to exalt the republican spirit at home, and to awaken a

desire for war in the rising generation, well calculated to put every thing once more to issue.

The principle of non-interference adopted, and recommended to Europe by the government, (whatever may be the honour and good faith of Louis Philip,) will be found, in practice, difficult and embarrassing. The continent has been so parcelled out by recent treaties, and the relations between government and people so complicated by their unnatural connexions, that the cases in which a right of interference begins, are difficult to determine. Can Austria refrain, for instance, from interference with the insurrection in Papal Italy? Can France long maintain its neutrality, in the event of war in the low countries? The great questions of diplomacy rest no longer with the government. The people have become the arbiters in France; and every thing, there, conspires to hurry on a war. The King may refuse his son to rule over Belgium; but the people of France will not refuse to get back their proper frontier, when the opportunity is ripe. Let what will occur, Belgium and France will sooner or later be united. Nature has joined them; and society has no power to decree their eternal divorce.

From the moment of the explosion at Bruxelles, every new disturbance that has manifested itself on the continent, has become a fresh cause of disagreement between the French people and their ministers. Among the former, an opinion has gained ground, that there are but two political bodies in Europe, which represent, the one, the conservative; the other, the reforming principle. They think, and

with considerable reason, that wherever there is an absolute monarch, there, France has an enemy; and that wherever there is a people resolved to struggle for liberty, there, she has an ally and a friend.* On this point, all their notions of diplomacy are modelled; and the consequence is, an impetuous desire to take part in all the contests that may arise, to neglect and set aside the maxims of non-intervention, and to embroil Europe in a general war. The naturally military character also of the Frenchman, the memory of injuries unrevenged, and the severe pressure of excessive population, especially among the professional classes, all conspire to the same end; and it is impossible to conceive a position, in which military ardour can be more forcibly developed. The ministry, on the other hand, anxious to consolidate the throne they have erected, to preserve faith with the European community,

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* "Messieurs, toutes les fois qu'un pays de l'Europe, où qu'il soit placé, veut récouvrir ses droits, et qu'une intervention étrangère vient l'en empêcher, c'est une hostilité directe contre nous, non seulement parce que c'est ressusciter les principes de Pilnitz et de la soi disant Sainte alliance, et-justifier une aggression future contre notre liberté, et notre indépendance, mais parce que le boñ sens nous avertit que c'est comme si l'on nous disait. 'Attendez, nous allons écraser vos auxiliaires, les amis de la liberté dans les autres pays; et quand ils ont cessé d'exister, nous tomberons sur vous de tout notre poids.'"—*Discours du Genéral Lafayette à la Chambre des Députès, 15 Janvier*, 1831.

Again, in another speech, the same orator declared: "Je ne vois dans le monde que deux catégories, les oppresseurs et les opprimés. Deux principes se partagent l'Europe; le droit souverain des peuples, et le droit divin des rois; d'une part liberté, égalité, de l'autre despotisme et privilége."

and to avert military despotism—the too probable consequence of a general war—are driven by circumstances into an apparently tortuous course of negociation, which must necessarily assume the character of weakness, of indecision, and of a compromise of the revolutionary principle.

Among the many causes which rendered the existing Chamber of Deputies ill-adapted to the necessities of the moment, the law which restricted the right of sitting there to persons above the age of forty, is one of major importance. It had, under the former *regime,* divided society into the two factions of the youth and the manhood of France. It had banded the excluded together in the pursuit of common objects, and in the culture of peculiar ideas. In the contest between these two parties, all the energy, if not the illumination, was on the side of the juniors, who loudly proclaimed themselves the friends of liberty, and designated their seniors as the partizans, or at least the dupes, of old abuses.

A fanatical enthusiasm of admiration, excited in favour of those who laid such large claims to superior energy and superior intellect, will explain the prominent part conceded to the several Parisian schools in the struggle of the revolution. If under a stable condition of society, the wisdom of the seniors might suffice to direct affairs, whose leanings are all conservative,—in times of difficulty and innovation, when extensive reforms are to be carried, the vigour and energy of youth are necessary to lash a legislature to the sticking place. Youth, too, is generally honest, and always in earnest—qualities well suited to such occasions. In the provisional law for

regulating the election of Deputies to fill the seats vacated by the revolution, this incongruity was indeed partially remedied; but the mischief was already done. The youth of France, under the pressure of circumstances, and of a new system of education, had already acquired political notions, of which their seniors are not partakers; and the trifling infusion of new members drafted from their band, still leaves the Chamber in the rear of their conceptions of the wants of the nation. They remain, therefore, still united as a distinct party; and that party is inevitably placed in opposition to the legislature.

Whether the circumstances of France be considered in isolation, or the whole basis of European politics be taken into account, the dangers by which the new monarchy is beset are of the most appalling description; and the most sanguine of its friends can hardly augur for it a long duration, without much interior misgiving. A constitutional monarchy, as experience has hitherto exhibited this combination, is essentially an aristocracy; which, reposing on a wider or narrower basis, still excludes the people from all absolute and direct control over public affairs. This, in England, has been proved beyond contradiction, by the political and pecuniary results to which it has led; and were such not the fact, the sole distinction between this form of government, and a republic, would lie in the name given to its chief magistrate, an object not worthy of a moment's dispute. Considering the manner in which property is divided in France, and that the whole male population of the country

is armed and regimented, it needs little political sagacity to foretel that such a government can subsist in appearance only; and that even the form cannot permanently be upheld, except by an absolute and unconditioned compliance of ministers with the wishes of the people. To maintain the dignity of such a government, and to protect it from insurrectionary violence, the formation of a legislative body on a broad electoral system, and a determination to rule through and by the Chamber, are necessary conditions. To manage such a body with dexterity, would require not only talents, but genius of the highest order; and most unfortunately no such genius has started up from the ranks of the ministerial class. Men of great abilities have certainly been called to the helm, from whom much was expected, and of whom it might be said, that they would have maintained a reputation for ministerial fitness, if they had not been called on to govern. But events have already proved that they are not equal to their difficult position; and that they have not understood the elements on which they had to work. They have taken no masterly and comprehensive views; but have suffered an invaluable time to elapse in petty expedients—they have addressed themselves to the circumstances of the hour—and they have failed to place themselves in advance of events, and, by anticipating the causes of intrigue, to disarm faction. The very fact of adjourning the settlement of some of the leading particulars of their new government, though invested with that character of wisdom which is derived from moderation, was the result of a policy unsuited to

the times. The adjournment might, perhaps, be necessary; but the necessity was unlucky. It left open principles which ought to have been settled at once; it gave materials for the passions, and a field for intrigue. With a more phlegmatic people, and in a moment of less excitement, such questions might, perhaps, safely be left in temporary abeyance: but the French of the present day, ardent, enthusiastic, and impatient, require in all things, and above all things, promptitude and decision. The great struggle that had been carried on since the first restoration of the Bourbons was less for the extension, than for the security of rights; and in this struggle, suspicion of the government had become a popular habit. Events, therefore, are at present less considered in themselves, than as indications of ulterior intention; and a suspended inquiry is naturally regarded as preliminary to an evaded conclusion. The stipulation upon which the monarchy was accepted, was the establishment of republican institutions; and the policy of the ministers has been to render these as little republican as possible. If the monarchy is to continue, some concessions must be made to the monarchical principle; but in order that it should exist at all, the people must be satisfied that their interests are not to be sacrificed to the privileges of an oligarchy. It might be well to avoid the excessive demands of a democratical party; but a direct collision with the people is destruction. In one word, frankness, candour, and a faithful and full adoption of the revolution in all its consequences, were necessary to reconcile France to the throne, and to its occupation by a

Bourbon; and energies as decided as those of the people themselves were required in the ministers of their will, and the guides of their counsels.

With a people so mercurial, and institutions so popular, faction must become dangerous, if not opposed with firmness; and firmness will inevitably be mistaken for despotism, if the march of the government is not open and candid. In proportion as the monarchy fulfils its promise, will be the toleration afforded for its acts of necessary severity. Hitherto the government has leant heavily on the protection of the national guard, and has done little or nothing to inspire respect for itself. But the national guard is a power which at any moment may escape from its hands. An armed population, the best support of a government that merits popularity, will turn short against a *regime* that has lost the confidence of the public. The commercial distresses, which have thrown numbers out of employment, have also created a standing force, ever ready to co-operate in the pursuit of change: numberless *désœuvrés* (men without the certainty of finding bread for their families from day to day, bankrupts, dismissed functionaries, &c. &c.,) discontented with an order of things by which they have suffered so severely, swell the ranks of republicanism, from egoism or from despair; and they look forward to a democratical government as offering the only harvest in which they can by any chance participate.

The destinies of the new monarchy, then, cannot be considered otherwise than most uncertain, so long as the present transitory state of things continues, and the throne remains

based on a representation too narrow for its functions. Either the people of France are, or are not, bent on a republic. If they prefer a monarchy, there is nothing to fear from the most ample electoral law; if they prefer a republic, it is not an aristocratical Chamber that will reconcile them to the trappings of royalty. Be the consequences what they may, the sovereign power of the French people is an established fact; and the idea of reconciling them to any government, by stripping the majority of all share in the elections, through the instrumentality of high qualifications, is an absurdity.*

It is abundantly clear, from all the events now passing, that popularity is fast slipping from the newly-founded government: not that the King has done any thing to merit distrust, but that his ministers either dare not, or will not, admit the full consequences of the "great week." Probable as it is, that they still have with them the lingering confidence of the mass of the middle classes, and consequently the real strength of the nation, they are not only unable to maintain their ground before the republican party, but are even bearded by the Carlists. The same weakness, the same respect for the *qu'en dira-t-on* of the European cabinets which governed

* The reduction of the elective franchise from 300 fr. to 200 fr. will give an electoral body of a little more than 200,000 voters. For 30,000,000 of freemen, even 500,000 electors would form an aristocratical corps; and, divided as property in France is, that numbe would fall far short of the wants of the people as a "republican institution." The proposed electoral body of all France, 200,000, is little more than the constituency provided for a part of London by Lord Grey's reform bill.

the conduct of the government to Charles X., and to the ex-ministers, has influenced their treatment of the clergy. Up to the 27th of July, the established clergy of France may be considered as an organized conspiracy against the people; and the first thing to be done on the constitution of the new monarchy, should have been to take sufficient bail from this body to keep the peace with Louis Philip and the nation. If some of the most actively culpable, by voluntary exile saved the government from the necessity of further interference, still the greater number of dignitaries of the church remained precisely where they had been placed by the ultra-royalist faction, for the express purpose of advancing their system. The list of bishops should, in the very first hour, have been attentively revised, and every suspicious person at once removed from his office; carefully appointing others of known piety and a conscientious morality, on their distinct pledge of a loyal obedience to the existing order. This, it may be said, would have been revolutionary violence; but was not a revolution on foot? After the violence done to the exiled King, there was no unnecessary respect due towards inferior functionaries. But it was the policy of the day to conciliate; and to touch the clergy was deemed too near an approach to the measures of 1792, to be relished by surrounding governments. Something, probably, of the forbearance shown on this occasion, may also be attributed to contempt. The people, conscious of their own strength, beheld with indifference the existence of a sullen and discontented hierarchy, which they could crush by a bare volition; and the government, perhaps, while they viewed the establishment

itself with complacency, thought it would not be difficult to bring over the individuals to its own service. To neither government nor people, however, is the constitution of the clerical caste a matter of small import; and a greater anomaly, or a more dangerous one, cannot be imagined, than a Carlist archbishop of Paris under the new system. The recent abortive attempt of a miserable faction to convert a religious ceremony into the means of a political reaction, replete as it was with absurdity and infatuation, shows how unchanged and how unchangeable the clergy are, how hostile to liberty, how insusceptible of the illumination of the age. To preserve the hierarchy unpurified, and unchanged, is to foster domestic treason and foreign intrigue, whilst it offers a legitimate source of popular distrust against those who continue to tolerate it.*

With the municipal and departmental *personelle*, the ministry acted with more spirit and firmness. The constitution of that part of the state was too decidedly ultra-royal to admit of its continuance, such as it was found; and a vast number of functionaries were displaced, as fast as their offices could be refilled. Still, in the re-appointments there were included too many of that servile and dependent class, who are

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* A considerable secession is taking place in France from the established church. There is a religious body of separatists in Paris to whom mass is said in French, but without changing any thing in the ritual. This betokens a very different spirit abroad from that irreligion with which the convention was reproached. The political conspiracy of the Jesuit party might have been curbed and rebuked, without the remotest danger to the persons of the priests, or to the religion of their parishioners.

known in England by the appellation of government hacks, whose object is place, no matter what may be the ministry; but, above all, the spirit of the age requires a thorough change of principle in this department, and a recurrence to the system of popular election and self-government, which distinguished the early days of the first revolution, before it was superseded by the centralization of all things in the government, which formed the basis of Napoleon's despotism.

Two or three popular laws, presented, unhesitatingly, by the new government on its first formation, as pledges of its devotion to popular interests, and an open declaration of popular principles, both foreign and domestic, might have considerably abated faction, and secured a longer toleration for the provisional and transitory state of the legislature; affording the ministry time for the introduction of a well-considered election law, and for the convocation of a Chamber really representing public opinion; but to the ultimate consolidation of the new monarchy, under any circumstances, a continuance of peace seems indispensably necessary. In the existing state of Europe, every thing militates against that continuance. The germs of revolution are developing on all sides; and there is scarcely a government on the continent that is not on the eve of a rupture with its subjects. The despotic and the liberal principles will soon be fiercely engaged, and then, they must fight their battle to the utterance. In this battle the French government cannot remain neutral. The re-establishment of despotic power in Germany and Italy would be fatal to French liberty; and neither the interests of the monarchy, nor the passions of the

people, will suffer them to abide the event in inactive tranquillity. The diplomatic relations in which the new government has involved itself, in its attempt to conciliate the powers of Europe, are no longer applicable to its situation. The nation sympathises powerfully with the popular revolts, in whatever country they break out; and immediate war is all but inevitable. To arrive at this point, a change in the French ministry is necessary, and the war party are the republicans. To speculate on the immediate results of a combination thus mighty, where so much must depend on accident, would be rash. Louis Philip, by placing himself at the head of this movement, and identifying himself more closely with the revolutionary principle, may yet, perhaps, preserve his crown; for war, by finding occupation for the superfluous population, would remove one sore-pressing element of confusion; but then, the war must be conducted with success. The approach of an hostile army to the French territory would be the tocsin of another revolution. On the other hand, the question arises, how the nation would bear military prosperity, and what would be the influence of many triumphant republics in Europe, on popular feeling at home?—a question which is surrounded by much doubt.

By the English, in general, the matter is viewed in a somewhat false light. In the permanence of the constitutional throne, they see the supremacy of the aristocratic principle, and the observance of what they would call moderate measures with respect to foreign powers. In this point, however, the question between monarchy and republic is of little weight. By whatever title Louis Philip may be called,

he must remain contented with powers very little exceeding those of the American President. Every thing in the internal condition of France, and in the spirit of the times, conspires to this end. To doubt it, is to overlook the fundamental verity on which the philosophy of the late revolution reposes. The reign of exclusive privileges is over; and if England, or any of the continental powers, look for an example in favour of the continuance of abuses in that quarter, they will be egregiously mistaken. To us, therefore, the alternative is scarcely worth a choice. If an universal contest arises between the governments and the people of the continent, France, whether monarchy or republic, must equally take a part in it; and, taking the part of the people, she must be victorious. To avert the evils incidental to this necessity, the European despots (if it be not already too late) must fulfil their long-made promises to their subjects, and grant voluntarily such constitutions as will, by securing them from internal enemies, enable them to repel external violence, and impose on the war party in France. They must retrace their steps, and undo the weak and absurd measures to which they were tempted by their successes in the year 1815. Whether they have the virtue or the ability to do this, or no, the part of England is sufficiently clear. Loaded, as Great Britain is, with eight hundred millions of debt, war, with its additional taxation, is revolution! The people cannot sustain additional burdens: it is a physical impossibility. But even if this were not the case, they will not submit to be taxed again for rivetting the chains of Europe, and setting up the broken idols of despotism. We of the present day are

wiser than our fathers; and a crusade against liberty will no longer be tolerated. Arrive what may on the continent, our motto must be "peace, reform, and retrenchment." If called upon to support the national honor, or the national interests, Great Britain should be compelled to take the field, Englishmen will know well how to act; but before a single campaign is paid for, all exclusive interests will be set on one side, and all aristocratic expenses be lopped off—for ever!

While this page is inditing, the French Chamber has been marked for dissolution; and a new one is in preparation, whose character will be more decided. Before the MS. can have passed through the press, Austria may probably have taken the irrevocable step, which will call forth the whole energy of France. With reform unaccomplished, Ireland unsettled, the church, the revenue, the poor-laws, all unadjusted to the wants of society, with the agricultural population almost in revolt, and manufacture barely able to continue its operations,—to embark in a new career of expenditure in the pursuit of aristocratic interests, or the worn-out folly of a balance of power, is to leap open-eyed upon destruction.

Never had the counsels of England more need of "grace, wisdom, and understanding," than at the present juncture; never was the future prosperity of the empire (if not its existence) more deeply staked than upon the issue of ministerial deliberation on the coming contingencies.

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY-STREET, STRAND.